Alcoholics Anonymous 50th Year

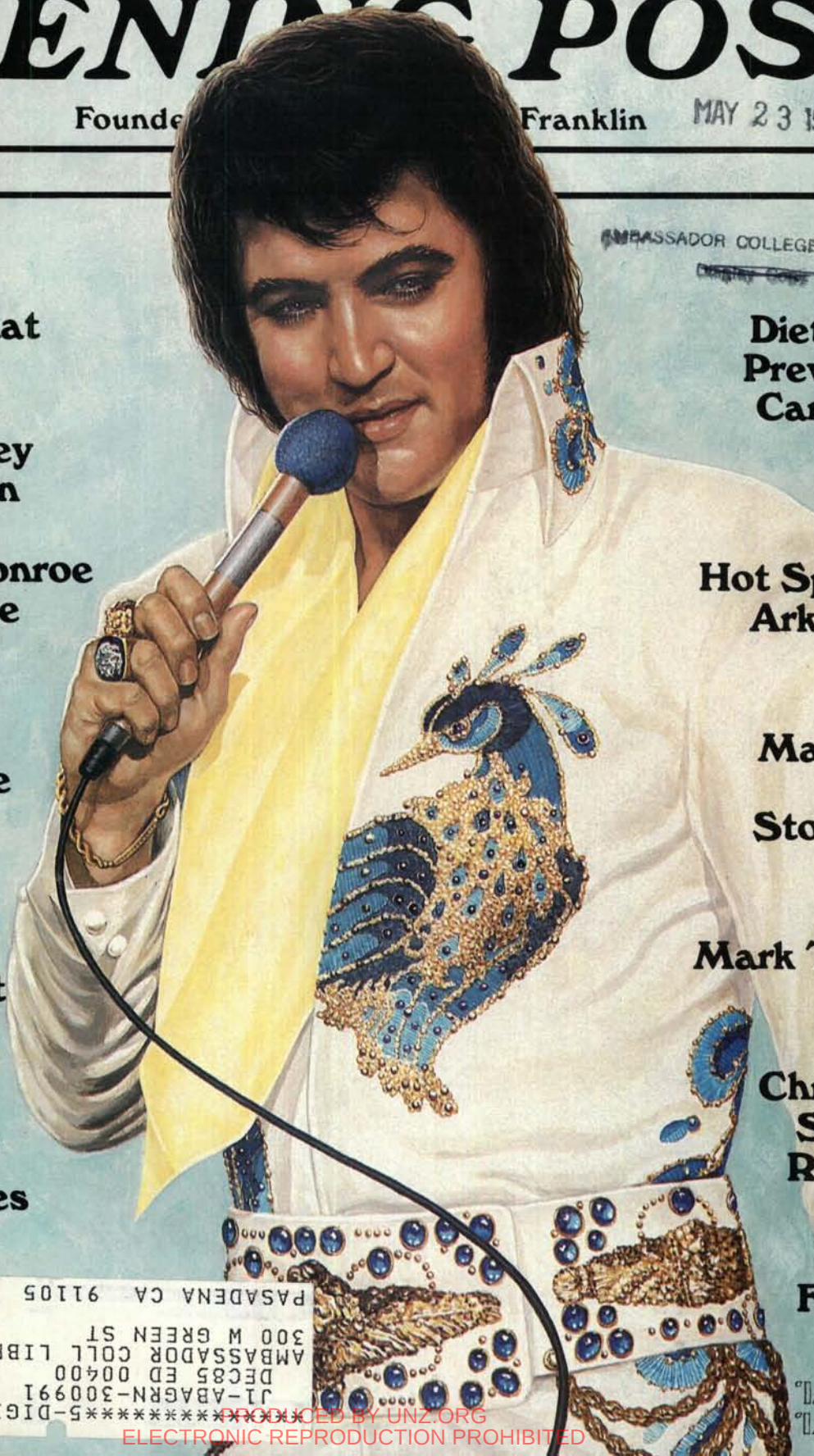
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Founde Franklin

MAY 23 1985

Jul./Aug. '85 $1.75

AMBASSADOR COLLEGE LIBRARY



Legends that Won't Die:

Elvis Presley
James Dean
Babe Ruth
Marilyn Monroe
John Wayne

Tobacco Victims Are Suing

Iacocca Speaks Out

America's "Roughest" Golf Courses

Diets that Prevented Cancer in China

Hot Springs, Arkansas

Maynard Good Stoddard

Mark Twain

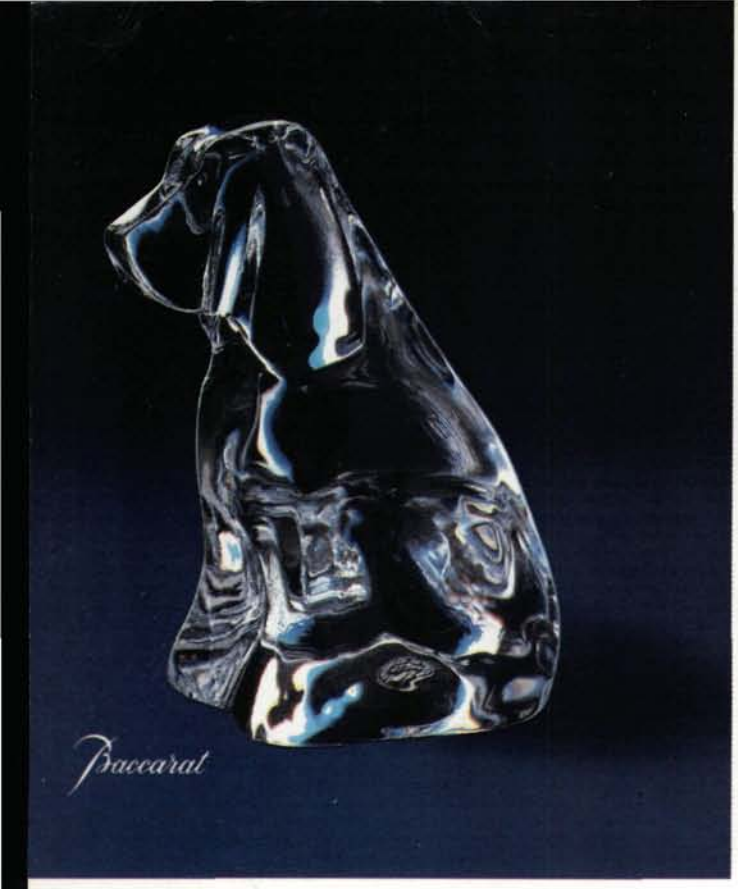
Christian School Revival

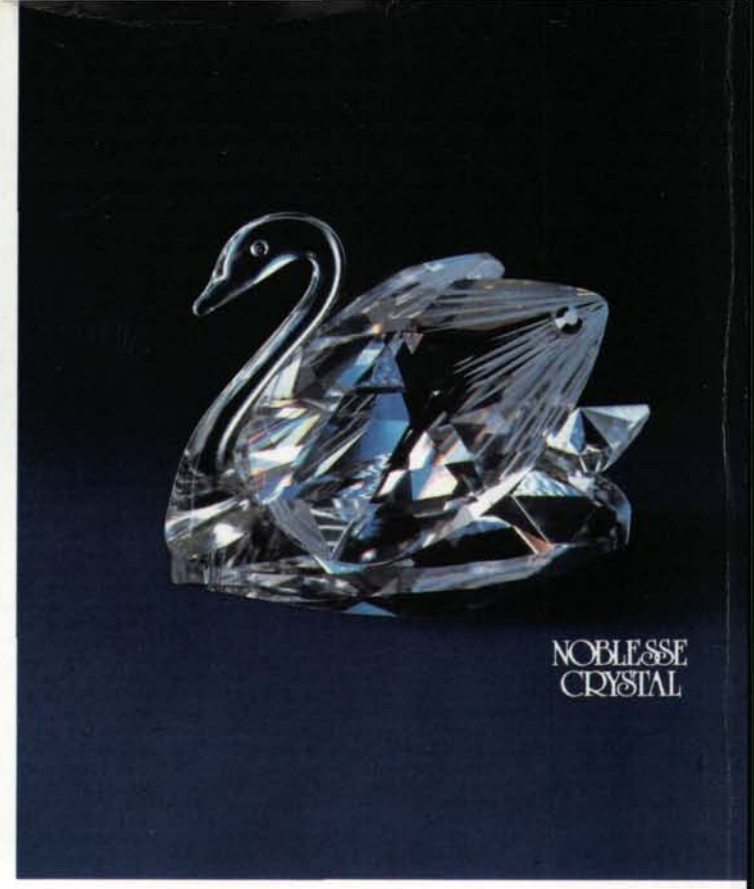
Fiction

"Lucian" Lupinski

PASADENA CA 91105
300 W GREEN ST
AMBASSADOR COLL LIBRARY
2
DEC85 ED 00400
J1-ABAGRN-300991 01ERP
**********5-DIGIT 91105

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED





Shown actual size.

Sculptures of the World's Great Crystal Houses

Twelve Original and Distinctive Crystal Sculptures — Each Produced by One of the World's Most Famous Crystal Houses Exclusively *for this Collection.*

You can now own what traditionally has been the most sought after form of crystal art objects — beautiful museum quality sculptures, issued in an exclusive edition.

A collection impossible to assemble in any other way.

Imagine owning a collection of sculptures created by twelve of the world's most renowned crystal houses ...Baccarat of France...Nybro of Sweden...Hadeland of Norway...Royal Doulton of England...Noblesse of West Germany.

Now, the Danbury Mint is making it easy and affordable to acquire this "dream collection." Our representatives personally invited the directors of twelve of the world's great crystal houses each to create a special sculpture for this unprecedented international collection. And they accepted with enthusiasm!

Original designs each reflecting the pride of its maker.

Each of the sculptures in this collection is different, distinctive, unique. Thus the sculptures are of various sizes, different shapes, different crafting techniques. Each reflects the pride and traditions of its maker and, in many cases, the heritage of the particular nation involved. Every sculpture is different and every one has been produced especially for the Danbury Mint.

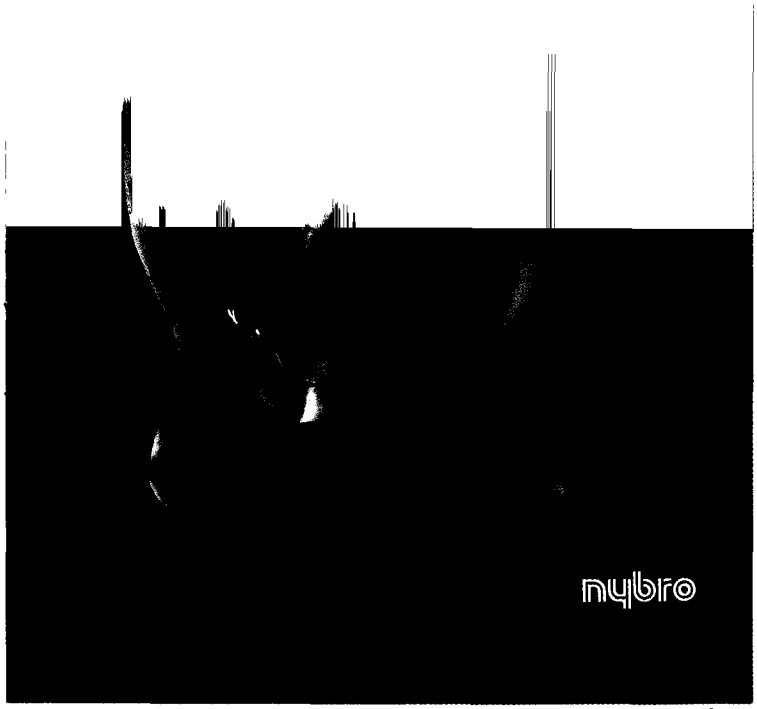
Convenient acquisition plan. Satisfaction guaranteed.

You will be pleased to learn that the original issue price of each sculpture is only $45, which is remarkable when you consider that the world's finest crystal houses are involved.

No payment is needed now. You will receive your sculptures at the convenient rate of one every two months and will be billed for each in two convenient monthly installments of $22.50. As a further convenience, you may have each monthly installment charged to your VISA or MasterCard.

Each crystal sculpture will be crafted to the highest standards of excellence. And each will bear the mark of its maker — attesting to its authenticity and impeccable quality. However, in the unlikely event you receive any piece you are not entirely pleased with, you may return it within 30 days of receipt for a prompt replacement or refund. Naturally, you are free to cancel your subscription at any time.

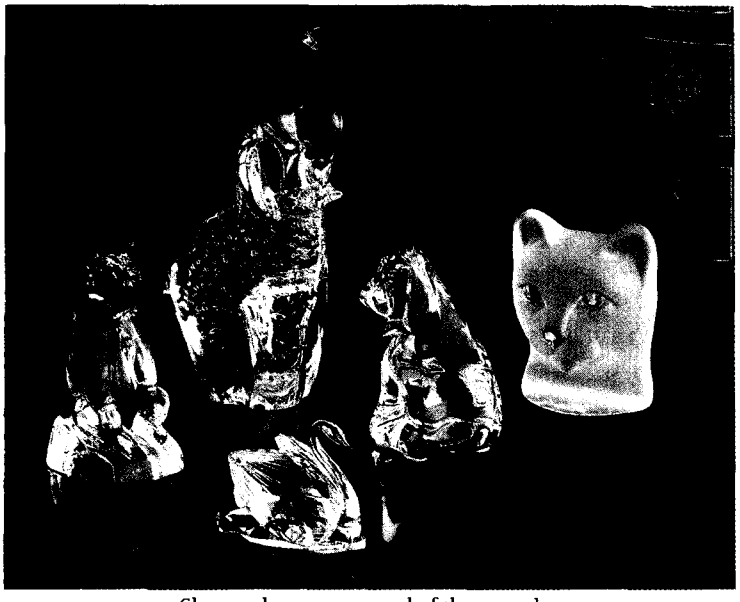
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



© DM

To be enjoyed today...
and passed on to future generations.

There has never been a more enjoyable, more convenient way to acquire beautiful sculptures from all twelve of these world-renowned crystal houses. Those who admire your collection will assume that you acquired it over many years, perhaps on journeys abroad. They will marvel, as you will, at its scope, beauty, and diversity. You will be complimented on your choice of fine crystals. The collection will be a prized possession, a source of pleasure and delight for you and your family now...and for generations to come. To begin your collection, return the reservation application today. You will be delighted you did.



Shown above are several of the crystals
in one of the many ways you might display them in your home.

RESERVATION APPLICATION

W-22

Sculptures of the World's Great Crystal Houses

The Danbury Mint
47 Richards Avenue
P.O. Box 5275
Norwalk, Conn. 06857

Please return promptly.

Please accept my reservation to *Sculptures of the World's Great Crystal Houses*. I understand this is a collection of twelve original and distinctive crystal sculptures, each produced by one of the world's most famous crystal houses. The collection will be issued at the rate of one crystal every other month.

I need send no money now. I will pay for each sculpture as billed in two convenient monthly installments of $22.50 each, the first installment to be billed before my first shipment. Any crystal I am not satisfied with may be returned within 30 days for replacement or refund, and this subscription may be canceled by either party at any time.

Name _____
PLEASE PRINT CLEARLY

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

☐ Check here if you want each installment charged to your:
☐ VISA ☐ MasterCard

_____
Credit Card No. Expiration Date

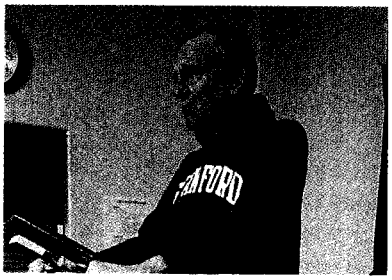
Signature _____

Allow 8 to 12 weeks after payment for initial shipment.

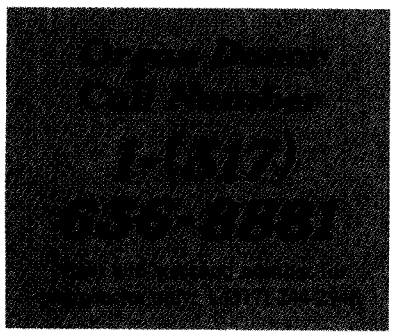
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Why We Remember Elvis—and four other super-celebrities whose spell-binding images refuse to fade. 42

Tobacco Companies Come Under Fire—as victims of smoking and chewing sue for damages. 58



We're Robbing Our Kids—says Lee Iacocca of America's huge national trade deficit. 30



When you have—a transplant organ need, or organs to give—call.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Founded A.D. 1728

Published by THE SATURDAY EVENING POST SOCIETY
a division of THE BENJAMIN FRANKLIN LITERARY & MEDICAL SOCIETY

TABLE OF CONTENTS, JULY/AUGUST 1985 Vol. 257, No. 5

FICTION

What a Boy Wants ..... *Richard Macaulay* 50
The Horse Thieves of Ballysaggert ..... *Brian Cleeve* 62

FEATURES

An Interview with Mark Twain ..... *Samuel Langhorne Clemens* 38
Legends That Will Not Die ..... *Jay Stuller* 42
On Gilded Pond ..... *Maynard Good Stoddard* 54
Suing the Tobacco Companies ..... *Lawrence White* 58
Alcoholics Anonymous Celebrates Its 50th Year ..... *Baz Edmeades* 70
Avocados: The Time Is Ripe ..... *Ann Cunningham* 84
Diets That Protected against Cancers in China ... *Cory SerVaas, M.D.* 107

DEPARTMENTS

Letters 6
Post People 12
Humor: Here Comes the Bride—
There Goes the Afternoon ..... *Bud Herron* 16
Food: Summery Salmon and Tuna ..... *Allen Simon* 18
Cartoons: Bureau-Cracks 22
Base Lines 40
Vets on Pets: Licking "Summer Itch" ..... *H. Ellen White, D.V.M.* 26
Speaking Out: Are We Still Free? ..... *Lee Iacocca* 30
Post Scripts 36
Sports: Golf Courses the Pros Love to Hate ..... *Ken Rappoport* 66
Religion: Schools That Are Making a Difference ..... *Ron Wilson* 68
Travel: Arkansas Springs Eternal ..... *Maynard Good Stoddard* 91
Where Do You Think You Are? 96
Medical Mailbox:
(Diets That Protected against Cancer) ..... *Cory SerVaas, M.D.* 106

(Cover painting by Lucian Lupinski)

The Saturday Evening Post (ISSN: 0048-9239), incorporating Country Gentleman, is published monthly in 1985, except bimonthly in Jan./Feb., May/June and July/Aug. by the Benjamin Franklin Literary & Medical Society, Inc., at 1100 Waterway Boulevard, P.O. Box 567, Indianapolis, IN 46202. Second-class postage paid at Indianapolis, IN 46206, and at additional mailing offices.

Copyright © 1984 by the Benjamin Franklin Literary & Medical Society, Inc. All rights reserved. Title registered U.S.Patent Office.

Membership Subscription Prices: U.S. and possessions: 1 year, $12.97. Canada and all other countries: $17.97. The Saturday Evening Post editorial, circulation and business offices are located at 1100 Waterway Boulevard, Indianapolis, Indiana 46202. **Postmaster: Send address changes to The Saturday Evening Post Subscription Offices, P.O. Box 10675, Des Moines, Iowa 50336.** Allow six weeks for change of address.

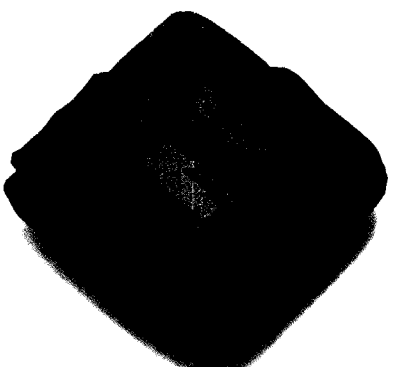
Unsolicited manuscripts, art work and photographs submitted to THE SATURDAY EVENING POST must be accompanied by an addressed return envelope and the necessary postage. The publisher assumes no responsibility for the return of unsolicited manuscripts, artwork or photographs.

The names of characters used in all *Post* fiction and semifiction articles are fictitious. Any resemblance to a living person is a coincidence.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A whole new generation of life insurance. It's so flexible it allows you to regularly restructure your policy according to your life's needs. Like the times when mortgage payments are more important than insurance premiums, or when a new baby means you want to build cash value faster. And in today's times, the fact that our Universal Life pays competitive interest rates is especially important.

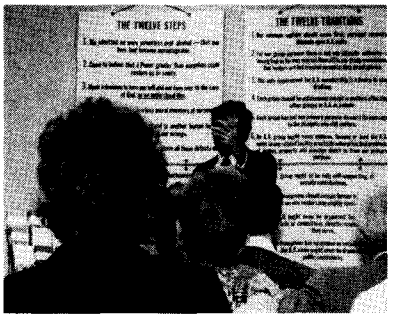
We created our Universal Life so your family can have the safety and security of insurance flexible enough to change as life changes.



NATIONWIDE® IS ON YOUR SIDE.

Home Office: One Nationwide Plaza, Columbus, Ohio 43216 • Nationwide Mutual Insurance Company • Nationwide Mutual Fire Insurance Company • Nationwide Life Insurance Company • Available in most states • An equal opportunity employer •

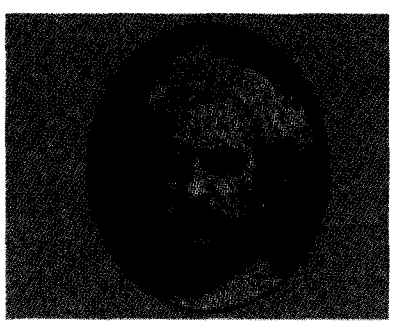
REPRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Alcoholics Anonymous—celebrates 50 years bringing its message of spiritual renewal to the world. **70**

Christian Schools—What puts their students one full year ahead of the national norm? **68**

Arkansas Has It—from Hot Springs and cool mountains to cotton plantations and diamonds waiting to be found. **90**



Mark Twain Returns—to submit to an interview on the occasion of his 150th birthday. **38**

Horses and Whiskey Don't Mix—Irish bootleggers learn in "The Horse Thieves of Ballysaggert." **62**

Win a FREE Jenn-Air Oven in our Oats Recipe Contest

Whereas: Oats are high in soluble fiber. And. . .

Whereas: Soluble fiber is good for lowering LDL cholesterol, one of the most important risk factors for heart attacks. And. . .

Whereas: Recently disclosed data reveal that Chinese who had low serum cholesterol had far fewer cancers than Chinese with higher serum cholesterol levels (see page 107). And. . .

Whereas: You all know of Dr. Anderson's research which has shown that diabetics can reduce their insulin requirements by eating oats because they contain soluble fiber. (Adult-onset diabetics can sometimes go off their insulin completely with their doctors' blessings after eating soluble fiber contained in oats and beans.)

Whereas: We believe you can't lose by feeding your family oats; we are looking for the best oat recipes, be they casseroles, muffins, breads, pancakes or whatever. We are especially interested in ingenious ways of adding variety by camouflaging oats in milk shakes, ice cream, soups, salad dressings and so on.

We, The Saturday Evening Post, do hereby pledge to publish all chosen recipes, typed or legibly printed. You will be acknowledged as the author and creator, and you will give us permission to print your recipe forever and ever. Only original recipes, please.

We do further pledge to award the creator of the best original recipe a Jenn-Air Custom Microwave Oven, with 1.4-cubic-foot capacity, digital timer, automatic temperature probe and five power levels, delivered to your door anywhere in the U.S.A. Oat recipes for health. . . microwave-oven cooking for convenience.

We declare this contest open to all but *SatEvePost* employees and their families. The contest to close on November 30, 1985.

EDITORIAL

Cory SerVaas, M.D., *Editor and Publisher*
Landrum Bolling, *Foreign Affairs Editor*
Robert L. Silvers, *Associate Publisher*
Ted Kreiter, *Executive Editor*
Bud Herron, *Managing Editor/ Associate Publisher*
Maynard Good Stoddard,
Patrick Perry, *Senior Editors*
De Lamar Gibbons, M.D., *Clinical Research Director*
Richard H. Niemeyer, M.D., M.P.H. *International Health Editor*
Joe Watkins, *Director of Development for Missions*
Roberts Ehrgott III, *Travel/Associate Editor*
Carol Brown McShane, *Archivist/Permissions Editor*
Jack Gramling, *Research Editor*
Timothy Ehrgott, *Cartoon Editor*
Rebecca Whitney, Carrie Torres, *Editorial Assistants*
Susan Fordyce, *Food Editor*
Mary June Parks, *Associate Food Editor*
Holly Coors, *People Page Editor*
Holly G. Miller, *Contributing Editor*
Peter Michael, *Director of Television*

ART

Don Moldroski, *Consulting Art Director*
Chris Wilhoite, *Assistant Art Director*
Lucian Lupinski, *Illustrator*
Barry N. Sneed, *Art Production Manager*
Isaiah Scott, *Special Sections Designer*

PRODUCTION

Dwight Lamb, *Production Manager*
Greg Vanzo, *Technical Director*
Penny Lindsay-Rasdall, Phyllis Lybarger, *Compositors*

CIRCULATION

Tim Huff, *Circulation Manager*
Joe Swaynie, *Assistant Circulation Manager*
Audrey Botha, *Single-copy Sales Manager*

GENERAL OFFICES

1100 Waterway Boulevard
Indianapolis, Indiana 46202
(317) 636-8881, Telex 27-440

ADVERTISING OFFICES

Don Sutton, *Marketing Director*
Khris Robinson, *Marketing Research*
Janet Andersen, *Corporate Advertising*
Steve Pettinga, Penny Lindley, *Account Executives*
Nancy Bullock, *Advertising Administrator*
Karen Boles, *Special Sections Administrator*
1100 Waterway Boulevard
Indianapolis, Indiana 46202
(317) 636-8881, Telex 27-440

NEW YORK

Ron McIntyre, *Associate Publisher*
Jim Gill, *Regional Manager/Ad Director*
Barbara Dugan, Colleen Jennings, Stephanie Citron, *Account Executives*
Lori Schneider, *Marketing Research*
150 East 52nd St., 17th Floor
New York, New York 10022 (212) 371-0400
Bob Bernbach
274 Madison Ave., Suite 1804
New York, New York 10016
(212) 696-4650

ATLANTA

Miller & Tillman, Inc.
Corporate Commons
4651 Roswell Rd., N.E., Suite 201-C
Atlanta, GA 30342 (404) 252-9588

DETROIT

Dave McDonald, Jack Sterling
The Clausen Building
1520 N. Woodward Ave., Suite 213
Bloomfield Hills, Michigan 48013
(313) 645-0444

NORTHERN CALIFORNIA

Wheeler & Wheeler
43 Quail Court, Suite 14
Walnut Creek, CA 94596
(415) 930-9900
Paul Palmeri, *Religion Specialist*
P.O. Box 7550
Van Nuys, CA 91409
(818) 366-9798

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

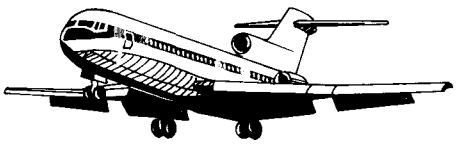
R C Bublitz & Assoc.
22247 Burbank Blvd.
Woodland Hills, CA 91367
(818) 992-0366

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Enter the Elvis International Tribute Week Sweepstakes!

Win a FREE Trip for 2 to Graceland Mansion!

GRAND PRIZE



Fly free from any point in the U.S. to Memphis, the home of Elvis Presley and Graceland Mansion. Join us on August 9, 10 and 11 at the start of Elvis International Tribute Week for 3 fun-filled days. Enjoy a personally conducted tour of Graceland, dinner with staff and other contestant winners, tour Elvis' own jet and motor home, participate in exciting events of Elvis International Tribute Week. Stay at Memphis' newest luxury hotel, The Crown Plaza, all expenses paid. It's an event no Elvis fan should miss.

NO PURCHASE NECESSARY. HERE'S ALL YOU DO:

1. Hand print name and address on the entry form below and mail it to Nostalgia Collectibles. Entries must be received by July 31, 1985. You will be automatically entered in the sweepstakes.
2. Or, on a plain piece of 3" x 5" paper print your name and address and include your zip code and phone number. Write the words: Elvis Presley International Tribute Week Sweepstakes on the outside of your envelope.
3. Enter as often as you like, but mail each entry separately to: Elvis Presley International Tribute Week Sweepstakes, c/o Nostalgia Collectibles, 2840 Maria Avenue, Northbrook, IL 60062.
4. Sweepstakes open to residents of continental U.S.A., 14 years of age or older. If the grand prize winner is a minor, the prize will be awarded to a parent or guardian. Employees of Graceland Mansion, Elvis Presley Enterprises, Nostalgia Collectibles and The Crown Plaza are ineligible.
5. Winners will be determined in a random drawing by an impartial judging organization. Winners will be contacted immediately. Decision of the judges will be final.
6. Hotel arrangements are by Memphis' newest luxury hotel, The Crown Plaza.
7. Names and likenesses of winners may be used for promotional purposes.

©1985 Nostalgia Collectibles
©1985 Elvis Presley Enterprises, Inc

Simply fill in the form provided and mail it to us. Entries must be received before July 31 . . . And YOU could be one of five (5) lucky contestants to win an all expense paid trip for 2 and to enjoy the best weekend ever provided for an Elvis Presley fan. Or, you could win any of these other valuable prizes.

FIRST PRIZE: 10 Elvis Presley Talkies
All the magic of "The King" in a hand-painted ceramic musical figurine that features a cassette recording of the actual voice and music of Elvis singing 5 of his greatest hits. A real collector's item issued by Nostalgia Collectibles and limited to an edition of 25,000.

SECOND PRIZE: 25 "Elvis Presley — The Once and Forever King" Commemorative Plates
A gorgeous fine china 9¼" collector's plate from Nostalgia Collectibles, banded in gold and showing off a bright, beautiful montage of scenes from Elvis' best performances.

THIRD PRIZE: 100 Sets of 4 Elvis Presley Collector Mugs
Finely crafted china mugs are by Nostalgia Collectibles, 3½" high. Four different designs depicting Elvis at his best.

PLEASE PRINT

ENTRY FORM
The Elvis International Tribute Week Sweepstakes

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Phone # ( ) _____

Your Elvis Products Retailer
Store Name _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Complete the name and address portion of this entry form and place it in an envelope (One entry per envelope) and mail to: ELVIS INTERNATIONAL TRIBUTE WEEK SWEEPSTAKES
c/o Nostalgia Collectibles • 2840 Maria Avenue • Northbrook, IL 60062

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Series of Questions

Another "old codger" and I were discussing recently the dearth of good humorous writing of the kind in which we used to rejoice. We were reflecting upon two series of stories in particular that were published over a period of years in your magazine:

(a) The Earthworm Tractor series with Alexander Botts.

(b) The stories about a chief engineer merchant marine whose favorite tipple was Duggan's Dew of Kirkintilloch.

Unfortunately, as part of the process of becoming old codgers, our memories are failing, and we cannot recall the names of the authors of these stories or the approximate periods in which they were published. I would be very grateful if you could let us have that information. Perhaps you might also know of whether any collections of these stories were ever published.

We would be most grateful for your help.

Arthur F. Earle
Toronto, Ontario

The Earthworm Tractor series with Alexander Botts (author William Hazlett Upson) is available through The Saturday Evening Post Society at $9.45. The Glencannon collection (author Guy Gilpatric) is also available, at $7.45. Both prices include postage and handling.

When ordering, please send your order to the attention of the Book Division.

Magic Recipe

I have been reading your magazine in the library for some time, so I decided to order it myself. I really do like it, especially the recipes, for I am a natural-foods cook. In the March '85 issue, I especially liked the article about Marcella Lynch of San Francisco. I made her Basic Magic Mixer bread, and it was the best bread I've ever made in the three years I've made our family bread. From now on, I'm using her recipe. I was also delighted with her pie crust using barley flour.

Mary Lee Winter
Great Bend, Kansas

I want to compliment you on the excellent magazine you have. I appreciate so very much all the recipes and teaching articles on whole foods. Physically and spiritually we cannot function well without returning to foods in "God's Wrappers."

I especially appreciated the article and bread recipe in the March '85 issue by Helen Hosier. I have never been able to make a 100 percent whole-grain bread that my family liked until I tried the Magic Mixer Bread. I cut three hours from my breadmaking and have prize-winning bread every time now. I do have a Magic Mixer.

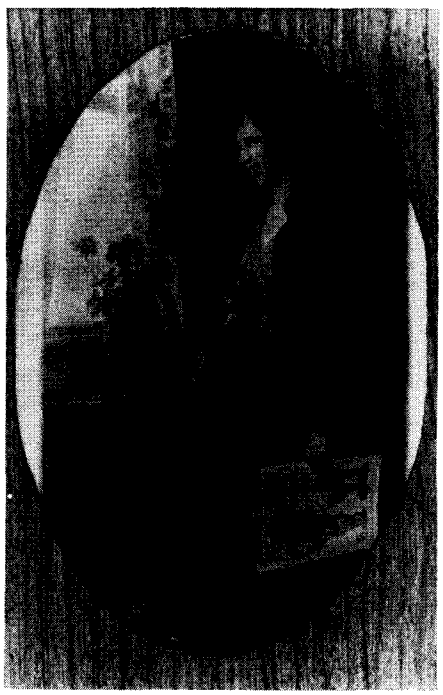
Thanks so much.

Carol Knapper
Perham, Minnesota

Favorite Photo

My attention was drawn to the picture of the two small boys selling their copies of *The Saturday Evening Post* in your issue of March 1985.

I immediately went to my family album and found my favorite picture, and I am enclosing a copy for you.



The lady holding the January 1920 copy of *The Saturday Evening Post* was my aunt, Dorothy Teague Taylor. It appears as though she was happily looking out of the window toward the coming new year.

Dorothy F. Sheets
Walnut Creek, California

Systematic Questioning

I keep seeing letters and articles in *The Saturday Evening Post* about bran, bran, bran. Keeping one's system regular I can understand, but how can it help one? Maybe I'm dense, but it seems I can't comprehend how this can be.

Can you explain this to me? I'm interested in feeding my family right and doing the best for us—food-wise.

Bette J. Lindbom
Pleasant Valley, Iowa

See "Lose Weight Permanently Without Ever Going Hungry," March '84.

Glutamate Glut

Your health experts constantly warn us that smoking is injurious to our health—too much sugar, caffeine, saccharin or salt may be injurious to our health—but I have never read an article by Dr. Cory SerVaas that monosodium glutamate not only "could be" but is injurious to my health and that of many, many people I know. Most of the doctors I know have suggested that their patients avoid it, which is hard to do since it is in all canned soups and chowders, all frozen meals and most packaged products. Restaurants have gotten the message and stopped using it; Chinese restaurants that used a great deal of it are sending notices to their patrons that they will no longer do so. So why is it taking so long for Dr. SerVaas, the food processors and the Food and Drug Administration to admit that this product makes millions of people extremely ill?

Bertha E. Timson
Summerland Key, Florida

Text Credits

Pages 18-21, all recipes by Pacific Kitchens except Broiled Salmon with Lemon-Sesame Butter and Buffet Salmon Supreme (Sunkist Growers), and Coulibiac, Tuna Creole Skillet and Tuna-and-Rice Salad with Avocado Dressing (Rice Council); 30, speech delivered by Lee A. Iacocca at the Poor Richard Club, Philadelphia, PA, January 17, 1985; 50, 62, reprinted from *The Saturday Evening Post*, © 1959 The Curtis Publishing Company; 84, all recipes courtesy California Avocado Commission.

Photo Credits

Page 12, (bottom right) G. Steinhem/Gamma-Liaison, (top left) Graham/Gamma-Liaison, (bottom center) Hope Powell, (top center) courtesy Harvard School of Public Health; 18, courtesy of Pacific Kitchens; 20, courtesy of the Rice Council; 26, from *The Saturday Evening Post* © 1929; 30, 32, Sygma; 38, Bettmann Archives; 42, D. Goldberg/Sygma; 44, (top) Gamma-Liaison, (bottom) Theo Westenberger/Sygma; 45, (top) Alain Nogues/Sygma, (left) FPG, (right) D. Goldberg/Sygma; 46, (top) Randy Taylor/Sygma, (bottom) courtesy CPC; 47, (top) Warner Brothers, (bottom left) CPC, (bottom right) David Loehr Collection; 48 (top, bottom), Photoworld; 49, (top) Sygma, (bottom) Tennenbaum/Sygma; 58, courtesy of Betty Marsee; 59, (top) Talihina, OK, *Tiger*; (bottom) courtesy of Elayne Galbraith; 60, (bottom left) New Jersey News Photos, (bottom right) Image/Action; 61, Peter Michael; 68, courtesy of the White House; 69 (top) Marianne Sullivan, (bottom left) Steve Hurlbert; 70, *The Saturday Evening Post* © 1941; 71, (bottom left) Baz Edmeades; 71 (top, bottom right), 72, courtesy of Alcoholics Anonymous; 85, 86, courtesy of California Avocado Commission; 90, 91, Arkansas Dept. of Parks & Tourism; 92, Arkansas Department of Tourism/A.C. Armenson; 98, (top) *The Saturday Evening Post* © 1950; 110, Cory SerVaas.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

No Ordinary Guy

Thank you for the pleasing article on Tom Monaghan "Tigers by the Tail" by Hank Nuwer (April '85).

No doubt it is the first article in *The Saturday Evening Post* to be read by all the Tiger fans and those who knew the family in some way.

I remember his mother when she was a student nurse, and the little boys, Tom and Jim, when they lived in Jackson, Michigan, at the Saint Joseph's Orphanage.

Tom may think he is a "pretty ordinary fellow," but we all think he is unusual and an asset to our state in many ways.

Anna M. Paul, R.N.
Jackson, Michigan

Schipf Overboard

I have read with deep interest the three letters from Robert Schipf of Montana regarding Christians and the use of tobacco.

Mr. Schipf may know theology, as he stated in his last letter, but since he has never smoked or used tobacco, he knows nothing of its enslaving power as I have for five (5) years, or the joy of complete freedom from its chains as I have for more than fifty (50) wonderful years.

This letter is being written with a deep desire to help any who may be bound with the chains of nicotine and desire deliverance.

May I recommend a positive, permanent cure?

I find the answer through the wonderful grace of Jesus Christ my Lord.

Lanham Hickman
Point Pleasant, West Virginia

R. G. Schipf takes me to task in the April 1985 *Post* for my December 1984 letter on smoking. I resent his misleading statements and false accusations.

He accuses me of being a Bible thumper. Knowing me by only one expressed opinion doesn't make me one. He speaks of my opinion as being "asinine." The dictionary defines asinine as stupid, silly, obstinate. For R. G. to imply with a straight face that overwhelming evidence on smoking doesn't support that 350,000-deaths-a-year figure from the National Cancer Institute makes him so.

He implies I said the Bible does not support nonsmoking. I never claimed it did. The Bible writers didn't mention smoking as we have it today, since it wasn't a part of the culture then.

He acknowledges, "Medical evidence on smoking *may* cause lung and other kinds of damage to the human body." It isn't "may"—it "does"—as shown by so many scientific studies in recent years.

He says I am an asinine bigot. The dictionary defines bigot as a person who holds blindly and intolerantly to a particular opinion. Come on, R. G., that speaks of you. I take satisfaction in noting that not another writer to the *Post* supports R. G. Schipf's "asinine" position.

Wesley Nothdurft
Bloomington, Illinois

In regard to R.G. Schipf's letter in April '85 issue:

About smoking—I am a nurse of 34 years and can tell Mr. Schipf that I have seen many people die with cancer of the lungs. I have seen them lie

More and more people are discovering all the good reasons for using Feen-a-mint Pills for constipation: Gentleness, predictability and relief. And unlike the laxatives most people use, Feen-a-mint is made with both a softening agent and a mild stimulant, too. Feen-a-mint® Pills.

For gentle and predictable relief.

©1984, Plough, Inc.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

dying and curse the day they ever smoked a cigarette.

Not only have I seen cancer, but smoking causes heart problems plus many more medical problems.

Now on the Bible thumping. Our body is a temple and the Lord expects us to not use anything that will hurt it. His statement that it is silly and at best vicious is all he knows about smoking. He should be one who has seen death from smoking many years as I have, and he would change his mind. Our body is a very delicate machine and we must not use anything that harms it. He may have years of theology but he's lacking in knowing firsthand what smoking can do.

I think he is silly and vicious in making such statements: He says if the medical evidence is good and convincing, it doesn't need the Bible to support it. And he goes on to say, So what?

I'm not much for people like him. It seems he doesn't know the facts to make such statements. All he needs to do is visit a hospital and see all these people dying from lung cancer.

Jeannie Baykin
Amarillo, Texas

Full Mind and Empty Bowel

About two years ago, I had a cold sore that would not go completely away. It was in either a blister state or a dry red patch. My doctor said there was nothing that could be done. I stumbled across your magazine and your articles about L-lysine. I figured it couldn't hurt and began taking it. The initial result was slight, but the cold sore did go away. I now take 500 mg. each day and have no more problems. If a cold sore begins, I take 1,500 mg., and by the next morning it has disappeared. I also have not had a cold or a virus in the time I've taken L-lysine. Perhaps this is the placebo effect, but I have been healthier. I also found that a small amount of popcorn each day fulfills my fiber needs. As someone once told me, the secret to happiness is a full mind and an empty bowel.

Carrie Rogers
Windsor Locks, Connecticut

A Good Laugh

Every issue I receive of your magazine that has an article by Maynard Good Stoddard makes that particular issue even more enjoyable —that is to say, I thoroughly enjoy your magazine from beginning to end, but his humorous articles are the first I read.

Each article I read I think *is* the funniest, the *most* appropriate to the written situation, etc., UNTIL I read the next one. I actually receive the magazine secondhand, as it were, for the subscription arrives at my parents' home and then is passed along to me. It is a must that I then read Mr. Stoddard's article to my parents, even though they have read it on their own—I like to think I have a flair for reading. The fact that I cannot keep from laughing and am unable to read coherently due to gales and tears of laughter further (in my own humble opinion) highlights the already "side-busting" humor of the article.

So, in keeping with my tradition that every article is better than the last, I must compliment Mr. Maynard on his "Her Cat—My Dog" in the May/June 1985 issue. I read it on my lunch break and had to stop eating for fear I would choke while trying to swallow *and* laugh. I hasten to add that I also make copies of the articles and pass them along to fellow workers who I know will enjoy the article as much as I do.

Thanks for pointing out that what we need to see in print is more of the humorous side of life!

Renee M. Ferrell
Tustin, California

Corn Bred?

Sometimes I wish you hadn't sent the high-lysine corn meal when we renewed our subscription—or that we had renewed it one year at a time, instead of paying up to where the subscription may last longer than we do.

You ruined my corn bread—just plain corn meal doesn't do it. I don't know whether it was being just high-lysine or whether it was partially because it was a coarse grind, and it was actually moist. You probably wouldn't approve of my corn-bread recipe:

1 cup corn meal
1 cup biscuit mix
1 teaspoon baking powder
2 tablespoons bacon drippings
1 egg
Enough milk to make a soft batter

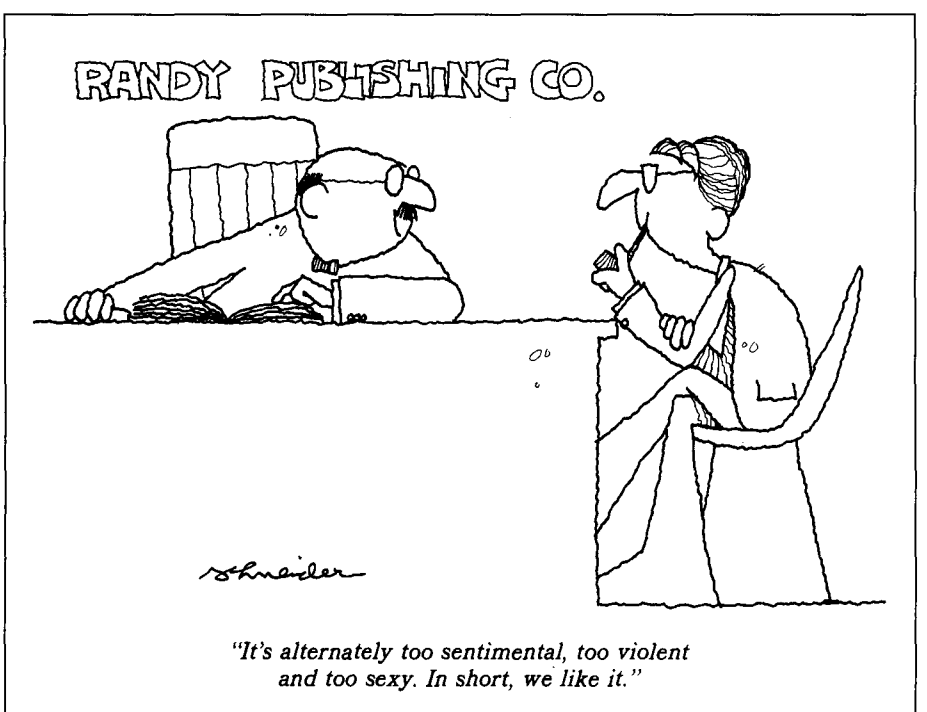
Pour into 2 small, greased pie plates. Bake at 475-500° F. until brown.

It's always good, but that high-lysine corn meal made it super. Is there anyplace I can send for some?

Margaret Mullen
Fall Creek, Oregon

At last I have found a detachable card in *The Saturday Evening Post* magazine I can use to send for some of your high-lysine corn meal. Generally they are on the back of a

continued on following page



"It's alternately too sentimental, too violent and too sexy. In short, we like it."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Presenting...

VICTORY AT IWO JIMA

A magnificent pewter sculpture of one of the greatest moments in American history

"The ground of liberty must be gained by inches," wrote Thomas Jefferson during the Revolutionary War. In World War II, Jefferson's wisdom proved itself on Iwo Jima. Thousands of brave Americans gave their lives to wrest that small island from our enemies. When, after four days of fierce and courageous battle, they finally took the tallest mountain on "Iwo", five Marines and one Navy corpsman strained to raise the Stars and Stripes. This epic moment, captured on film by Associated Press photographer Joe Rosenthal, has become a symbol of American heroism and pride.

Now, the Danbury Mint is proud to offer *Victory at Iwo Jima*, a magnificent pewter sculpture recreating that historic scene.

Handcrafted with precision

Victory at Iwo Jima is realistically and accurately handcrafted from fine American pewter, a metal renowned by collectors for its rugged luster and noble presence. Because of the sculpture's impressive size — it measures almost nine inches in height and contains two pounds of pewter — its detail is extraordinary...from the folds in the Marines' combat uniforms, to the texture of the soil and rock beneath their boots.

Handsome hardwood display stand

Your sculpture will come with a beautiful hardwood display stand. In your office or home, *Victory at Iwo Jima* will make an impressive conversation piece, and serve as a testimonial to your own patriotism and pride in America.

A superb value

You can obtain this sculpture only from the Danbury Mint. Further, thanks to the economics of the Danbury Mint's direct-to-you distribution, this sculpture is available for the remarkably low price of $150.

To reserve your sculpture, send no money now. Simply complete the reservation application and return it promptly. You will be billed in four monthly installments of $37.50 each. You can charge each installment to your VISA or MasterCard. If you are unhappy with *Victory at Iwo Jima*, you may return it within thirty days for replacement or refund.

Forty years ago, thousands of courageous young men fought to raise the flag of liberty on Iwo Jima. To share in the honor and patriotism of that historic moment, send in your reservation application today.

© DM

Shown much smaller than actual size of 9 inches in height.

RESERVATION APPLICATION S12

The Danbury Mint
47 Richards Avenue
P.O. Box 5250
Norwalk, Conn. 06857

VICTORY AT IWO JIMA

Please return by September 30, 1985.

Please accept my reservation for *Victory at Iwo Jima*, a pewter sculpture of the raising of the American Flag at Iwo Jima. A hardwood display stand will be included at no additional charge.

I need send no money now. I will be billed for the sculpture in four monthly installments of $37.50 each.

Name _____
PLEASE PRINT CLEARLY

Address _____

City/State _____ Zip _____

☐ Check here if you want each installment charged to your:
☐ VISA ☐ MasterCard

Credit Card No. _____ Expiration Date _____

Signature _____

Allow eight to twelve weeks after payment for shipment.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

story, or an article, and I don't like to spoil them for other readers, because they check out the old magazines as well as the new ones. I am a librarian.

I get natural bran flakes at the health-food store here in Necedah and cook a tablespoonful in my cereal every morning—have for some time, ever since you first started talking about its benefits. It has proven very beneficial to me, and I am hoping the high-lysine meal will help the skin problems I have—a breaking-out that occurs at various times of the year, possibly in the late summer, fall or spring, extreme soreness and itch. Nothing seems to help or prevent it. The blisters last for months and then go away just as mysteriously as they appear.

Elizabeth Bussell
Necedah, Wisconsin

From the Hill

I do think there are ways to encourage the production of high-lysine corn. Primarily, I think one should examine the possibility of basing price supports upon quality, as we presently do in the cotton program. Under such a system, the higher-quality varieties receive a higher price. Current law for feed grains, corn and wheat do not make payments differentiated for quality, which, as can be expected, discourages the production of higher-quality products or grains that are more costly to produce. I hope you will contact Scott Shearer at the National Corngrowers office in St. Louis. I think he will be able to provide you with any information.

I appreciate the article in which you interviewed Surgeon General Koop. As a smoker myself, I am painfully aware of the effects it has on one's physical being. For many years now, I have regretted the day I ever began smoking. I agree that Zimbabwe should not be using its tillable land to produce tobacco when crops to provide basic foodstuffs could be produced instead. A possible way to discourage the production of tobacco there would be the implementation of U.S. import quotas. The imposition of strong import quotas is something tobacco producers in the United States have supported.

Kellye A. Eversole
Legislative Assistant to
Sen. David Boren

Herpes Fighter

I read my first article relative to diet for herpes control in the October '83 edition of the *Post*. I have had some training in nutrition though not a graduate nor practicing at all except for my family.

But I knew enough to recognize a possible help for my repeated bouts with herpes—as shingles, and had recently lost part of my hearing in one, as shown by a test of an audiologist, who had fitted me with a hearing aid the year before.

I had some unexplained reactions from the high-arginine foods, so I was ready to try it, and from that month in 1983 to this day in 1985, I have not had even a twinge of pain, nor any of the ugly eruptions.

I have not taken any of the preparation L-lysine but have balanced the lower ones on the list with the high-lysine foods to attain this result.

I am grateful to you for publishing this and other helpful articles—as well as your work in relieving conditions for underfed people worldwide.

Ora H. Harris
Clinton, Mississippi

I have been taking L-lysine 500 mg. per day since I read your article in the July/August and September 1982 issues regarding the issue of L-lysine as a treatment to alleviate my pain of herpes.

I was having a reoccurrence every few weeks until I found L-lysine. I am now able to have a few months of "peace." When I feel an outbreak coming on, I simply take eight tablets (4,000 mg.) about six times per day until the "outbreak" disappears. It usually does within the next 48 hours. I can live with this. I have checked with my physician and my pharmacists, and they both feel I am not harming my body in any way, for L-lysine is basically a protein.

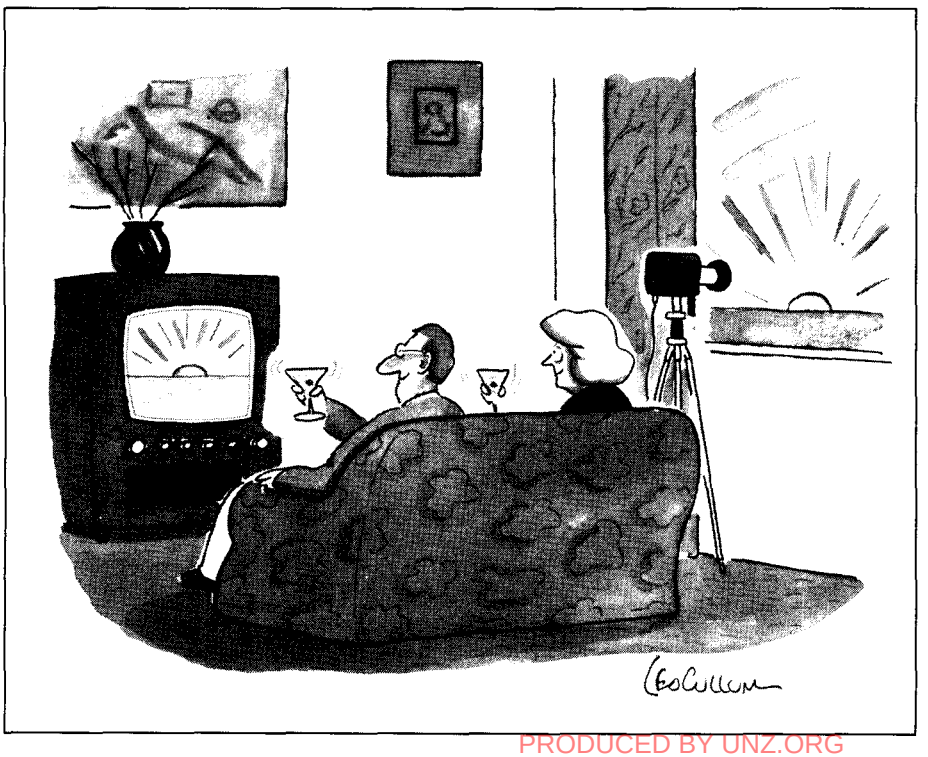
What I cannot understand is why the FDA hasn't looked into this matter. It is a good, safe, temporary "remedy" for all of us who suffer from herpes.

I have passed my "remedy" on to others who are suffering from some outbreak periodically. They have been converted.

How can we awake the FDA? I do find that it does cost me a little more than $100 every three months—I purchase my L-lysine in quantity. It is a fact that I must live with forever; however, I would like to see the FDA research this problem that many Americans are having and more are sure to follow.

I consider L-lysine a miracle drug, and I owe my thanks to *The Saturday Evening Post* for bringing this to my attention. I do hope that I am able to help another herpes sufferer with my letter.

Anonymous
Daytona Beach, Florida



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

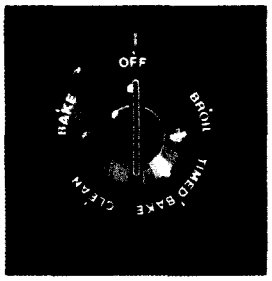
Whirlpool ranges and ovens. Great cooking. Easier clean-up.

At Whirlpool, we know you have more to do than cook and clean. That's why our ranges and ovens are designed to make your world a little easier.

Let us tell you how.

Handsome new styling. A variety of sizes.

Our ranges have been redesigned for a contemporary appearance to look better in your kitchen. This beautiful design has made our control knobs easier to read. And our control panels easier to clean.



We're well aware that different families have different cooking needs. That's why Whirlpool® ranges and ovens are available in a full line of sizes and styles. A full line of colors, including Platinum and Toast. And, not surprisingly, in your choice of gas or electric.

Smart features help you cook beautiful meals.

At Whirlpool, we want you and your family to enjoy every meal. So with our electric ranges you can carefully adjust the controls for more precise cooking. And you get surface elements that heat up and cool down fast. With Whirlpool ovens you get our Balanced Cooking system to help cook your food evenly. And make every meal delicious.

Self-cleaning ovens make your day easier.

Our continuous- and self-cleaning ovens are designed to do the work for you. You also get Spillguard™ cooktops that lift up and wipe up easily. Grates, burners and bowls that you can lift out. Even control knobs that you can remove. It all adds up to easy cleaning...and an easier day for you.

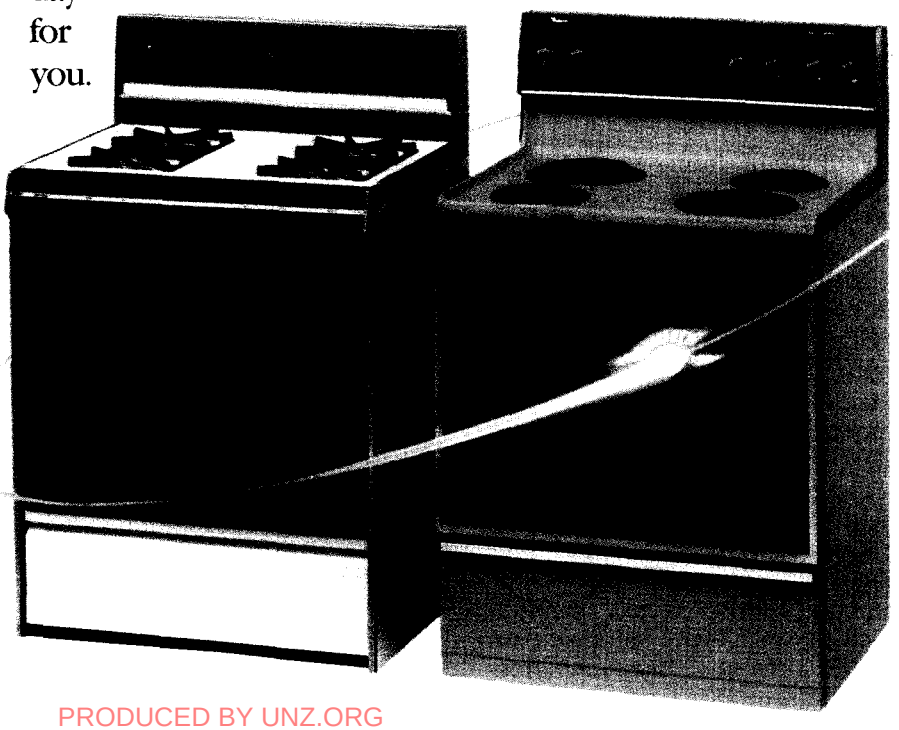
A promise of quality that we stand behind.

Every Whirlpool appliance is backed by our promise of good, honest quality. It's a promise that we're proud of, and we support it with helpful programs that include our toll-free, 24-hour Cool-Line® service.* To us, it's just another way we can save you some time...and make your world a little easier.

*Call 800-253-1301.
In Alaska and Hawaii, 800-253-1121.
In Michigan, 800-632-2243.

Whirlpool Home Appliances

Making your world a little easier.



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Post People

Olivia de Havilland took advantage of her trip to the States for the "Night of the 100 Stars" and taping of the "Today Show" to have a reunion with her two children, Benjamin Goodrich and Gisele Galante. Rather than talk about herself, she preferred to talk about them.

Benjamin is an investment banker living in Houston. Gisele, a free-lance writer for *Paris Match* and *Elle*, travels between Los Angeles and Paris, and when in Paris stays at her mother's house.

The reunion was memorable not only because it was their first in many years, but also because the three had never before been photographed together.

Harvard heard from—smoking victims have an ally in ***Harvey Fineberg,*** M.D., dean of the Harvard School of Public Health. He believes all smoking advertising should be banned so children won't take up cigarettes, "the only legal available product that is harmful when used as intended."

He points out that the tobacco companies' $1.5 billion advertising budget makes cigarettes the most heavily advertised U.S. product. Fineberg urges reporters to stop calling the Tobacco Institute for comment whenever new evidence of tobacco's adverse effects appears. "Each time the space shuttle circles the earth," he says, "news reporters do not call the Flat Earth Society in London for comment."

Fineberg says he thinks an advertising campaign by the R.J. Reynolds Tobacco Company is "dishonest and unethical." The ads question the link between smoking and heart disease and say there's no proof that passive smoking is harmful.

Fineberg adds that the Federal Trade Commission should take action against R.J. Reynolds to stop the advertising. Last week, the Coalition on Smoking and Health in Washington made a similar recommendation.

Gospel Music '85, featuring the televised 16th Annual Dove Awards presentation from Nashville, Tennessee, inspired record-breaking attendance for several reasons. Three of those reasons were the distinguished cohosts of the awards program—***Pat Boone***, the perennial "Mr. Clean" of the entertainment world; ***Sandi Patti***, a three-Dove winner, including Gospel Music Artist of the Year, the Gospel Music Association's highest honor; and popular ***Cheryl Prewitt***, Miss America 1980.

Holly Coors

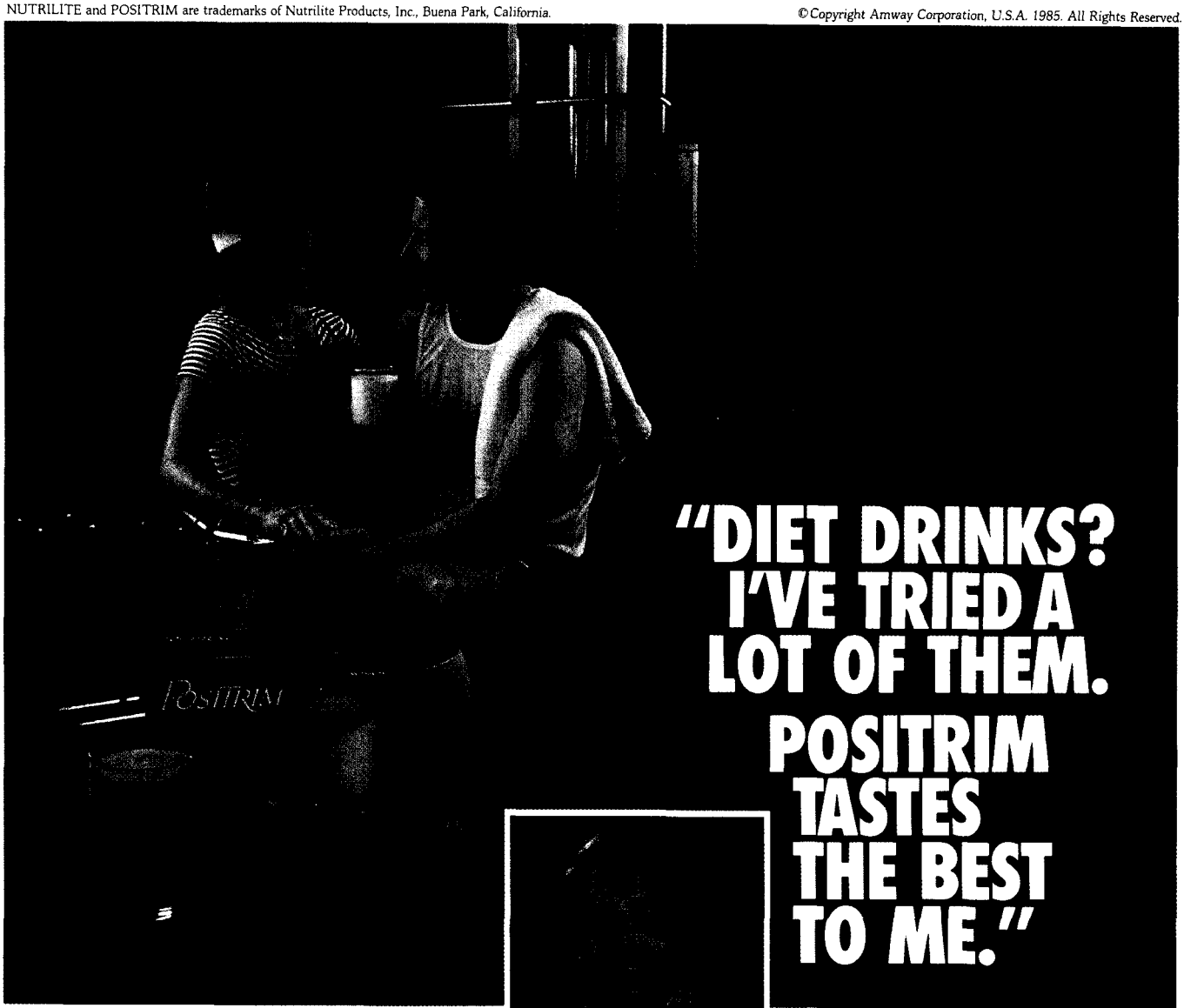
As primate of the Greek Orthodox Church of North and South America, Archbishop ***Iakovos*** is the spiritual leader of two million Orthodox Christians. He is known as a crusader for social justice and religious freedom.

Carol Burnett is one of "seven TV giants" recently inducted into television's Hall of Fame. At the ceremony Tim Conway, Harvey Korman, Vicki Lawrence, Garry Moore, Dinah Shore, Beverly Sills and Paul Winchell sang a tribute to "Our Friend Carol."

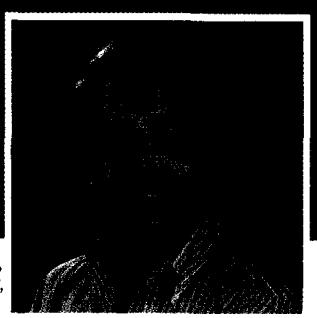
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NUTRILITE and POSITRIM are trademarks of Nutrilite Products, Inc., Buena Park, California.

©Copyright Amway Corporation, U.S.A. 1985. All Rights Reserved.



"DIET DRINKS? I'VE TRIED A LOT OF THEM. POSITRIM TASTES THE BEST TO ME."

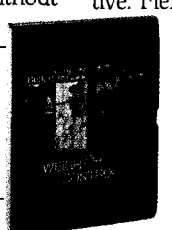


—Roger Krause, Grand Rapids, Michigan

"POSITRIM™ Drink Mix tastes absolutely great — not like a diet drink at all. And it works! I lost weight and POSITRIM is helping me keep those pounds off.

"Best of all, POSITRIM fits my lifestyle whether I'm at home, eating out or traveling. POSITRIM makes it easy to stick with my weight loss program, and it gives me peace of mind. I know I'm getting the nutrition my body needs, without a lot of unnecessary calories."

Live a healthier, happier life!
For additional help, ask your Amway distributor about the Betterlife Guide to Weight Control. It's easy to read, entertaining and offers a personalized approach through behavior modification for long term weight control.



You've tried the others — now try this!

POSITRIM Drink Mix comes in two great flavors — Dutch Cocoa and Vanilla — that make it easy to stick with a weight control program. It tastes so good you'll actually look forward to making it your next meal.

With POSITRIM you *know* you're getting the nutrients you need because each drink is nutritionally complete. Yet POSITRIM has only 280 calories when mixed with 2% skim milk.

A weight control system that works!

POSITRIM Drink Mix is part of the POSITRIM System for Weight Control — a program that is complete, safe and effective. Flexible menu plans with different levels for people of different sizes are included in every POSITRIM Drink Mix package. By following the menus, you can start with a short-term, rapid weight loss program, then go on to reach your long term goal through gradual weight loss. And with the BetterLife Guide to Weight Control, you learn how to maintain your desired weight — the toughest problem of all!

POSITRIM Drink Mix and the POSITRIM System for Weight Control follow the dietary guidelines from leading health organizations such as the American Heart Association, the American Cancer Institute and the U.S. Department of Agriculture. They recommend limited amounts of cholesterol, salt and fat intake (particularly saturated fat) and increased amounts of complex carbohydrates. The POSITRIM System provides a balance of protein, carbohydrates and fat at a daily level of at least 900 calories. A diet below 800 calories per day is considered risky by leading nutrition experts and regulatory commissions.

The POSITRIM System takes guesswork out of eating right! And best of all — you'll lose weight without sacrificing good nutrition or all the foods you really like.

See your Amway distributor today!

Let your Amway distributor introduce you to a system that works. Should you need help in finding a distributor, dial toll-free (except in Hawaii and Alaska, please write from there) 1-800-253-4463. In Michigan, dial 1-800-632-8723. Amway Corporation, Ada, MI 49355. Amway of Canada, Ltd., London, Ontario N6A 4S5. 1-800-265-6026.

NUTRILITE®
POSITRIM™
Distributed by Amway

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

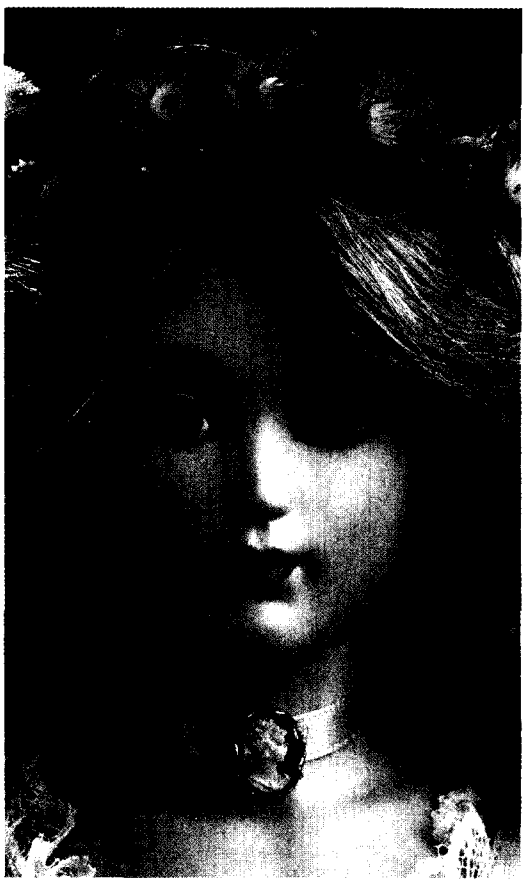
A collecting treasure you can love.

Just one look at her will tell you she's a treasure. An elegant porcelain bisque doll fashioned in the tradition of those famous nineteenth-century creations that are known today as "the aristocrats of the doll world." But she's more than just a lovely new work in a classic tradition.

She's Amy. The youngest of Louisa May Alcott's beloved Little Women. The golden-haired, blue-eyed beauty of the family. Re-created as she looked on the evening of her first ball. The evening she won Laurie's heart . . . just as she's certain to win yours.

For here she is, ready to dance the night away. Her gown an elegant sweep of taffeta ending in ruffles of delicate lace. Her hair a mass of golden curls, crowned by a wreath of dainty azaleas. On her slender neck is a blue satin ribbon (Amy's favorite color) adorned with a miniature cameo.

Indeed, from her hands, feet and head, ***handcrafted*** of fine bisque porcelain, to her delicate features that have been ***hand-painted*** with loving care, Amy is a masterpiece of the dollmaker's art. A 17" collector doll of compelling charm and sweet old-fashioned beauty that is certain to make her one of your most treasured possessions—now and for years to come.



Amy

from Little Women

And the price is old-fashioned too. Collector dolls of comparable size and quality currently sell in retail stores for as much as $250. But since Amy is available only direct from Franklin Heirloom Dolls, we are able to offer her to you at the attractive price of $150, payable in four convenient monthly installments of $37.50 each.

Because Amy is an exclusive issue, each imported doll will bear the distinguishing mark of Franklin Heirloom Dolls and will come with a Certificate of Authenticity. A display stand will also be provided *at no additional charge.*

Wherever you choose to display her, Amy will make a charming addition to your home. And an important one as well. For she inaugurates Franklin Heirloom Dolls new suite of Little Women dolls. Delightful companions for Amy that you can also collect, if you choose to do so.

You need send no money now. To acquire Amy, simply return the application to Franklin Heirloom Dolls, Franklin Center, PA 19091 no later than August 31.

Please mail this application by August 31, 1985.

© 1985 FHD

Franklin Heirloom Dolls
Franklin Center, Pennsylvania 19091

I wish to order the collector doll "Amy," to be handcrafted for me in fine bisque porcelain, taffeta and delicate lace.

I need send no money now. I will be billed in four equal monthly installments of $37.50* each, with the first payment due when my doll is ready to be sent to me. **Plus my state sales tax and a total of $3. for shipping and handling.*

Limit: One doll per collector.

Mr. / Mrs. / Miss _____
PLEASE PRINT CLEARLY

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

Signature _____

ALL APPLICATIONS ARE SUBJECT TO ACCEPTANCE.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

HERE COMES THE BRIDE—THERE GOES THE AFTERNOON

As entertainment goes, weddings can't compare to watching the neighborhood dog sleep.

by Bud Herron

Illustrated by Jerry Pressler

I usually have no problem coping with boredom.

I spent most of my early years in a small town during an era when watching the neighborhood dog sleep seemed interesting. I found mild joy in counting the cracks in the sidewalk, and on those rare summer days when a couple of dung beetles would roll past the porch, I was enthralled. I believe I can honestly say I have never placed unreasonable demands on life as a source of entertainment.

I am, however, bored by weddings. I have gone to perhaps 300 of them in my lifetime (including my own) and have almost always ended up wishing I had stayed home to watch the dog sleep.

I am not completely sure why weddings are so boring. On the surface they look as if they wouldn't be. There are people in fancy costumes. There's music. There's closely choreographed pageantry. There is the high drama of two people publicly pledging their entire lives to each other. (Well, at least 3.9 years, if you believe the census.)

But in spite of all these "right elements," weddings don't quite escape the snooze factor for me. I think that's because they are all so predictable—as predictable as my cousin's four-hour slide presentation on his family's journey to the Grand Canyon.

For instance:

—There is the wedding of Suzie Schmaltz and Darrell Drip. They have each seen the movie *Love Story* 14 times and really do believe—in spite of all human evidence to the contrary—that "love means never having to say you're sorry." In fact, they go a step further and believe love means never having to say anything. Instead, they stare at and drool on each other throughout the ceremony—holding hands and batting eyes while Suzie's sorority sister sings the theme from *Endless Love*.

Just before the "I do," the maid of honor steps forward and reads the couple's favorite poem—a one-stanza creation Darrell found in a fortune cookie on their first date. It says: "Love means always having to pay your check."

As the rites draw to a close, the minister says, "You may now kiss the bride." Darrell does—for 15 minutes—and uses a Rumanian Vacuum Kiss he learned while on shore leave in the navy. (I've been to this one several times.)

—There is the wedding of Clyde Contemporary and Nancy Now. They wrote their own ceremony, which has lines in it like: "Will you, Clyde, take Nancy to cohabitate in a meaningful relationship until it is no longer meaningful?" (The groom's answer is "Sure.") She vows to "permit Clyde the freedom to reach his potential without applying undue stress upon his selfhood."

Clyde wears a corduroy sport coat and blue jeans. Nancy wears a hoop skirt she finds meaningful because it belonged to her great-aunt who once shook hands with Eleanor Roosevelt. The minister can't seem to follow the handwritten ceremony and finally gives up, asking: "Will you?" They both reply, "Sure," and walk back down the aisle as their parents weep hysterically in the front pews and a guitar in the balcony strikes up some tune no one recognizes.

—There is the wedding of Ken Kool and Barbie Beautiful. They met in modeling school. The procession includes 19 attendants for each. The minister's Bible is pink and white to match the bridesmaids' dresses and has an Izod alligator on the cover. The procession takes six hours, and because all the attendants are clones of the bride and groom, everyone loses interest after the third couple.

Just before the bride enters to begin her stroll toward nuptial bliss, 14 little girls dressed like cherubim and seraphim trip down the aisle and spread 350 pounds of rose petals on the white carpet. The brass section from the Boston Symphony rises to its feet and begins to herald the coming of the bride.

Finally the bride enters, escorted by

continued on page 96

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Invest In Comfort!

Exciting New Bed Adjusts to Any Position!

Perfect for Watching TV, Reading, Eating, Sleeping!

You can enjoy deep, restful, refreshing sleep *every night*... and you can add new bounce and brightness into *every day.*

When you mail the postpaid card you'll receive a free, *fascinating*, full-color booklet. It's yours with our compliments — and without strings. It reveals how others enjoy the miracle of a *special kind* of sleep. So refreshing and completely satisfying that you feel like a new person, at once.

The free booklet introduces you to the astonishing Craftmatic Adjustable Bed. Not just a bed. But a whole new way to sleep... rest... relax ... a new way to live. So unusual, that many *doctors* prescribe it for their patients!

Posture Perfect With Just a Button!

The booklet shows you how to set this bed easily, automatically, instantly in virtually any position you can imagine. How, for the first time you can read, eat and watch TV in a relaxed no-strain way that actually pours rest and refreshment into your body, instead of adding aches and pains.

Single

The marvelous, full body massage action helps relieve simple everyday tension from your head all the way down to your toes. The tingling marvelous sensation and relaxed state that results is something you simply must experience to appreciate. The adjustable bed helps eliminate neck, back and eyestrain.

Cra

Ca

- How to raise legs, back, shoulders for welcome support
- How you *shape* this bed to your every curve and contour. You feel cradled in comfort
- How you deliver soothing heat and gentle, dreamy, massage to every part of your body
- How to turn one-third of your life — the time you sleep — into a *rich, refreshing experience* — instead of a drab necessity

Cu

Does all this sound too good to be true? Perhaps. But there's only one way to find out, for sure. That's to mail the postcard and see the free booklet. You may be skeptical now. You won't be then.

FREE

Mail your reply card today for your FREE Booklet (If card is missing use coupon below.) There's no cost or obligation. Or call Toll Free 1-800-228-

M

C
17

Print Name _____

Address _____

City/State/Zip _____

Phone _____

REPRODUCTION
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

RY SALMON AND TUNA

Summer's too short to be cooped up in the kitchen, so turn to light meals with two quick-to-fix fish favorites.

by Allen Simon

The seafood census is in, and tuna is at the top. Americans love tuna. We eat 1½ billion cans of it a year, more per capita than any other nation. We eat tuna because it tastes so good, but there are other reasons too: It is inexpensive, light, easy to prepare (just open the can and drain)—plus it's low in calories and high in protein, in vitamins and in minerals.

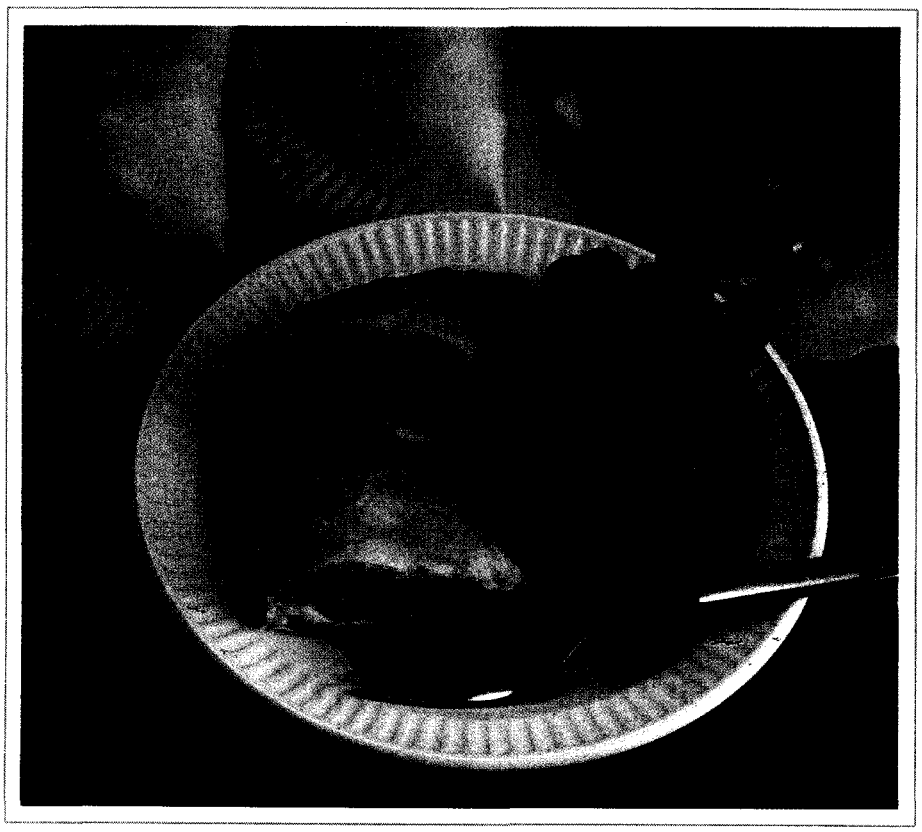
Dieters know that calorie-wise, water-packed tuna is better for them than is oil-packed. A serving of water-packed tuna contains about 105 calories. A serving of *drained* oil-packed tuna has about 180. Many people find oil-packed tuna has the better flavor, and they willingly accept the additional 75 calories. Oil-packed tuna has more than ten times the fat of water-packed, but all tunas contain the same amount of cholesterol, about 50 mg. per serving.

Tuna is extremely high in salt—about 400 mg. per 3-oz. serving. But some companies such as Star-kist offer low-salt tunas with up to 60 percent less sodium. Low-salt tuna costs considerably more than the regular kind, but you can easily make any tuna low-salt by rinsing it for several minutes under the faucet. Rinsing will take away some vitamins, however, and will also reduce flavor.

Tuna comes in two types, "white" and "light." Only albacore is labeled "white meat." Like white-meat chicken, it has the mildest flavor. Other tuna, such as yellowfin, bluefin or skipjack, is somewhat darker and less delicate in flavor. If you plan to eat your tuna straight, you may want albacore. However, if you are mixing tuna with other ingredients in recipes, its flavor will be masked and either white or light will do.

"Solid pack," "chunk," "flake" and "grated" on tuna-can labels tell you what size pieces you are getting. Solid-pack tuna is mostly in one piece, which can be cut or broken into large pieces and attractively arranged on salad plates with lettuce, tomato slices and other vegetables, or used on open-faced sandwiches. Chunk gives you irregular pieces; flake, less desirable irregular pieces; and grated, small, uniform pieces that are best used in casseroles, mixed salads and patties.

If you've been looking for some new ways to use salmon and tuna, try the following recipes. You'll find them light and relatively easy to prepare.



One warning about Salmon-Spinach turnovers—a platter of them won't last long. The creamy, delicious filling, wrapped in a flaky crust, invites second and third helpings.

Salmon Spinach Turnovers

(Makes 6 turnovers)

1 can (7½-7¾ oz.) salmon
½ cup spinach, cooked, well drained
¼ cup onion, minced
1 package (10 oz.) frozen patty shells, thawed
1 package (3 oz.) cream cheese, cut into thin slices
Lemon juice
1 egg, beaten

Drain and flake salmon; set aside. Combine spinach and onion; set aside. Roll each patty shell into 7-inch circle; if necessary, trim edges. Place ⅙ of cream-cheese slices over ½ of circle; top with ⅙ of spinach-onion mixture, then ⅙ of salmon. Squeeze a few drops lemon juice over all. Moisten edges of pastry with water; fold pastry over to form half-circle. Seal edges well with fork; brush top with egg. Repeat procedure for all turnovers. Bake at 400° F. 18-20

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

minutes or until golden brown. If desired, serve with fresh grapes.

Salmon Soup Nicoise
(Makes 4 servings)

1 can (7¾ oz.) salmon
½ cup onion, chopped
1 large clove garlic, minced
1 tablespoon olive oil
1 can (10½ oz.) condensed chicken broth
Water
¼ teaspoon basil
2 small (½ pound) red-skinned new potatoes, cut into 1-inch cubes
1 can (8 oz.) green beans, drained

Drain salmon, reserve liquid; break into large chunks. Set aside. Sauté onion and garlic in oil. Stir in reserved salmon liquid, chicken broth, 1 soup can water and basil; bring to boil. Add potatoes; reduce heat and simmer, covered, 10 minutes or until tender. Stir in green beans and salmon chunks; heat thoroughly. Serve with hard-cooked eggs and cherry tomatoes.

Sunday Tuna Bake
(Makes 4 or 5 servings)

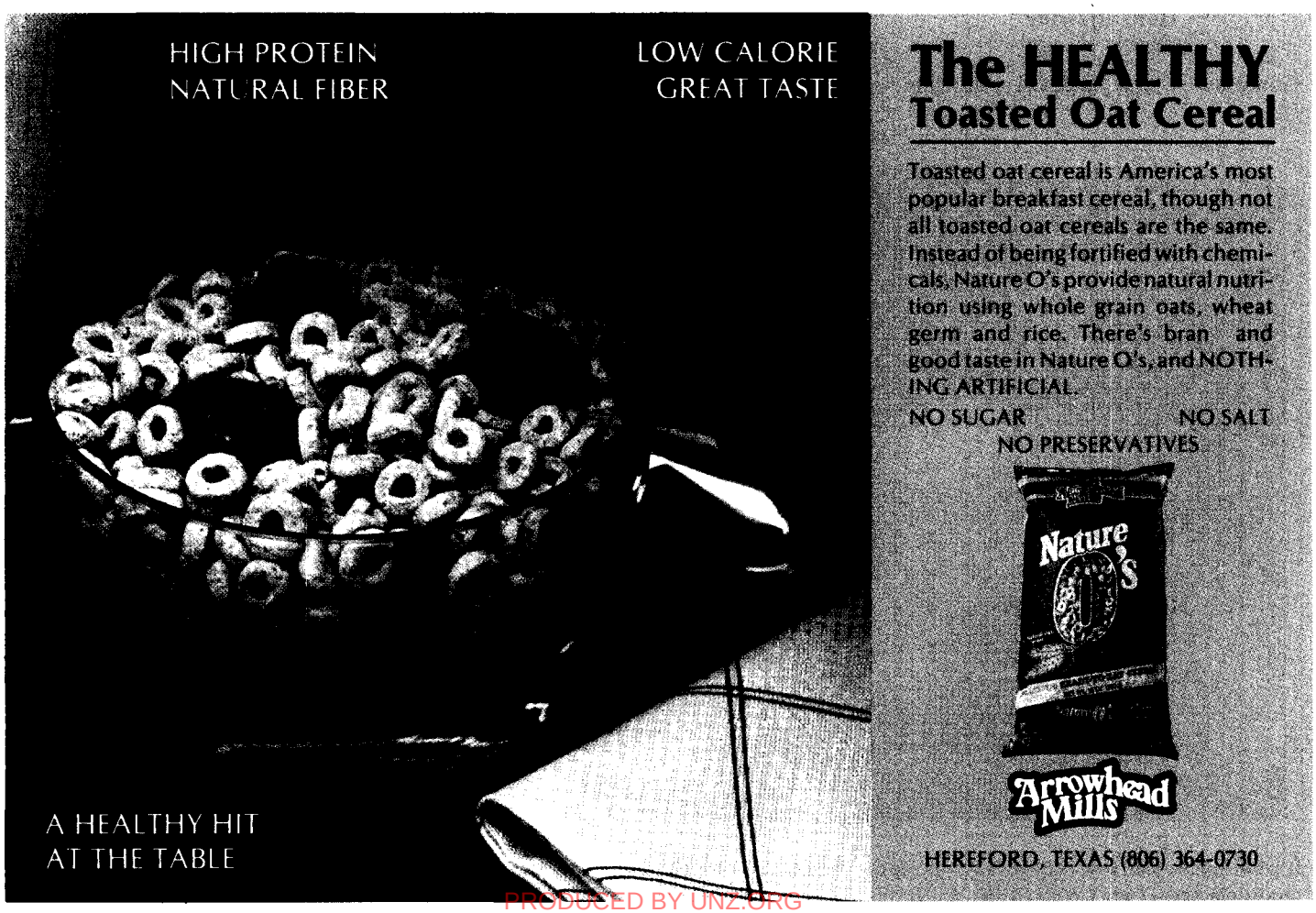
1 package (3 oz.) cream cheese, softened
1 can (10½ oz.) cream-of-mushroom soup
1 can (6½, 7 or 9¼ oz.) tuna, drained and flaked
1 tablespoon pimiento, chopped
1 medium onion, chopped
1 can (8 oz.) peas
1 teaspoon prepared mustard
⅓ cup milk
1 cup elbow macaroni, cooked and drained
½ cup cracker crumbs
2 tablespoons margarine, melted

In large bowl, blend cheese thoroughly into soup. Stir in tuna, pimiento, onion, peas, mustard, milk and macaroni. Pour into casserole. Mix crumbs with margarine and sprinkle over top. Bake in 375° F. oven for 35 to 40 minutes.

Buffet Salmon Supreme
(Makes 6 servings)

1 can (15½ oz.) salmon or 2 cans (7¾ oz. each) salmon
½ pound fresh mushrooms, sliced
4 tablespoons margarine, divided
½ cup green onions, chopped
2 medium cloves garlic, minced
¼ cup flour
1 cup chicken broth
1 cup Half & Half®
½ teaspoon salt, if desired
⅛ teaspoon pepper
8 ounces spaghetti, cooked and drained
¼ cup grated Parmesan cheese
Juice and peel, grated, of ½ fresh lemon
1 package (10 oz.) frozen broccoli, cooked, cut in bite-size pieces
Lemon cartwheel slices
Parsley

Drain salmon, reserve liquid; break into chunks with fork. In large saucepan, sauté mushrooms until just tender in 2 tablespoons margarine; remove. In remaining 2 tablespoons margarine, sauté green onion and garlic. Blend in flour. Gradually stir in chicken broth, Half & Half®, reserved salmon liquid, salt and pepper. Cook over medium heat; stir un-


HIGH PROTEIN
NATURAL FIBER
LOW CALORIE
GREAT TASTE
A HEALTHY HIT
AT THE TABLE
The HEALTHY
Toasted Oat Cereal
Toasted oat cereal is America's most popular breakfast cereal, though not all toasted oat cereals are the same. Instead of being fortified with chemicals, Nature O's provide natural nutrition using whole grain oats, wheat germ and rice. There's bran and good taste in Nature O's, and NOTHING ARTIFICIAL.
NO SUGAR
NO SALT
NO PRESERVATIVES
Nature O's
Arrowhead Mills
HEREFORD, TEXAS (806) 364-0730

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

til thickened. Add cooked spaghetti, Parmesan cheese, lemon peel and juice; heat. Gently stir in mushrooms, broccoli and salmon; heat. Arrange on serving platter. Garnish with lemon slices and parsley. Serve with additional Parmesan, if desired.

Pizza-Style Salmon Salad
(Makes 4 servings)

1 small head green leaf lettuce
2 tomatoes, thinly sliced
1 can (15½ oz.) salmon
1 can (2¼ oz.) sliced ripe olives, drained
1 cup mushrooms, sliced
1 cup mozzarella, Monterey jack or Swiss cheese, shredded
Herb Dressing
Grated Parmesan cheese

Arrange outer lettuce leaves on round platter. Shred remaining lettuce and place on leaves. Arrange tomatoes on lettuce. Drain salmon and reserve 2 tablespoons liquid for Herb Dressing; chunk salmon. Layer olives, mushrooms, cheese and salmon over tomatoes. Pass Herb Dressing and Parmesan cheese.

Herb Dressing
(Makes ½ cup)

Combine ¼ cup *each* oil and wine vinegar, 2 tablespoons reserved salmon liquid, 1 clove minced garlic, ½ teaspoon *each* salt, crushed basil and oregano and ½ teaspoon pepper. Blend well. For optimum flavor, allow dressing to stand 1 hour; mix well before serving.

Garden Salmon Sandwiches
(Makes 4 servings)

1 can (7¾ oz.) salmon
1 package (3 oz.) cream cheese, softened
⅓ cup mayonnaise
1 tablespoon lemon juice
*4 bagels, halved**
Choice of fresh vegetable toppings

Drain and flake salmon. Blend cream cheese, mayonnaise and lemon juice; spread over halved bagels. Top with salmon. Garnish with choice of vegetables. Suggested fresh vegetable toppings: alfalfa sprouts, sliced green pepper, sliced cucumber, sliced mushrooms, diced tomato, chopped green onion and parsley.
*Toasted, halved English muffins or sliced rye bread can be used in place of bagels.

Tuna Creole Skillet
(Makes 6 servings)

1 cup rice, uncooked
1¾ cups water
2 tablespoons margarine, divided
1½ teaspoons salt, if desired
⅛ teaspoon ground turmeric
1 medium onion, sliced and separated into rings
1 green pepper, cut into ½" squares
1 clove garlic, minced
1 can (14½ to 16 oz.) tomatoes (drain; reserve juice), quartered
¼ teaspoon Tabasco pepper sauce
⅛ teaspoon black pepper, ground
1 can (12½ oz.) tuna, drained and flaked

Combine rice, water, 1 tablespoon margarine, 1 teaspoon salt and turmeric in medium saucepan. Bring to a boil. Reduce heat, cover and simmer 15 minutes, or until rice is tender and liquid is absorbed. Meanwhile, in a 10-inch skillet cook onion, green pepper and garlic in remaining margarine until tender-crisp. Add ½ cup reserved tomato juice, pepper sauce, pepper and remaining salt. Simmer over medium heat 10 to 15 minutes. Gently fold in tomatoes and tuna; heat through.

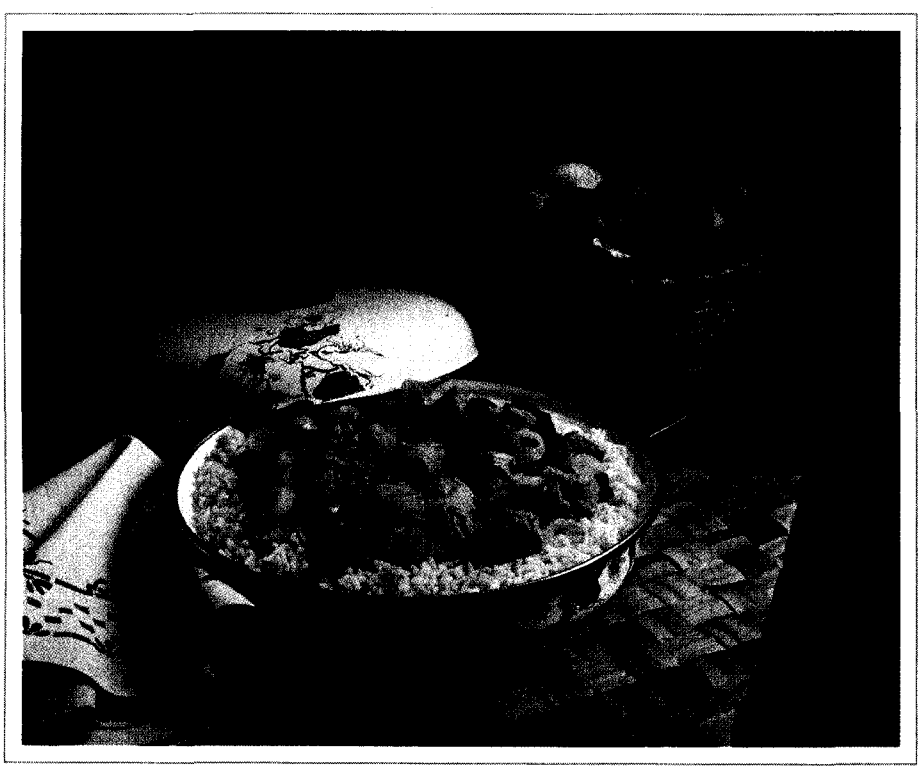
Tuna-and-Rice Salad with Avocado Dressing
(Makes 8 servings)

2 cups rice, cooked
1 can (9 oz.) tuna
1 can (8½ oz.) green peas, drained
½ cup onions, chopped
2 cups celery, sliced
1 teaspoon salt, if desired
½ teaspoon black pepper, ground
Dash Tabasco sauce
½ cup mayonnaise
8 whole tomatoes, peeled
Salad greens
Avocado Dressing

Mix rice with tuna, peas, onions, celery, seasonings and mayonnaise. Chill. Cut out blossom ends of tomatoes and cut into sixths or eighths—almost but not quite through to give a petal effect. Fill with rice-tuna mixture and arrange on salad greens, if desired. Top with Avocado Dressing.

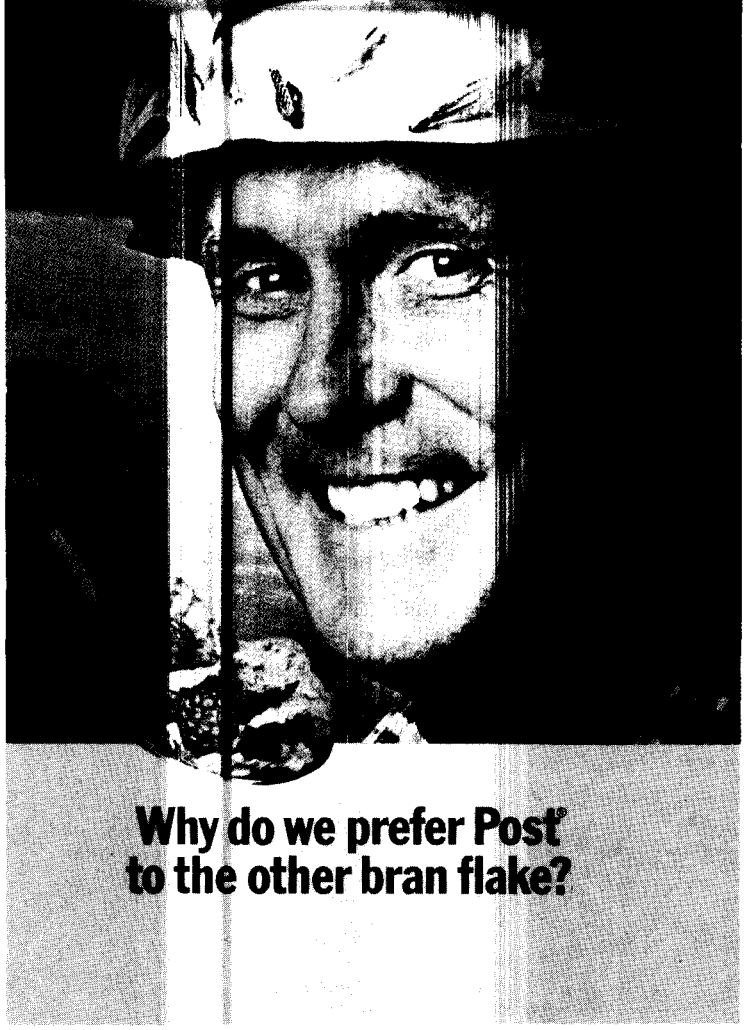
Avocado Dressing

1 avocado, peeled, seeded, mashed
1 cup mayonnaise
1 cup sour cream
3-4 drops Tabasco pepper sauce
½ teaspoon Worcestershire sauce
½ teaspoon onion juice
¼ teaspoon garlic powder



It takes a saucepan, a skillet, one 12½-ounce can of tuna and about 20 minutes to cook this family pleaser—Tuna Creole Skillet, a slightly tangy one-dish meal served on turmeric rice.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



or *¾ teaspoon dried dill weed*
½ teaspoon salt, if desired
¼ teaspoon black pepper, freshly ground
2 teaspoons lemon juice
3 cups rice, cooked and cooled
1 package (10 oz.) frozen chopped spinach, cooked
2 hard-cooked eggs, chopped
2 sheets (9"x10" each) puff pastry (thawed, if frozen)
1 egg

Drain salmon; reserve liquid. Cook onions in margarine until soft but not brown. Add mushrooms and cook 3 minutes longer. Stir in salmon liquid, wine, dill weed, salt, pepper and lemon juice. Combine with salmon and rice. Drain cooked spinach well; stir in chopped eggs. Roll each sheet of dough to a 10"x12" rectangle. Mound half of salmon mixture into meat-loaf shape lengthwise in center of each pastry sheet and leave about three inches clear on all sides. Arrange half of spinach over each mound of salmon. Draw the long edges of the dough together over the filling and pinch to seal. Cut off triangle from each corner, then fold the ends like envelope flaps over the covered filling. Place a lightly greased baking sheet face down on pastry and invert so seam side will be down. Brush tops with egg lightly beaten with 1 tablespoon water. Decorate with small fish shapes formed from pastry trimmings. Make 2 or 3 slashes in top of each pastry. Bake at 400° F. for 25 to 30 minutes or until golden brown. Slice each into 4 portions. Serve with clarified butter, if desired.

½ teaspoon salt

Combine ingredients and blend or process until smooth.

Broiled Salmon with
Lemon-Sesame Butter
(Makes 6 servings)

⅓ cup margarine
Peel, grated, and juice of 1 fresh lemon
2 tablespoons sesame seeds, toasted
½ teaspoon seasoned salt, if desired
⅛ teaspoon pepper
6 (1½ to 2 pounds) salmon steaks (¾-inch thick)

In small saucepan, melt margarine. Add lemon peel and juice, sesame seed, seasoned salt and pepper. Brush steaks with margarine. Broil 4 to 5 minutes on each side or until fish flakes easily. Brush occasionally with remaining mixture. Garnish with lemon wedges and parsley, if desired. *Note:* Any fish steaks such as halibut or swordfish can be substituted for salmon.

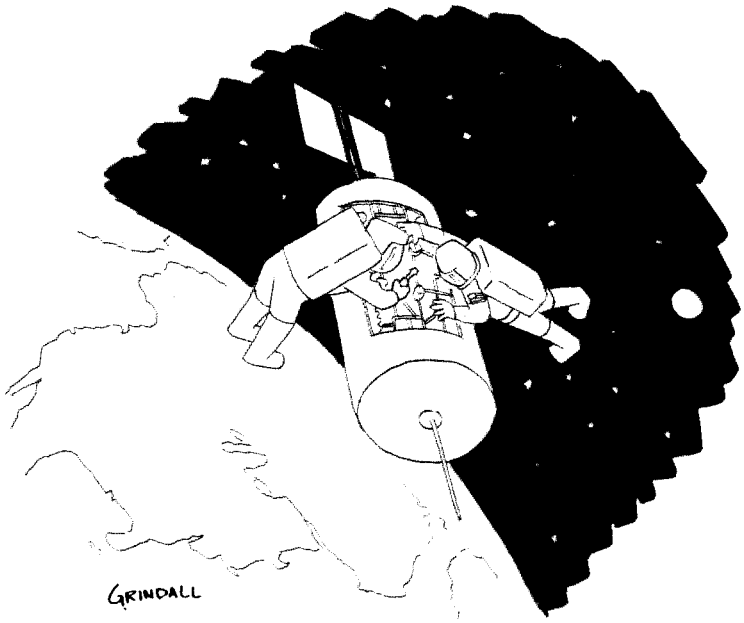
Coulibiac
(Makes 8 servings)

1 can (15½ oz.) salmon
½ cup onions, chopped
2 tablespoons margarine
¾ cup mushrooms, sliced or *1 can (4 oz.) sliced mushrooms, drained*
2 tablespoons dry white wine
3 tablespoons fresh dill weed, snipped,

Post tastes better.
Every morning, it's Post for us. No other 40% bran flake gives us more fiber. And Post gives us even more–better taste.
So, if you want better flavor in your fiber, try Post. The best-tasting 40% bran flake.
Post 40% bran FLAKES

PRODUCED BY UNZ.COM
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BUREAU-CRACKS



"My heart just wouldn't be in it with a $2.99 screwdriver!"

"The space program is simple—the government is looking for another planet to borrow money from."

"Electricity, The Saturday Evening Post *and the Franklin stove are all right, but he doesn't like to talk about the U.S. postal service."*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

JESUS MIDWEST '85

E CAMPING

MINARS &
ACHINGS

OUTH
RALLIES

CHILDREN'S
MINISTRIES

CHRISTIAN
BUSINES
EXPO

DAY
CARE

CRUSE FAMILY

MYLON LEFEVRE

NICKY CRUZ

BOBBY BLACKWOOD & CO.

INCLUDES: Whiteheart, Geoff Moore, Jon English, Atlas, Russ Wilkerson, Tom Skinner, Larry Tomczak, Eric Delve, Capella Choir, The Encounters

JULY 11-13

SANDWICH FAIRGROUNDS

SANDWICH, IL

Just outside the Chicago area

Spiritual Getaway for the Entire Family!

YES! Send me more information about JESUS MIDWEST '85

NAME _____ AGE _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

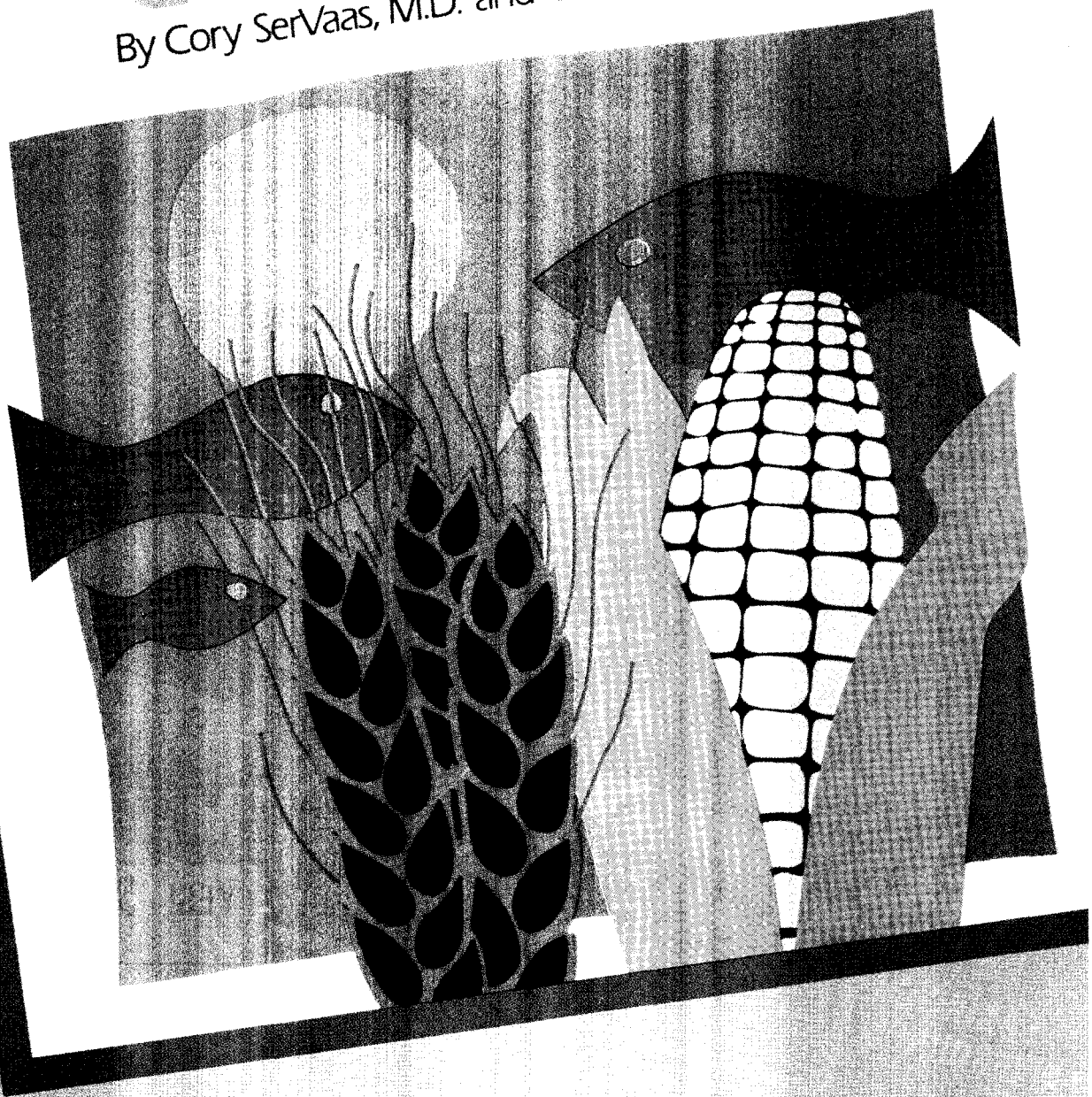
SEND TO: JESUS MIDWEST '85
P.O. Box 296 Naperville, IL 60566
(312) 961-1885

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

From The Kitchens of The Saturday Evening Post

HIGH BLOOD PRESSURE AND DIABETES COOKBOOK

By Cory SerVaas, M.D. and Charlotte Turgeon



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

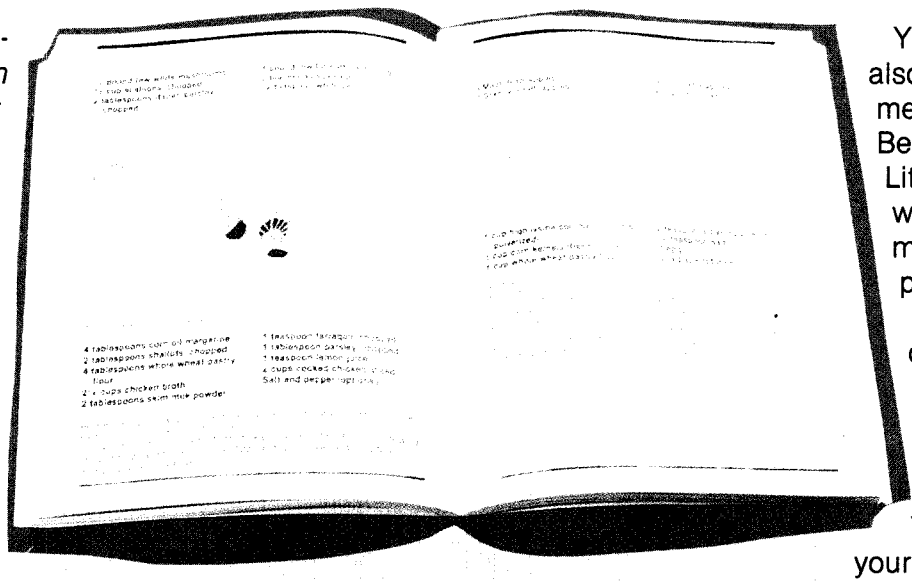
Get our new cookbook FREE with your paid subscription or renewal to the *Post.*

The beautifully illustrated *High Lysine and Fiber Cookbook* is hot off the press. *The Saturday Evening Post* dates back to Benjamin Franklin. Together, they offer the best of the new and the old.

Best of all, this exciting, health-based cookbook will be yours FREE with your paid subscription or renewal to the *SatEvePost*.

Thanks to the hard work of the National Cancer Institute, it is now respectable to consider preventing cancer (and a variety of other diseases that 20th century man is heir to) with diet. And the diet that we believe to be most beneficial is high in fiber and low in fat.

This 120-page cookbook, containing more than 140 delicious high-lysine, high-fiber recipes, is yours FREE with your paid subscription.

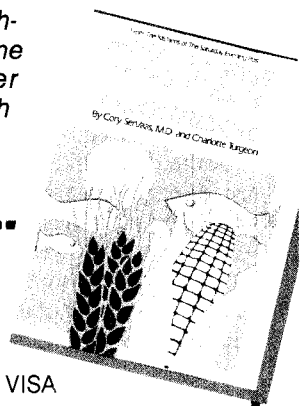


Thus this new 120-page cookbook that is sure to take preference on your kitchen shelf contains more than 140 recipes based on good nutrition and matches those of the country's top chefs for downright delectability.

Your subscription also includes a membership in the Benjamin Franklin Literary Society, with its many money-saving privileges.

Signing the coupon brings it all—recipes for good health, the best in family entertainment. You can't put your pen to better use.

FREE *High-lysine and high-fiber cookbook with each paid subscription.*



The Saturday Evening Post Society

P.O. Box 10675 • Des Moines, IA 50336

☐ **1 year —$12.97** ☐ **2 years —$23.97** ☐ **3 years —$32.97**

☐ Payment enclosed ☐ Bill me ☐ MasterCard ☐ VISA

Card no. _____ Expiration date _____

Signature _____

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Outside U.S. add $5 foreign postage per year. Allow 6 weeks for delivery. U.S. currency only. 355000

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

VETS ON PETS

LICKING "SUMMER ITCH"

What can be done when a summertime irritant is playing Dr. Jekyll with your dog's hide?

by H. Ellen White, D.V.M.

A client once called me at midnight because his dog was scratching. I trudged to the clinic to discover we indeed had an emergency.

As soon as I opened the door I heard the thumping of tail against floor, the scratching of nails against hair and the gnawing of teeth against skin. The poor dog, a large, long-haired setter, was in misery, and his bleary-eyed owner was in not much better shape.

Such intense pruritus, or itching, in dogs may be caused by numerous skin diseases, from sarcoptic mange to food allergies, but the midnight scratcher was suffering from a common summer ailment called seasonal allergic dermatitis, or summer itch.

Some dogs, like humans, are allergic to the pollens shed by grasses, trees, weeds and flowers. The reaction may be immediate, usually from inhalation of allergenic pollen, or delayed, occurring up to 72 hours after the allergen has come in contact with the dog's skin.

Intense itching and inflammation (especially around the face), chewing at the feet and slight discharge from the nose and the eyes are telltale signs of allergic dermatitis. Scratching and licking by the dog may cause hair loss and "hot spots" of irritated, inflamed and weeping skin.

Contact dermatitis, on the other hand, can be seen at contact points such as the feet and thin-haired areas of the chest and between the legs.

You may have to do some scratching, but your pet will thank you for coming up with the cause of his summer discomfort.

Perhaps the most common cause of summer itch is fleas. Fleas become active with warm weather, and though a normal reaction to their bites is irritation, an especially sensitive animal may suffer a violent allergic reaction. Fleabite allergy is characterized by chewing and scratching around the tail, the rump and the underline, or lower part of an animal's body between the front and rear legs. Black flecks of "flea dirt" (excrement) around the tail head of the dog are usually sufficient evidence to diagnose fleabite allergy, although some dogs develop such sensitivity to flea saliva that one or two fleas can cause an intense reaction. These one or two fleas can be difficult to locate on a black dog.

The diagnosis of allergy to other summer allergens may be difficult at best. Many times the diagnosis must be based on history, clinical signs, response to specific treatment and negative test results for mites or fungi.

Your veterinarian may recommend an intradermal skin test. In this procedure, hair is clipped from the abdomen or chest; small amounts of specific agents such as Bermuda grass or ragweed are injected into the skin and reactions noted. A negative skin test does not always mean the dog is free of allergies. It may be allergic to an allergen not tested, or its response to the test may be altered by drugs used to treat the symptoms. Removal of the offending allergy agent is the best treatment, but often impossible.

Antihistamines may help relieve symptoms of immediate hypersensitivity allergy. Occasionally, if intradermal tests reveal an allergy to a specific agent, hyposensitization, by injecting increasing amounts of the allergen, may lead to a cure. This is long-term therapy, and it's important to adhere to the injection schedule.

In certain cases, corticosteroids are the only medication that will relieve the allergic signs and allow the patient to function. Corticosteroids may be administered by injection, by oral medication and by topical creams, ointments or sprays. However, long-term therapy with corticosteroids should be avoided unless all other forms of therapy are ineffective.

Often, diagnosis of the offending allergic agent is impossible, and the control of clinical signs and the comfort of the patient becomes our treatment objective for "summer itch."

Sedation and corticosteroid therapy provided relief for the midnight scratcher. However, his allergic con-

PROVIDED BY ANZDRG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

dition recurred each summer.

The best remedy is eradication of the fleas from both the dog and its surroundings. Simultaneously attack all areas (house, yard, pet). Severe flea infestation may warrant employing a professional exterminator to treat the house and yard while your veterinarian concentrates on the fleas on your dog.

Questions for the Vet

Dear Dr. White:

We have a dog—three-year-old half Labrador. He was a very smart puppy that quickly learned to shake his head yes or no when asked to eat, play, etc.

Now the vets (three, in fact) claim he has epilepsy. My question is: Is there a cure for the disease in animals? I know there isn't in humans. He is taking Dilantin—250 mg, two tablets each 12 hours. He has had two bad spells when his body stiffened and his tongue hung. I've had several dogs but never one with this type of ailment.

K. McCurry
Wataga, Illinois

Dear K. McCurry:

You are describing the clinical signs of epilepsy. Unfortunately, there is no cure.

Dilantin is one of the drugs recommended for treatment of this condition in dogs. Dosage should be adjusted to the minimum amount needed to control the convulsions. Therefore, you should work with your veterinarian to determine the individual dosage needed by your dog. Occasionally, it is necessary to switch to other drugs or a combination of drugs.

H.E.W.

Dear Dr. White:

I recently had quite a scare with my four-year-old cat "Pudgy." The veterinarian I rushed him to told me his bladder was about to burst. Evidently the dry cat food I was feeding Pudgy caused grit to form in his urinary tract and blocked the passage. Luckily he didn't require surgery and was released after a seven-day hospital stay. Unfortunately, for the rest of his life he must take "Curecal," an acidic food additive, to prevent the formations of more stones. I was also warned against dry cat food altogether, and to use only canned cat food with an ash content of less than 2.5 percent.

My worry is: will Pudgy be more prone to this condition now, even though I am being careful?

Mindy L.
Scranton, Pennsylvania

Dear Mindy:

The condition that you describe is termed feline urologic syndrome (FUS). Cats are susceptible to FUS because they have long intervals between urinations and highly concentrated urine.

Your veterinarian has good suggestions for preventing recurrence of the problem with a low-magnesium diet and urinary acidifiers. Encourage exercise, keep the litter box clean and easily accessible and always have clean, fresh water readily available for Pudgy.

H.E.W.

Send your questions for the vet to: Vets on Pets, *The Saturday Evening Post*, 1100 Waterway Blvd., Indianapolis, IN 46202. Because of the volume of response, the editors regret we cannot reply personally to all letters.

DEAD FLEAS BITE NO TAILS

Now Raid Flea Killer kills fleas on housepets as well as on carpets.

Raid kills bugs dead

For a Free Raid Flea Control Brochure and 50¢ Coupon (limit one), write: Raid Flea Experts, P.O. Box 8973, Madison, WI 53714

©1985 S.C. Johnson & Son, Inc.

Johnson wax

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BUICK

How to live generously without spending lavishly.

The Buick LeSabre has always been big on value, and big on traditional values.

That's because the LeSabre is large, and roomy, and comfortable, and solid.

Now these truths become even more self-evident. For now you can order the LeSabre Collectors Edition. Its interior treatment goes far beyond mere comfort and convenience — it is truly sumptuous.

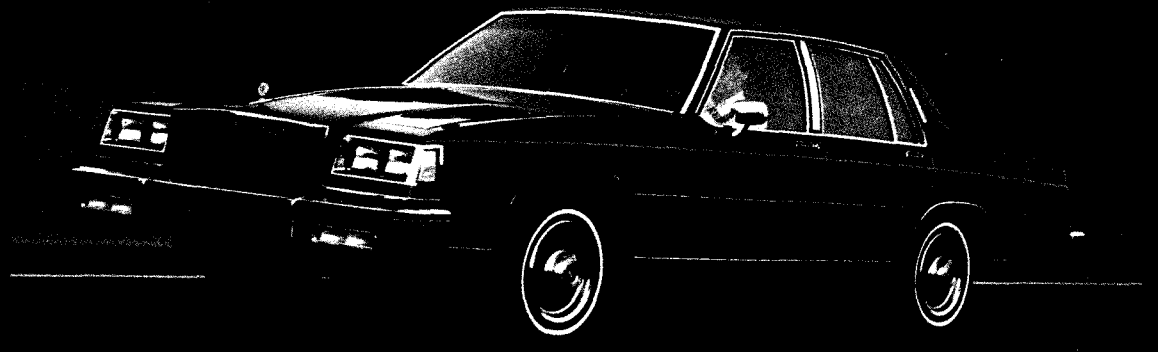
Yet, the LeSabre is still priced at very little more than an ordinary car.

Buckle up and visit your Buick dealer.

To ask any questions, request a brochure or test drive, call the Buick Product Information Center, 8 a.m. to 8 p.m. Eastern time, weekdays:

1-800-85-BUICK (1-800-852-8425).

Wouldn't you really rather have a Buick?



Buick LeSabre Collectors Edition.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Speaking Out

ARE WE STILL FREE?

Ben Franklin risked it all because he didn't want to live in a colony—but if he came back today he would see that all we're missing is the redcoats.

by Lee Iacocca

Of all the people in history, the man I'd most like to meet is Benjamin Franklin. Our research people at Chrysler have a computer that taps into all kinds of resources, including the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*, and when they put Benjamin Franklin's name in they made an amazing discovery. The computer spit out 73 different citations from the *Britannica* alone.

Obviously, Franklin's own biography is in there. He's certainly in the section on "U.S. History." And I guess I wasn't too surprised that the section on "Electricity" talks about him and his kite.

But what about those 70 other articles? Let me just give you part of the list.

Ben Franklin shows up under "philosophy," under "literature," and under "glassmaking" and "chess." (He helped make chess popular in the Colonies.)

If you look up "Gulf Stream," you learn that he figured out what the Gulf Stream is.

You run into him under "education" (he started a college), under "library" (he started the first library here), "insurance" (he started the first life-insurance company, too), "pharmacy" (he opened the first pharmacy) and "postal system" (you guessed it—the first post office).

Well, it just goes on and on. Biophysics, the Enlightenment, hypnosis, liberalism, luminescence—look any of them up, and you run into Franklin.

When Lee Iacocca isn't busy running Chrysler, promoting his book or raising funds for the Statue of Liberty, he sometimes relaxes, here with daughter Kathi (left) and fiancée Peggy Johnson.

He's even there under "heating, ventilation and air conditioning." (His stove is still a hot seller.)

Seventy-three different subjects, and he was important enough in every one of those areas to get mentioned in the encyclopedia.

Oh, by the way, look up "autobiography," and you find out that he gets credit for helping to make "autobiography" an accepted form of literature. I guess I *really* have to thank him for *that*!

And the amazing thing, after going through that list, is that all of them were really just sidelines. When we think of Ben Franklin, we usually think of the wise old man with the hippie haircut and the little glasses who helped found the United States of America.

I couldn't help wondering what he'd say if we could resurrect him after almost 200 years and ask for a critique. If he could come back, I'd like to have a drink with him. (I'd have a Scotch, and he'd have his glass of port.) He'd probably start by saying, "Iacocca, that's a strange name. I never heard a name like that before." And I'd tell him all about the big waves of immigrants that came over. (I'd probably talk a lot about that because since I got involved with the Statue of Liberty and Ellis Island project, I've become something of an expert.)

I think he'd be pleased, for the most part, with how things have gone. The Constitution is almost intact—just a handful of amendments in all that time. I think he'd be impressed at all the projects in this country, of course. And he'd be pleased that we could go through all that we have and still hold on to the original ideals.

But of all the men who sat in that room and hammered out the Constitution, he'd probably be the *least surprised* by all the amazing things that have happened since then. I don't think he'd fall off his chair when I told him we'd been to the moon. He was a philosopher and a scientist. He was always looking ahead. He understood what people can do when they pull together. He knew about human potential. He had vision.

I suspect that if Franklin had just *one* question for me after all this time, it would be, "Are you still free?"

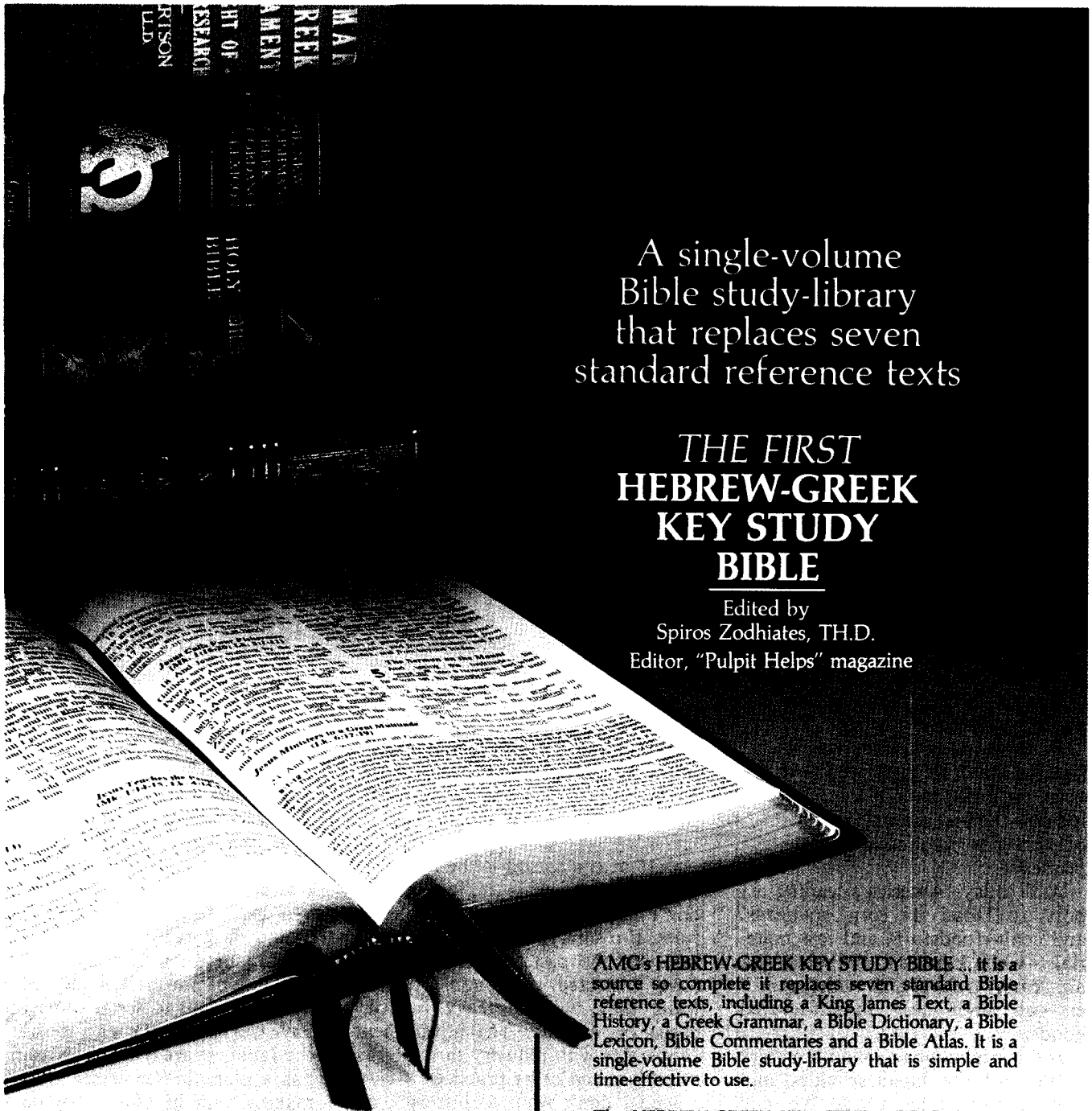
He and the others dedicated most of their lives and risked everything to gain independence for the colonies. And that independence is the legacy they left us.

I'd start by assuring him that, yes, we've managed to maintain our political independence. In fact, we're stronger than ever. We may have some enemies in the world, but nobody's thinking of invading the United States.

But there's more to independence than just that kind of security. And maybe we ought to examine just how

continued on following page

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



A single-volume Bible study-library that replaces seven standard reference texts

THE FIRST

HEBREW-GREEK KEY STUDY BIBLE

Edited by
Spiros Zodhiates, TH.D.
Editor, "Pulpit Helps" magazine

AMG's HEBREW-GREEK KEY STUDY BIBLE ... it is a source so complete it replaces seven standard Bible reference texts, including a King James Text, a Bible History, a Greek Grammar, a Bible Dictionary, a Bible Lexicon, Bible Commentaries and a Bible Atlas. It is a single-volume Bible study-library that is simple and time-effective to use.

The HEBREW-GREEK KEY STUDY BIBLE uses the King James text ... key Hebrew and Greek words and phrases are transliterated and fully explained to give users the exact meanings intended by the original writers. An abundance of exegetical notes provide analysis and interpretation of the Scriptures. (Exegete means to break down word by word.) Other features include definitive introductions to each book of the Bible; Strong's Dictionary; a completely new lexicon; a grammatical helps section; and 12 full-color maps.

The HEBREW-GREEK KEY STUDY BIBLE ... it is a source so comprehensive it provides the theological depth required by Bible scholars, and the clarity enjoyed by laypersons.

AMG's HEBREW-GREEK KEY STUDY BIBLE is popularly sized, contains 1,968 pages, and is available from Christian Bookstores everywhere as follows:

Bonded Leather in Black, Brown or Burgundy . $69.00
(In Canada . $89.00)
Genuine Leather in Burgundy $79.00
Hard Bound Cover $39.00

GO TO THE SOURCE ... AMG PUBLISHERS ... FOR SPIRITUAL ENRICHMENT

Dept. SEP5 • Box 22000 • Chattanooga, TN 37422 • 615-894-6060
In Canada: Purpose Products • 81 Temperance • Aurora, ON L4G2R1

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

independent we really are today.

First of all, of course, we're living in a different world. We're living in a world that is *inter*-independent. Countries have to rely on each other for food, raw materials, machines and markets. No country is self-sufficient today. Nobody can go it alone. Nobody's even trying.

Doctor Franklin once said, "No nation was ever ruined by trade." Well, today, no nation can even *survive* without it. And, ironically, that's why it *is* possible today to be ruined by trade, if that trade isn't *fair* trade.

It can cost you a big part of your independence.

Remember your history books? Remember why England, France and Holland established colonies? It was to provide the mother countries with two things —raw materials and markets.

The colonies exported raw materials and foodstuffs and served as markets for the manufactured goods produced in Europe.

In those days, Japan was so isolated that it might as well have been on a different planet. But it's now the best example we have of this new economic interdependence.

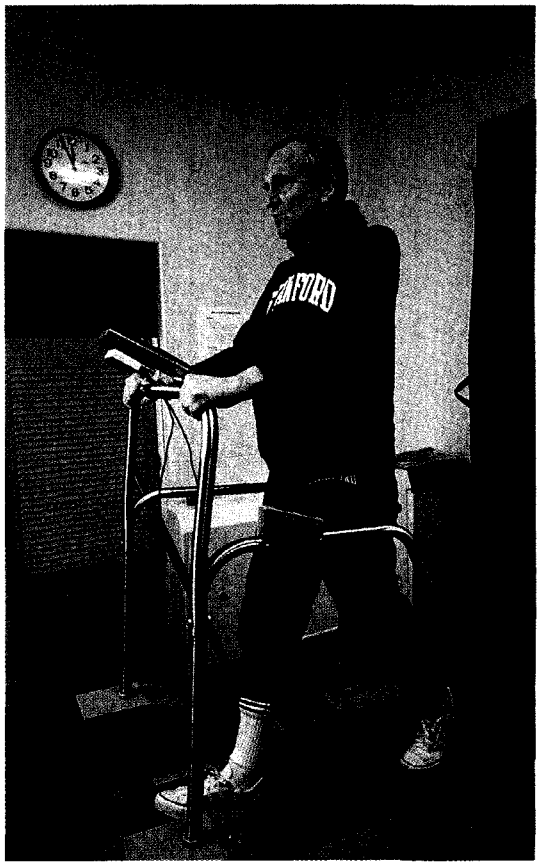
And today, America's leading exports to Japan are corn, soybeans, and coal—foodstuffs and raw materials—while Japan's top exports to us are cars, trucks and videorecorders—all high-value manufactured goods.

Is this beginning to sound familiar?

We send the Japanese hides, and they send us leather goods. We send them logs, and they send us stereo cabinets. They take some oranges, but not if we squeeze them—because that's labor. They squeeze them. They take potatoes, but no potato chips—because it takes labor to make potatoes into chips.

What we have then is a classic definition of a colony. All we're missing are the redcoats.

Right now, our trade deficit with Japan is running a little over $3 billion a month. Our deficit with the rest of the world is only $6 billion a month. In 1984, our total trade deficit with all countries was $120 billion. And that's double the all-time world-record deficit of $60 billion the year before.



Running against the current is a favorite Iacocca pastime—whether it's to rescue a car company or to fight against a growing U.S. trade deficit.

Part of the reason is the high dollar. But a big part is the fact that we don't play the trade game by the same rules. I'm sure you're as familiar as I am with the pattern. The Japanese have protected their home market while they built a heavy industry based on exports. The government cooperates with industry through tax incentives and other practices.

And I don't want to just pick on the Japanese. It wouldn't be fair. The fact is, almost every country has some kind of plan to succeed in the international marketplace—except us.

We're wedded to a set of 19th-century free-trade ideals everybody else in the world ignores. We live in an era of "managed trade." That's a euphemism for the same kind of mercantilism that existed in Franklin's time.

Simply put, every nation devises policies to keep its trade in balance or to gain a surplus. That's because trade means jobs. If you buy more than you sell, you export jobs. Our own Department of Labor estimates that each billion dollars of the trade deficit equals 20,000 jobs. So with a deficit of $120 billion, we're talking about 3.6 million American jobs.

Meanwhile, with our high dollar, we're a magnet for foreign goods. In fact, do you know what the *real* economic importance of America to the rest of the world is today? It's not our corn or our coal. Other countries can get along without them. It's our *market*. We've become the world's shopping center. More and more, this isn't where things are *produced*, it's where they're *sold*.

Take cars. Japan exports more than half the cars it builds. And half of them come to the United States. Because their competition is so intense, Japanese car companies are just breaking even in their home market. And they barely do the same with their exports to Europe and the rest of the world. The only place that the Japanese car industry makes any real *profit* is here in *America*.

And it's a *big* profit. The Japanese squealed when import limits went on their cars here four years ago. But in the early years of those quotas, the Japanese auto industry made $9 billion in profits in North America, while American companies lost $14 billion.

And things would have been a lot worse without the quotas. With the yen-dollar equation way out of whack and their government behind them, the Japanese could have gobbled up a lot more of our market and our jobs.

If you want to see if those quotas have worked, by the way, look at how the Japanese are reacting. Nissan now has a plant in Tennessee. Honda is making cars in Ohio. Toyota is in California. Mazda is going to build a plant in Michigan. None of them would bother unless they felt we were going to get serious someday about protecting *our* national interest.

Boy, how things change. A couple hundred years ago we sent Ben Franklin to France, and he talked them into sending us their whole damn navy. Our guys today can't even get oranges or beef into Japan or straighten out the exchange rates.

Well, that's not entirely fair. It's not *all* their fault. Tight money and high interest rates here have a lot to do with the exchange rates, too, because they are attracting so much

continued on following page

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Sponsor a Child for Only $10 a Month.

At last! Here is a $10 sponsorship program for Americans who are unable to send $16, $18, or $22 a month to help a needy child.

And yet, this is a full sponsorship program because for $10 a month you will receive:

- a 3½″ × 5″ photograph of the child you are helping.
- two personal letters from your child each year.
- a complete Sponsorship Kit with your child's case history and a special report about the country where your child lives.
- quarterly issues of our newsletter "Sponsorship News".

All this for only $10 a month?

Yes—because the Holy Land Christian Mission International believes that many Americans would like to help a needy child. And so we searched for ways to reduce the cost—without reducing the help that goes to the child you sponsor.

For example, unlike some of the other organizations, your child does not write each month, but two letters a year from your child keeps you in contact and, of course, you can write to the child just as often as you wish.

Also, to keep down administrative costs, we do not offer the so-called "trial child" that the other organizations mail to prospective sponsors before the sponsors send any money.

We do not feel that it is fair to the child for a sponsor to decide whether or not to help a child based on a child's photograph or the case history.

Every child who comes to Mission International for help is equally needy!

And to minimize overseas costs, our field workers are citizens of the countries where they serve. Many volunteer their time, working directly with families, orphanages, and schools.

You can make a difference!

$10 a month may not seem like much help to many Americans, but to a poor family living on an income of $1.50 or $2.00 a day, your sponsorship can help make all the difference in the world.

Will you sponsor a child? Your $10 a month will help provide so much:

- emergency food, clothing and medical care.
- a chance to attend school.
- help for the child's family and community, with counseling on housing, agriculture, nutrition, and other vital areas to help them become self-sufficient.

A child needs your love!

Here is how you can sponsor a child for only $10 a month immediately:

1. Fill out the coupon and tell us if you want to sponsor a boy or a girl, and check the country of your choice.
2. Or mark the "emergency list" box and we will assign a child to you that most urgently needs to have a sponsor.
3. Send your $10 in right now and this will eliminate the cost of a "trial child."

Then, in just a few days you will receive your child's name, photograph, and case history.

May we hear from you? We believe that our sponsorship program protects the dignity of the child and the family and at the same time provides Americans with a positive and beautiful way to help a needy youngster.

In Thailand, 7 year old Somjack comforts her little sister Kai who is suffering from severe malnutrition. These two frightened refugee children were found huddled together in a crumbling shack.

K5LZ

Holy Land Christian **Mission International**
Attn: Joseph Gripkey, President
2000 East Red Bridge Road
Box 55, Kansas City, Missouri 64141

☐ Yes. I wish to sponsor a child. Enclosed is my first payment of $10. Please assign me a ☐ Boy ☐ Girl

Country preference: ☐ India ☐ The Philippines ☐ Thailand ☐ Costa Rica ☐ Chile ☐ Honduras ☐ Dominican Republic ☐ Colombia ☐ Guatemala ☐ Africa

☐ **OR, choose a child that needs my help from your EMERGENCY LIST.**

☐ Please send me more information about sponsoring a child.

☐ I can't sponsor a child now, but wish to make a contribution of _____.

NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

CITY_____

STATE_____ ZIP_____

Registered: U.S.A.I.D. Advisory Committee on Voluntary Foreign Aid. Our annual financial report is readily available upon request. Please make your check payable to Mission International. Your sponsorship gifts are tax deductible.

Holy Land Christian
Mission International

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

foreign investment.

And as a result, we've got the problem of a growing foreign debt as well as a trade deficit.

If you've got a couple of billion dollars in loose change these days, the best place to put it is here in America, because our interest rates are so high. You could call that a vote of confidence in America, I suppose. And we know, without all that foreign capital coming in, those interest rates might be even higher.

Last year, we attracted about $100 billion in foreign investment. That's about equal to the interest we paid on the national debt. So one way to look at it is that foreign investment replaced the capital that the government soaked up in order to service the debt.

In the old days (before Mr. Volcker came aboard) we used to *print* money to cover our debts. That was bad enough. Now we *import* it to cover the debts.

Now, that might *look* like a good deal. But I don't know. It means that literally any day now (maybe even *today*, in fact) we become a debtor nation for the first time in 67 years. And at the current pace, we'll pass Brazil next year as the biggest debtor nation in the world. And by 1987, our foreign debt will be bigger than Brazil's, Argentina's and Mexico's, *combined*.

We were a debtor nation during the last century, too. But back then we used capital from Europe to build our railroads and canals and factories. Now we're using it to service our debt.

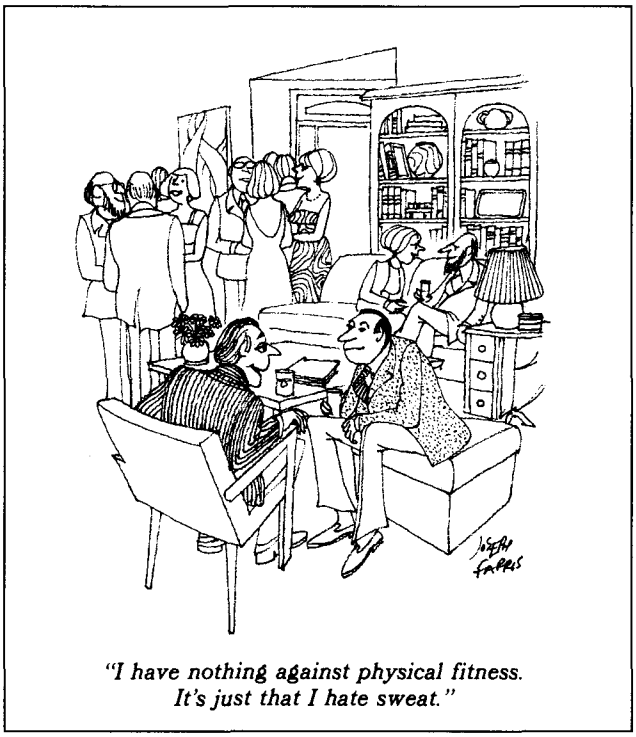
Right now, there is more than $800 billion of foreign investment in the United States. (Just think about that—almost a trillion dollars in the U.S.) But little of it is direct investment in industry, the kind of investment that creates jobs.

Sixty percent of it is made up of private holdings in American banks or portfolios. The economists call that "hot" money because it could be pulled out overnight. Another 23 percent is money foreign governments have invested here. That could be pulled out, too.

Only about 17 percent of that foreign capital is directly invested in American business or real estate. Less than one-fifth is going into projects like those Japanese car plants that put Americans to work.

We need this money now because we don't save enough ourselves to give the banks what they need to lend. We're great *consumers* in this country, but we're lousy *savers*. I guess nobody reads *Poor Richard's Almanac* any more—the part about "a penny saved is a penny earned."

So in order to fuel the economy, we need foreign capital. Some people have an idea that all this foreign money is coming here because we're a so-called "safe haven." Well, that's becoming a myth. That money is coming here because we're *bidding* for it. Our interest rates are high. We've even changed some of the tax laws to make it easier for foreigners to invest here.



"I have nothing against physical fitness. It's just that I hate sweat."

Now, I think we're heading for real big trouble. And I'll tell you why. We've become too *dependent* on foreign money. We have to keep interest rates high to keep that foreign capital coming in and to be sure that the money already here doesn't go home.

It's like a drug habit. You have to keep taking more and more. You can't cut back or you get sick. Stop altogether and you'll see the worst case of cold turkey ever. I mean, the whole world would go into convulsions.

We aren't doing ourselves any favor by sucking up all the capital in the world. And we aren't doing the rest of the world any favor, either.

We're taking money out of countries that need it for their own development. Here's a shocker; I'll bet you didn't know this. Twenty-two percent of the foreign investment in this country comes from Latin America. That's right, from countries like Brazil and Argentina and Mexico that are strapped by their own foreign debts. More than $182 billion from Latin America is invested here.

We're taking bread off somebody's table. Something's wrong here; it really is. Why is the richest country in the world siphoning off capital from underdeveloped countries to feed its own debt? And what will happen when those countries get wise and call in their notes?

When you stop and think about it, most of the threats to our independence today stem from one big problem. And that's a federal deficit that is so wildly out of control. The high dollar that's helping to make us a trade colony and the high interest rates that are making us a debtor nation can be traced to that deficit.

We're robbing our kids by passing this debt on to them. It's "taxation without representation" again. But this time we're taxing our *own kids*. When they realize it, they aren't going to dump tea off the dock; they're going to throw *us* in the harbor.

Do you know that it took 206 years for us to accumulate our first trillion dollars in debt—from Ben Franklin's time all the way to 1981? And that we're going to reach our second trillion in about 18 months from now?

I sure wouldn't be proud to tell ole Ben Franklin about that. I wouldn't be proud to tell him that we don't have the discipline to handle our bills.

And I don't think he'd be too proud of *us*.

And we're doing something else with this debt. We're *deindustrializing* America. The high deficit causes high interest rates. High interest rates cause the high dollar. The high dollar brings

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

in foreign goods. American industry can't compete on price, so it closes down or moves its plant overseas.

That's what this vicious circle is leading to. We're turning ourselves into a colony again. And it all starts with the deficit.

And here's another one I wouldn't like to explain to Franklin over that drink. *Energy*. I don't know when we felt more like a colony than during the two big oil shocks of the '70s. All of a sudden we found ourselves at the mercy of a foreign-oil cartel. And when they turned off the oil, they showed us just how dependent we were.

We got scared ten years ago. And we resolved to do something about it. It got to be patriotic to join a van pool or ride a bike. We passed the 55-mile-per-hour speed limit.

But we didn't do the *one thing* that could have made the biggest difference. We didn't tax gas like the rest of the world does to force consumers to conserve fuel and *demand* the high-mileage cars. We didn't make the same sacrifice others were making.

It was cheap gas more than anything else that made us so dependent on OPEC. And we're still joy-riding on cheap gas in this country. We pay about half the price for a gallon of gas here that they do in other countries. In Europe, they pay more *tax* on a gallon than our *total* price. Italy overdoes it. They're over $3.00 a gallon. Their tax is about $2.12 per gallon.

And because gasoline is so cheap in our country, big cars are selling like hot cakes. At Chrysler, we thought we would have phased out our V-8 Fifth Avenues by now. But we can't. We're working overtime to build enough of them. We're making too much money to drop them.

Now Ford and GM are lobbying to dial back the fuel-economy standards. They want the law changed so they can sell more big cars, because that's where the bigger profits are.

But that leaves the other end of the market for the Japanese. And it keeps us living in a fool's paradise. I hope we don't have another oil shock, because they'll really cream us. We can become an energy *colony* if we don't come up with an energy *policy* that guards our independence.

You know, I really don't know if I'd like to have that drink with Benjamin Franklin, after all. I don't know what I'd say when he asked that big question: "Are you still free?"

I don't feel free when we've got the trade pattern of a colony. I don't feel free with a foreign debt that's going to be the biggest in the world in a matter of months. I don't feel free when we're so dependent on a foreign cartel for oil.

And I don't feel free with budget deficits that are tying us up so tightly in a knot of debt that neither we, nor our kids, will ever escape.

I think I'd be a little ashamed to tell Ben Franklin all this.

He and the others left us a tremendous legacy—our *independence*. And they left us a tremendous *challenge*—to *preserve* that independence.

Every other generation has met that challenge. And they had to make some huge sacrifices to do it. Is ours going to be the first one to fall short?

As you know, I've been involved with the Statue of Liberty and Ellis Island restoration for 2½ years. And I've learned a lot. Since my parents were among the 17 million people who came through Ellis Island, I thought I understood what that experience was all about.

But in the past 2½ years, I've come to appreciate more than ever just what those two symbols in New York Harbor stand for.

I've learned from the hundreds of people who've told me their own stories, or those of their parents. And I've learned from the tens of thousands who've sent me letters.

And if you reduce all those experiences into just two words, they would be "hope" and "sacrifice."

The statue was the symbol of hope for all those immigrants who passed by it. And Ellis Island was the symbol of sacrifice. It was the reality they met when the adventure was over—cold and hostile, and even frightening.

But they took a ferry over to the Battery, and they picked up the challenge that Ben Franklin and the others left. They broke their backs to build something strong and lasting for themselves and their families.

Last fall I met a Vietnamese artist—one of the boat people who've taken such horrible risks to escape that country.

She settled in Alaska and came all the way down to Seattle to present me with a beautiful painting in honor of the Statue of Liberty. She still had some trouble with the language, but she had no trouble at all communicating how much America meant to her.

And we've heard from people who haven't been as lucky as she was. We got a letter from a man in Poland. He enclosed a couple of silver certificates for the Statue—for what he called simply "that beautiful symbol." (It seems that those who don't have freedom understand it the most!)

I guess, in the end, that's all the Statue and Ellis Island are—symbols. But I think we need them now more than ever before to remind us of the legacy—really, the sacred trust—that Franklin and the others left us.

I hope we're not beginning to take that trust too lightly. And I hope we're not forgetting all the sacrifices so many others have made along the way to keep it alive—I hope not.

We're here tonight to remember Ben Franklin—good old, pragmatic, common-sense Ben—a man who risked it all because he didn't want to live in a colony. Well, I don't either. And I don't think any of you do.

So the best tribute we'll ever pay Ben Franklin is to be sure that America never becomes a colony—of any kind—again.

Advertisement

Many Hearing Problems Can Be Helped.

Chicago, Ill.—A free offer of special interest to those who hear but do not understand words has been announced by Beltone. A non-operating model of the smallest Beltone aid of its kind will be given absolutely free to anyone who sends for this free model now.

Send for this model, it will show you how tiny hearing help can be. It is not a real hearing aid and it's yours to keep free. The actual aid weighs less than an eighth of an ounce, and it fits completely into the ear canal.

These models are free, so we suggest you write for yours now. Again, we repeat, there is no cost, and certainly no obligation. All hearing problems are not alike and some cannot be helped by a hearing aid but many can. So, send for your free model now. Thousands have already been mailed, so be sure to write today to Dept. 4302, Beltone Electronics, 4201 W. Victoria St., Chicago, IL 60646.

Offer not valid in California.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

POST SCRIPTS

Heinrich Schnibble and the Internal Revenue

"Mr. Heinrich R. Schnibble?"

"Ich ben Herr Schnibble."

"Mr. Schnibble, my name is Quigg, Internal Revenue. May I talk to——"

"Insiden gecomen, Herr Quigg, und offtooken der coaten."

"Mr. Schnibble, I have some questions I'd like to ask you about your income-tax report. I'm afraid you've——"

"Ach, Himmel! Das reporten. Meinself also ben puzzlen mit das schtunker."

"I daresay, Mr. Schnibble, you list a dependent by the name of Rausmit. Is this Rausmit a close relative?"

"Ein kinfolker? Ach, nein! Rausmit ben mein barkenpantensniffer. Mein woofer."

"Your dog? Mr. Schnibble, a dog cannot be a dependent. The law says——"

"Rausmit iss ein depender."

"But, Mr. Schnibble, under no cir——"

"Ein depender mit expensers. In der summer ben gecomen das sniffersnatcher und tooken mein Rausmit——"

"In the summer ben gecomen what?"

"Das snatcher, mit der net und ein cager."

"The dogcatcher?"

"Ja. Rausmit ben uplocken. Meinself ist oudtengeputten ein, zwei dollars und also der costen mit feeden. Ach! Also ben costen der stickendermic mit ein needler und das dangler der insidentrackengrupe ben sellen."

"Der insidentrackengrupe?"

"Der politickers gerunnen das courthousen. Mein Rausmit ben——"

"Uh, Mr. Schnibble, let's just skip Rausmit for the present. We are concerned over your reported income and considerably alarmed by your tax payment."

"Hein?"

"You list your income as several thousand bushels, gallons and dozens of oats, wheat, potatoes, milk and eggs."

"Ja."

"We are interested in money, Mr. Schnibble."

"Ach! Meinself also."

"Well, didn't you see any of the produce you raised?"

"Ja. Mein ben sellen liken der flappencakers."

"Why, then, Mr. Schnibble, did you send us, freight due, 600 bushels of grain and miscellaneous truck, 200 gallons of milk and a dozen eggs?"

"Mein Rausmit ben upeaten der eggers."

"But we want money, Mr. Schnibble."

"Der money ben gecomen mit sellen. Ich ben sellen mein share."

"Schnibble, we can't sell all that stuff. We don't know——"

"Meinself ben liken ein bargain."

"You mean you'll buy back——"

"Mit der rightisch pricen, ja."

"Just how much will——No! Schnibble, the Internal Revenue Service is willing to overlook the barkenpant—the dog, as a dependent. We will accept your tax return without question and we will send back your produce, prepaid, on one condition."

"Ein condition?"

"Ja—I mean yes. Never, Mr. Schnibble, never again, under any circumstances, are you to prepare another income-tax return. But never!"

—Dave Morrah

"Well, leapin' lizards! That's *the reason my checkbook hasn't balanced for 47 years."*

Kitchen Chaos

Entering my kitchen one day, I stared in astonishment.

The refrigerator door stood wide-open; a crisp bunch of asparagus had climbed out and was busily throwing little spears in all directions.

Hearing voices in the cupboard, I discovered the Tabasco and a jar of mustard were having a hot debate; each was certain it was the spiciest.

A dozen eggs, feeling more devilish than usual, challenged the blender and were beaten.

Noting my presence, the coffee ground to a halt and a tray of ice cubes froze in their tracks, while several carrots stood rooted to the spot.

A group of lemons, arrogant in comparison to the quivering bowl of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

strawberry gelatin, looked sourly in my direction.

"What's going on here?" I demanded, watching a can of milk evaporate into thin air.

In response to my question, a pan of spaghetti got saucy with me, and the seasonings wouldn't give me the thyme of day.

Finally a bottle of salad oil, a slick operator, oozed forth: "This wasn't my fault; they just didn't have anything better to do with their time."

"It doesn't matter who started it, as long as it stops now. I have only three days to plan for our family reunion, and I'm sure you'll all have a chance to participate in the preparations."

The large jar of crunchy peanut butter declared he would stick to my solution, a dill pickle relished the idea and a box of peppermint tea decided to impress everyone by turning over a new leaf.

—Melodee Melissa Kelleher

Barbecued

The minister of a church was throwing a barbecue in the yard of the parsonage and realized at the last minute he hadn't invited a rather important widow from his congregation. So he got on the phone right away and invited her to attend.

"Sorry, Parson," the little old lady said. "I had already heard about the barbecue, but there's no use for me to come now—I've already prayed for rain."

—Lloyd Byers

Show and Tell

People talk about her
As she strolls along the beach,
Which proves very plainly—
Hers is a figure of speech.

—William E. Morgan

Deft-initions

Newborn baby: Stork naked.
Diet: Nothing dentured, nothing gained.
Domestic mate: House spouse.
Mental assent: Mind's aye.
Civil rights: Marketplace courtesy.

—Hank Billings

All Hung Up

An executive received an important promotion and arrived early on his first day in the new office to put things in order. Suddenly he heard someone at the door. To impress the unexpected caller, he grabbed the telephone.

"Thank you, sir, for calling," he began. "I appreciate your faith in me. I know you as corporation president have an important decision to make today. Please don't take any action until we discuss it. I'll be at your office in half an hour."

He hung up and haughtily asked the entering party, a workman: "What can I do for you, my good man?"

"I'm here to hook up your phone."

—John A. Johnston

Like Mom Used to Make

My young son refused his dinner
again,
As he so often does.
It's hard to believe that in 20 years or
so
He'll be telling some girl, all aglow,
What a great cook his mother was!

—Ruth M. Walsh

A True Image

Studying her photographic proofs,
An outraged elderly matron
Screamed at the photographer,
"For years I've been your patron;

How dare you do me this injustice;
I ask you, does this look like me?"
The photographer, though flustered,
Regained his equanimity,

For promptly did he realize
That discretion was imperative.
"Madam," he said, politely bowing,
"The answer is in the negative!"

—Muriel Kovinow

Nightmares Are Made of This

"My wife had a funny dream last night," confided a man to his companion. "She thought she had married a multimillionaire."

"You're lucky," sighed the companion. "My wife thinks that in the daytime."

—Henry E. Leabo

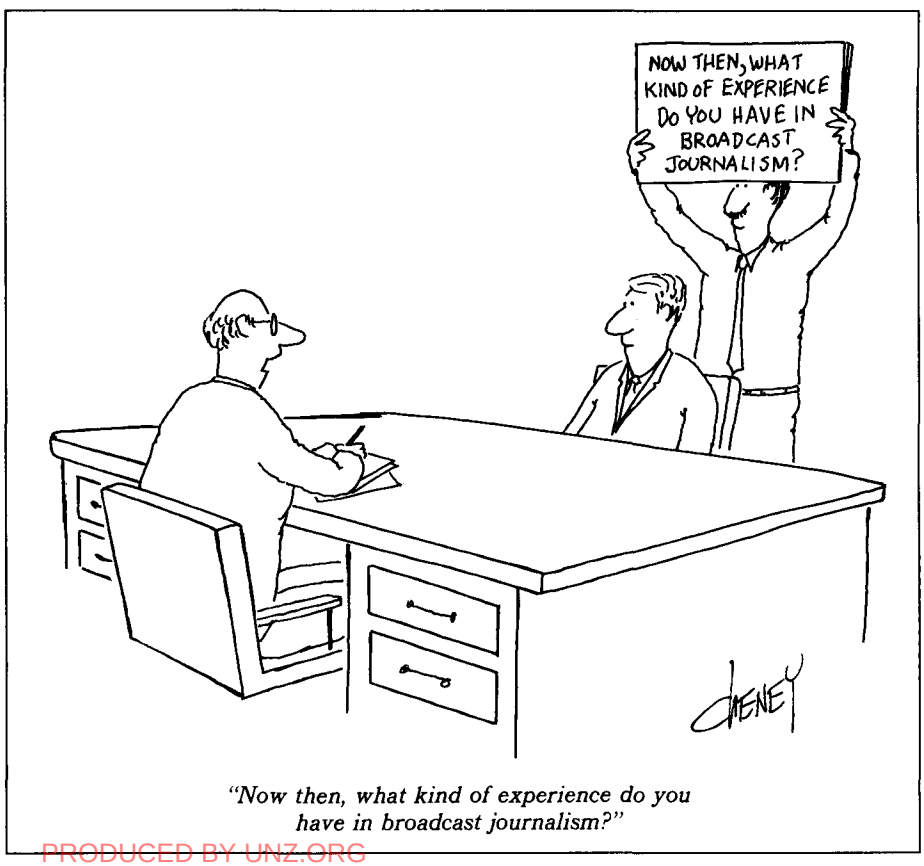
Tuxedo Junction

A man was driving down the street with his car full of penguins. A patrolman stopped him and said, "You can't carry penguins around like this; take them to the zoo."

The next day the officer saw the same car, filled with the penguins. This time they were all wearing sunglasses. "I thought I told you to take these animals to the zoo," he said to the driver.

"I did. They liked it so much I'm taking them to the beach today," the man replied.

—Nora Leigh



"Now then, what kind of experience do you have in broadcast journalism?"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

AN INTERVIEW WITH MARK TWAIN

The notorious personage submits to certain questions calculated to bring out the salient points of his public and private history.

by Samuel Langhorne Clemens

The nervous, dapper, "peart" young man took the chair I offered him, and said he was connected with the *Daily Thunderstorm*, and added:

"Hoping it's no harm, I've come to interview you."

"Come to what?"

"*Interview* you."

"Ah! I see. Yes—yes. Um! Yes—yes."

I was not feeling bright that morning. Indeed, my powers seemed a bit under a cloud. However, I went to the bookcase, and when I had been looking six or seven minutes I found I was obliged to refer to the young man. I said:

"How do you spell it?"

"Spell what?"

"Interview."

"Oh, my goodness! what do you want to spell it for?"

"I don't want to spell it; I want to see what it means."

"Well, this is astonishing, I must say. *I* can tell you what it means, if you—if you—"

"Oh, all right! That will answer, and much obliged to you, too."

"In, *in*, ter, *ter*, *in*ter—"

"Then you spell it with an *I*?"

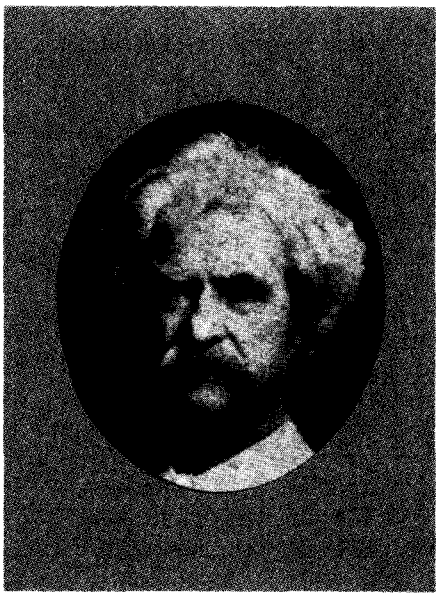
"Why, certainly!"

"Oh, that is what took me so long."

"Why, my *dear* sir, what did *you* propose to spell it with?"

"Well, I—I—hardly know. I had the Unabridged, and I was ciphering around in the back end, hoping I might tree her among the pictures. But it's a very old edition."

"Why, my friend, they wouldn't have a *picture* of it in even the latest e—My dear sir, I beg your pardon, I mean no harm in the world, but you do not look as—as—intelligent as I had expected you would. No harm—I mean no harm at all."



"Oh, don't mention it! It has often been said, and by people who would not flatter and who could have no inducement to flatter, that I am quite remarkable in that way. Yes—yes; they always speak of it with rapture."

"I can easily imagine it. But about this interview. You know it is the custom, now, to interview any man who has become notorious."

"Indeed, I had not heard of it before. It must be very interesting. What do you do it with?"

"Ah, well—well—well—this is disheartening. It *ought* to be done with a club in some cases; but customarily it consists in the interviewer asking questions and the interviewed answering them. It is all the rage now. Will you let me ask you certain questions calculated to bring out the salient points of your public and private history?"

"Oh, with pleasure—with pleasure. I have a very bad memory, but I hope you will not mind that. That is to say, it is an irregular memory—singularly irregular. Sometimes it goes in a gallop, and then again it will be as much as a fortnight passing a given point. This is a great grief to me."

"Oh, it is no matter, so you will try to do the best you can."

"I will. I will put my whole mind on it."

"Thanks. Are you ready to begin?"

"Ready."

Q. How old are you?

A. Nineteen, in June.

Q. Indeed. I would have taken you to be 35 or 6. Where were you born?

A. In Missouri.

Q. When did you begin to write?

A. In 1836.

Q. Why, how could that be, if you are only 19 now?

A. I don't know. It does seem curious, somehow.

Q. It does, indeed. Whom do you consider the most remarkable man you ever met?

A. Aaron Burr.

Q. But you never could have met Aaron Burr, if you are only 19 years—

A. Now, if you know more about me than I do, what do you ask me for?

Q. Well, it was only a suggestion; nothing more. How did you happen to meet Burr?

A. Well, I happened to be at his funeral one day, and he asked me to make less noise, and—

Q. But, good heavens! if you were at his funeral, he must have been dead, and if he was dead how could he care whether you made a noise or not?

A. I don't know. He was always a particular kind of a man that way.

Q. Still, I don't understand it at all. You say he spoke to you, and that he was dead.

A. I didn't say he was dead.

Q. But wasn't he dead?

A. Well, some said he was, some said he wasn't.

Q. What did you think?

A. Oh, it was none of my business! It wasn't any of my funeral.

Q. Did you—However, we can never get this matter straight. Let me ask about something else. What was the date of your birth?

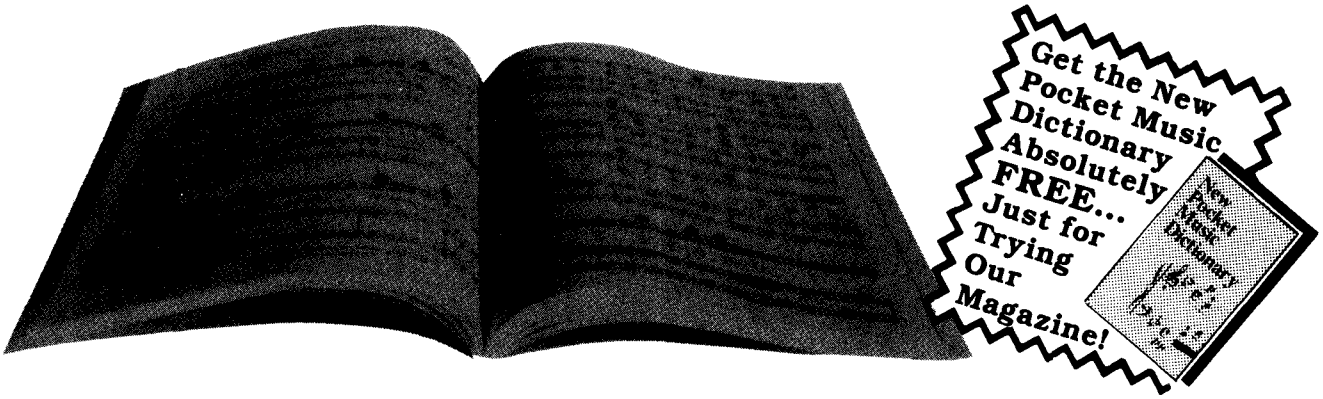
A. Monday, October 31, 1693.

Q. What! Impossible! That would make you 180 years old. How do you account for that?

continued on page 94

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

If You Read Music... You'll Love Our Magazine



The Only Magazine You Can Play!

We call it SHEET MUSIC MAGAZINE. And that's exactly what it is! Each and every issue is filled with the most popular sheet music ever published, including *Pop, Great Standards, Jazz, Show Tunes, Folk, Country, Tin Pan Alley, Movie Songs, Classics, Ragtime, Blues,* and more.

When you sit down at your piano, organ, guitar, or any musical instrument, *we want to be your music book!* And when you want to improve your own musical ability, we want our staff of writers to *show you how.* And in every issue they do just that! There are Keyboard Clinics, Guitar Workshops, Composers' Workshops, Sight-reading, Playing By Ear, Theory And Harmony, Rhythm Workshops, and so much, much more.

A single year's subscription brings you dozens and dozens of great songs. And when you consider the price of sheet music these days, about $3.00 per song, and realize that Sheet Music Magazine provides the exact same thing for less than *18¢ a song,* you can understand why it has more subscribers than any other music magazine in the world today. A one-year subscription for $13.97 brings you over $200 worth of music!

And now you can choose between a *Piano Edition* and an *Organ Edition.* Each edition is specifically arranged for *your* instrument, and includes feature articles of special interest to *you.* Also, you can choose an *easy-to-play* version of the piano edition as well as the organ edition. The *easy-to-play* editions are especially good for you beginners and new students, young or adult, who don't think you are quite ready for the standard and special arrangements found in our standard editions. (If you are undecided as to which version would be right for you, we suggest you try the *Easy Edition.* You can change at any time, at no cost whatsoever.) Check your preference on the subscription application.

Let us send you your first issue with these wonderful songs . . *After The Lovin'* . . *The Way We Were* . . *Nadia's Theme* . . *If* . . *Mona Lisa* . . *Theme from "The Love Boat"* . . *Didn't We* . . *You'll Never Know* . . *I'll Never Love This Way Again* . . *You've Lost That Lovin' Feeling.*

Sheet Music Magazine 352 Evelyn Street, P.O. Box 933 Dept. J4-07-75
Paramus, New Jersey 07653-0933

Please enter my subscription to Sheet Music Magazine and rush me my first issue with all the songs listed above. Send me the New Pocket Music Dictionary FREE. I understand that I may cancel at any time and receive a complete refund on all unmailed issues and keep the Pocket Dictionary as a gift - *absolutely free.* No questions asked.

(✓) check one

Piano/Guitar	Organ
☐Easy	☐Easy
☐Standard	☐Standard

(✓) check one
☐One Year (9 issues) $13.97
☐Two Years (18 issues) $25.00

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

☐I enclose full payment of $ _____ (Make check payable to Sheet Music Magazine)

Charge to: ☐Master Charge ☐Visa

Account No. _____ Exp. Date _____

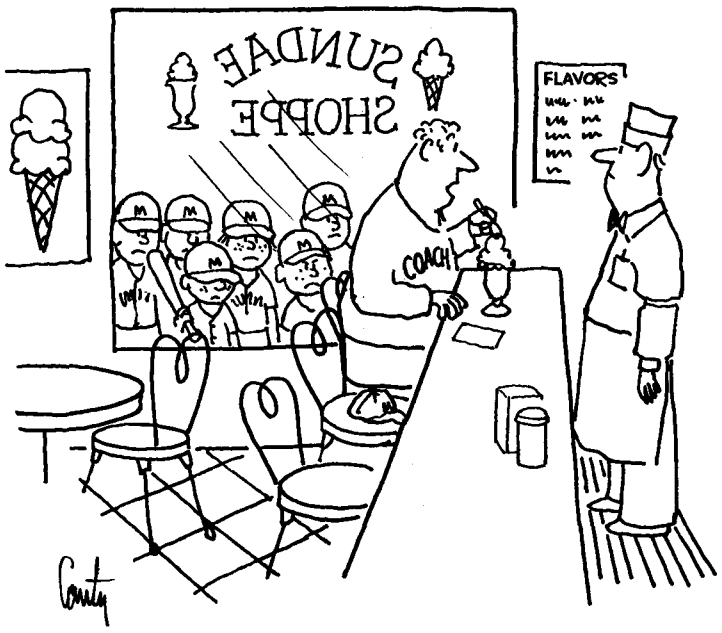
Canadian residents please add $2.00 per year extra for postage.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

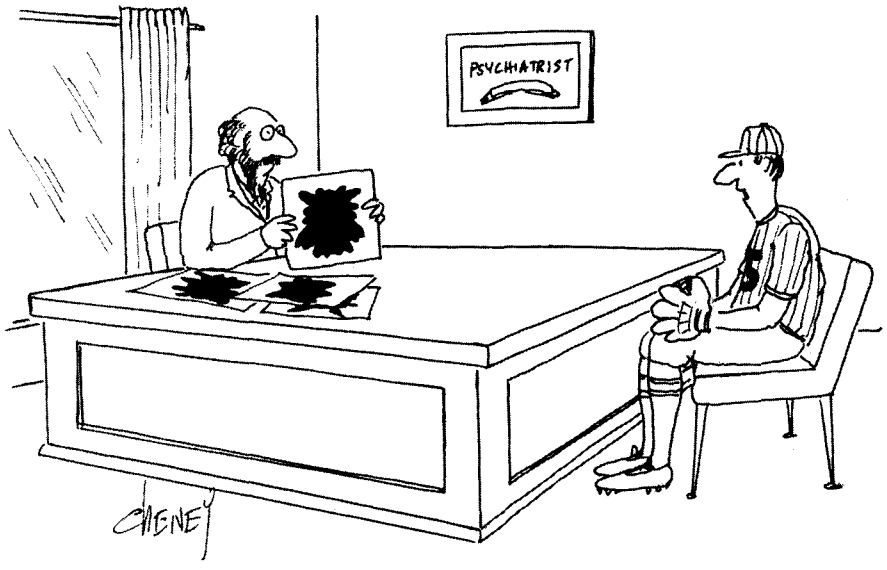
BASE LINES

"If they average .300 batting, they're heroes; if we average .999 umpiring, we're bums."

"Who ordered the 'catch of the day'?"



"They lost."



"That looks like the top of the fifth, the count is three-and-two, bases are loaded and the catcher is signaling for a curve ball, low and inside."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Elvis Presley

A Great American Tradition Honors A Great American Legend

THE PEARL GRACELAND GRANDFATHER CLOCK

- An ultimate limited edition family heirloom treasure crafted to the standards of priceless 18th century grandfather clocks
- Magnificent handcrafted solid oak cabinet, expensive detailing and a state-of-the-art 3-chime time system
- A rare collectors' "Crown" representing Elvis the "King" handcarved on the case from a mighty oak which stood on the grounds of Elvis' beloved Graceland
- With diamond-engraved personalized nameplate, private registry number and official Certificate of Authenticity

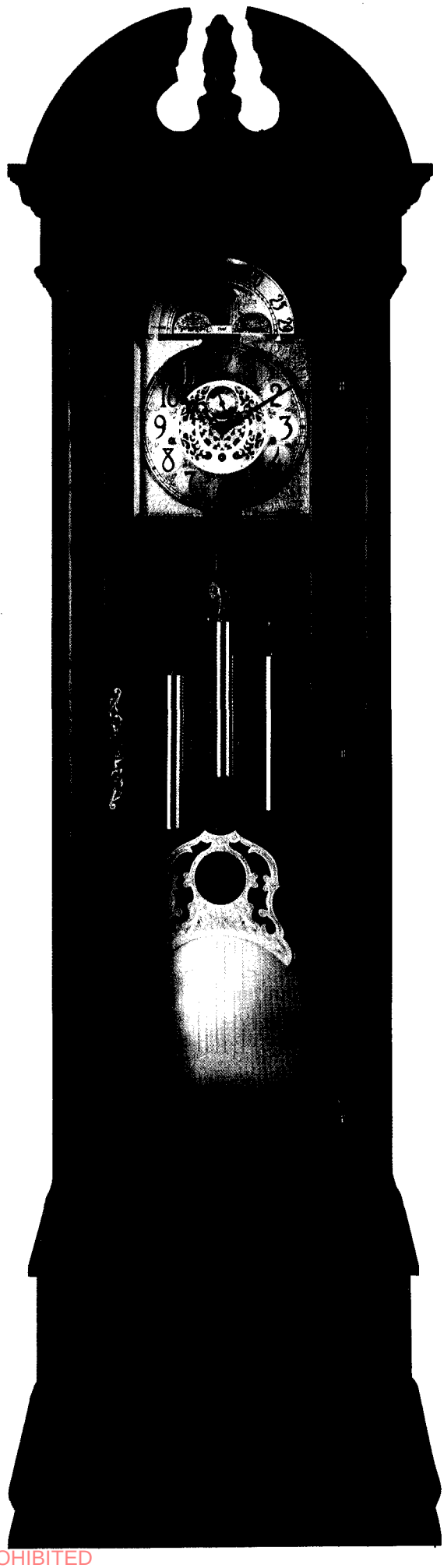
A masterpiece that towers above the finest grandfather clocks available today, the Pearl Graceland Grandfather Clock has the added significance of being a monumental tribute to Elvis Presley. The clock is distinguished with handcarved solid oak and a traditional Colonial solid brass rotating moon dial with a beautiful double-etched scene of the Graceland mansion. Its handsome solid brass pendulum is etched with elements from favorite guitars used by Elvis Presley.

In every dimension, the Pearl Graceland Grandfather Clock is an extraordinary family heirloom. It has the most advanced Kieninger KSU 8-day movement and features 3 separate chime systems—the Handel-inspired Westminster chimes, the Whittington bells of London and the lilting St. Michael's bells.

The Pearl Graceland Grandfather Clock is a one-of-a-kind family heirloom investment for many generations to come.

YOUR PROMPT ACTION IS RECOMMENDED: The Pearl Graceland Grandfather Clock is a strict limited edition of just 6000 worldwide. Contact your local dealer, or call Pearl Enterprises—TOLL FREE—1-800-325-1242 (In Tennessee, call 901-365-4000) for information on the dealer nearest you.

PEARL ENTERPRISES, INC., 3790 Knight Road, Memphis, TN. 38118



© 1985 Elvis Presley Enterprises, Inc. All Rights Reserved.
Pearl Enterprises, Inc., Licensee.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LEGENDS THAT WILL NOT DIE

Though Elvis Presley, James Dean, Marilyn Monroe, Babe Ruth and John Wayne have all departed, their magic names and spell-binding images simply refuse to fade.

by Jay Stuller

His mansion has become a shrine, a mecca for legions of ardent fans. In 1982, some 300,000 people filed through Graceland, the Memphis estate of Elvis Presley. By 1984, about 520,000 devotees laid down $6.50 a pop for the tour, including a few moments at the King of Rock-'n'-Roll's grave. This year, as many as 575,000 may pay their respects.

Although he died in 1977, Presley is probably as popular now as when his career took off and soared in the 1950s and early '60s, and certainly more so than during the latter years of his life. "In fact," says Irene Maleti, a 66-year-old great-grandmother and the membership chairman of a San Jose, California, Presley fan club, "nearly all the people who love Elvis refuse to speak of him in the past tense."

Despite the stories about Presley's eccentricities, his fans either overlook or flatly reject the allegations. Any Presley failings plainly do not matter, for he is beyond criticism. To millions of people around the world, Elvis Presley is, simply, a legend.

Current times do not produce many legendary heroes. Although we have an abundance of "celebrities," few seem to possess the eminence that leads to enduring fame. Vying for space in *People* and *US* magazines by posing for photos in bathtubs and telling all too much about their personal lives on numerous talk shows, our celebrities, however talented, have devalued the currency of stardom. As Emerson suggested, "Every hero becomes a bore at last," and the process today is swift.

Curiously enough, we haven't really cherished heroes for a good 20 years. Though the assassination of President Kennedy, the Vietnam War and the Watergate affair are convenient and overused targets of blame for all sorts of national ailments and trends, these events did indeed reduce our want or need for heroes or, perhaps, the country's ability to embrace them.

A shift, however, may be under way, particularly among youth and adults under 30. In a recent survey taken by the Roper Organization for a national news magazine, respondents clearly accepted the concept of heroes and noted a liking for the movie stars Clint Eastwood, Eddie Murphy, Jane Fonda and Sally Field; the movie director Stephen Spielberg; the Pope; and President Reagan. Interprets the George Washington University sociologist Amitai Etzioni: "We're back to yearning for leadership."

A statue of Elvis stands on Beale Street in downtown Memphis, where as a high-school student, the budding performer used to "hang around" and listen to street singers.

Yet a great difference lies between a widely admired personage and a legend. Within the last half-century or so America has had its share of heroes, including Charles Lindbergh, the generals Patton and MacArthur, and President Franklin D. Roosevelt. But precious few still captivate our collective imaginations. Among those that do, Elvis Presley, James Dean, Babe Ruth, Marilyn Monroe and John Wayne stand out.

What makes these five disparate personalities legends? What compels people to pay $6,500 for an 18-inch, porcelain model of Monroe or to dedicate rooms in their houses to Presley memorabilia? None of the five had any impact on politics, economics or the physical betterment of the nation. Ruth played baseball, and the others were entertainers. Why revere them, and not great physicians and scientists?

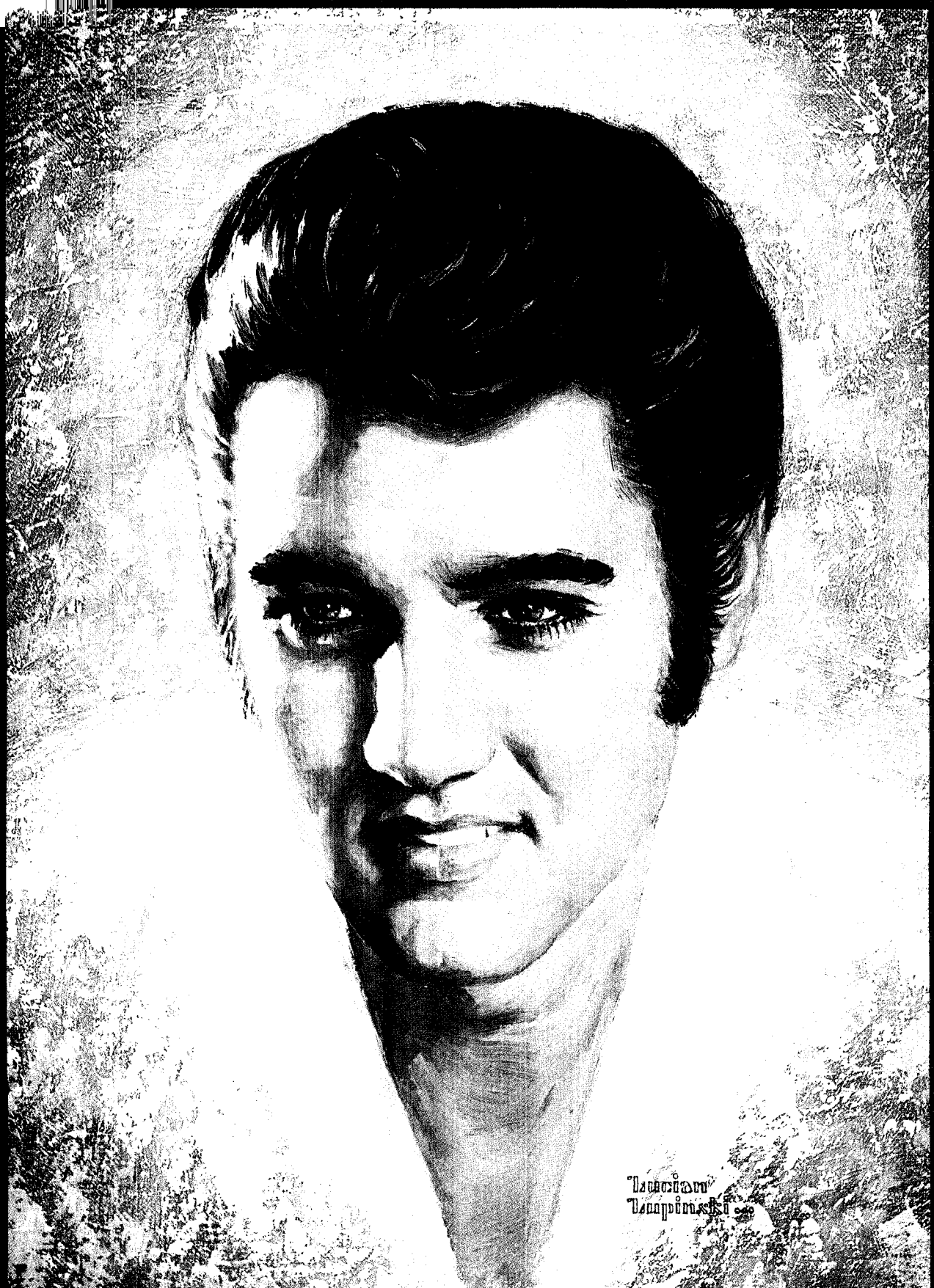
Well, the nature of mythology—along with those rare characters who embody legendary qualities—hasn't really changed over thousands of years. Oral traditions created our early legendary figures, and the spoken tales were then put into writing, which served the same purpose in bringing legends to public attention. Homer, for example, spread the legend of Odysseus. Now motion pictures are the primary myth-making form.

Homer, the blind Greek poet, is himself a legend; in movies, strong acting personalities often become better known than the legendary characters they play and eventually symbolize the values inherent in the portrayal.

In hard analysis, these associations are unfounded, for actors aren't real-

"He was a nice boy from a small town who became a rich and famous star—and stayed a nice boy. That's how we remember him," one Memphis resident said.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

life "heroes." Although fans are aware that Clint "Make My Day" Eastwood doesn't really bend laws and bypass the bureaucracy to justly punish brutal criminals, it's what he *represents* on the screen that counts. Thus, the fantasy projections ultimately develop a kind of substance in the minds of viewers.

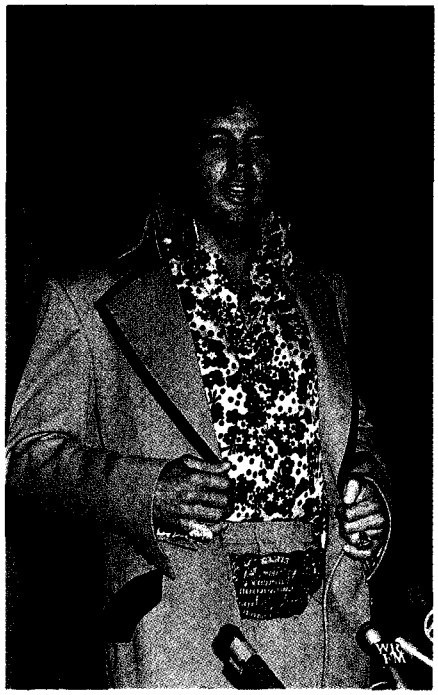
Values, then, are the key. Each of these five legends came to stand for something—common but unarticulated feelings or values—far greater than career success. Ruth embodied the rugged, individualistic, winning image America had of itself; Presley and Dean provided a voice for the disaffected and restless youth of the postwar generation; Monroe represented the vanguard of the sexual revolution; and "Duke" Wayne cannot be psychically separated from his conservative and patriotic political stance.

Other elements of their lives certainly contributed. An untimely death surely catalyzed the Dean legend; the relatively early passings of Presley and Monroe lent them a tragic aura. All but Wayne grew up poor, orphaned or abandoned by their parents and started out against great odds. Each, despite glamour, also had a common touch. Yet all five projected an element of danger, a volatility that nonetheless was attractive.

As the historian Marshall Fishwick explains in his book, *American Heroes: Myth and Reality*: "Our legends. . .[believe]. . .they can do any damn thing once they set their minds to it." Our idols, he believes, "don't like fences." Presley, Dean, Ruth, Monroe and Wayne were strong, willful, fence-busting personalities. Moreover, at a time when celebrity is precarious, when notable figures wear thin, these five transcend celebrity. It may be a long while before anyone else can speak for and capture the hearts of so many, like the following legends that won't die.

The King

Critics hated rock-'n'-roll's driving rhythms and seeming simplicity. Lovers of big bands and Frank Sinatra thought it a passing fad. But rock-'n'-roll came and stayed; after 30 years it remains the dominant form of popular music. Elvis Presley was a pioneer rocker, and to many, The King remains unchallenged.



Elvis fulfilled the American dream by rising from a job as a truckdriver to become rock music's "King."

Indeed, says Ken Brixey, the director of marketing for Graceland Enterprises, which manages Presley's mansion, Elvis' recordings have sold more than one billion copies, "more than the next four groups of people combined. We figured that for Michael Jackson to pass Elvis," adds Brixey, "he'd have to maintain the same kind of success he had in 1984 for the next 24 years."

After he served in the army, Presley gave 1,140 concerts—all sellouts. He never again sang to an empty seat. Elvis made 33 movies, none notable in cinematic history, but many nevertheless entertaining. "Looking back at them," Brixey says, "they're the kinds of films you'd want your kids to watch on Saturday afternoons. Most of them were about a bad or poor boy who goes straight and makes good. And while Elvis was a passable actor, I think that with better advice and career direction, he could have been a real good one."

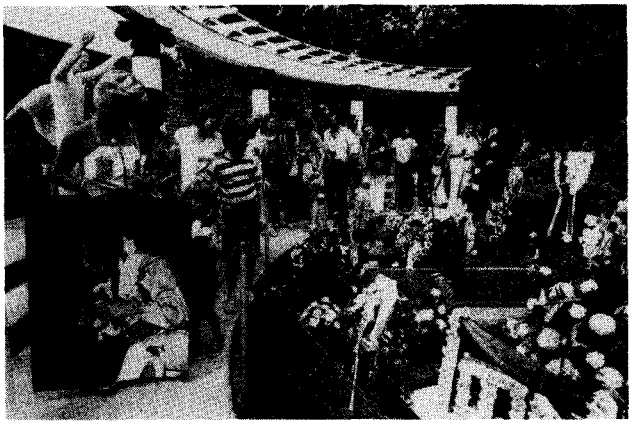
When Presley died in 1977 at age 42, his career had clearly gone into a mid-life slump. Though his album sales were chugging along, he hadn't cut a real hit record since 1972. He'd gained weight and appeared puffy and bloated; he had become an object of satire and ridicule among the self-styled sophisticated and hip.

Macabre as it may sound, his death revived his career. The rush by fans to get a piece of Elvis was on. Speculators hoarded editions of Memphis newspapers containing accounts of his demise, and fans paid as much as $100 a copy. More than 200 Elvis imitators took to the road, some undergo-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ing plastic surgery to achieve a closer resemblance. T-shirts, scarves and other items imprinted with images of Presley were snapped up; vendors and mail-order houses began a brisk trade selling mementos of the man. (Not all Elvis mementos are "cheap," however; much high-quality merchandise is also produced by licensees of the Elvis Presley Estate.)

The singer's early death proved, says Brixey, that Elvis "was a lot more popular than people gave him credit for when he was alive." About 220 active Elvis Presley fan clubs circulate letters filled with Elvis "news," trade or sell memorabilia and meet to talk about the entertainer. Irene Maleti's group, the King of Our Hearts fan club, has some 300 members. This particular club does more than keep the memory of Elvis alive. "We're also a charity club," Maleti explains, "and we raise money for the American Heart Association and for a local day-care center." And though Maleti has devoted a room in her house to Presley, "my EP room," she bristles at any suggestion that she worships the singer. "People have said the room looks like a museum or shrine to Elvis, or said that I'm obsessed by him," she says. "Well, it does look like a museum, but it's not a shrine. I don't go in there to worship, and I'm not obsessed. I go in there to listen to records, look at scrapbooks and just relax and enjoy myself."

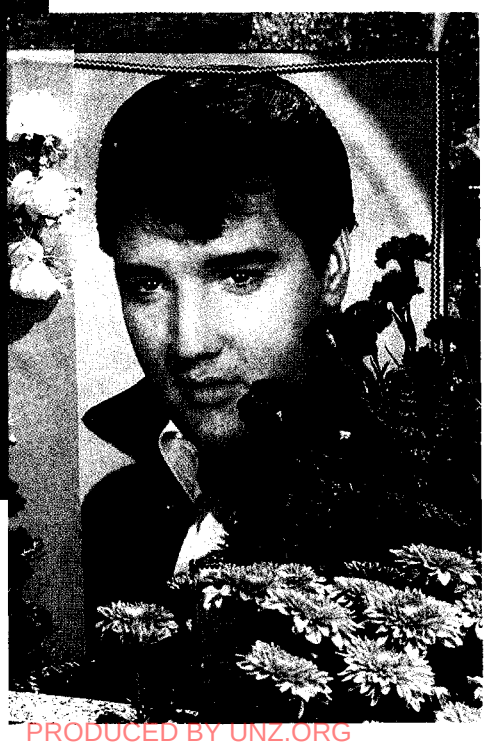


Although Elvis died eight years ago, some 3,000 fans a day still file past his grave, many in tears, many still speaking of him in the present tense.

Maleti seems to treat her Elvis hobby much as others would golf, woodworking or any other time-consuming pursuit. "I even listen to other singers," she explains. "Of course, some of my friends in the club get after me if I'm listening to Willie Nelson records. But the thing is, a lot of Elvis fans came out of the closet when he died."

Graceland, on the other hand, is indeed a shrine. Along with the $6.50 tour, which lasts an hour and a half, one can also visit a gift shop, buy food or pay an extra $3.50 for a tour of Presley's jet, the *Lisa Marie*, named after his only child. Mail addressed to him still pours into the mansion.

"I'm often asked why the Elvis legend is so strong," says Brixey, "and often struggle with the question. I guess the best answer is that he was a blue-collar worker who in spirit never tried to rise above his roots. He's the epitome of a man who started out with nothing, became something and never lost his attraction to the masses. He's a true folk hero."



Flags flew at half-mast in three states when Elvis passed away. His death, the president of the United States said in tribute, "deprives our country of a part of itself." But the legend lives on, spurring demand for Elvis dolls (left), portraits and posters.

The Rebel

James Dean was anything but common. As the actor Martin Sheen—a man with an eerie resemblance to Dean—wrote: "James Dean was the strongest influence of any actor that ever stepped before a camera. Ever! And the strength has never really diminished. Young people who weren't even *alive* at the time are still influenced by his work." It was Elvis who changed the music, suggests Sheen, "and James Dean who changed our lives."

Strong stuff for a guy who starred in only three movies, *East of Eden*, *Rebel without a Cause* and *Giant*. But the characters Dean portrayed in the first two films did touch nerves, particularly among youth. In *Rebel*, his Jim Stark was the frustrated son

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

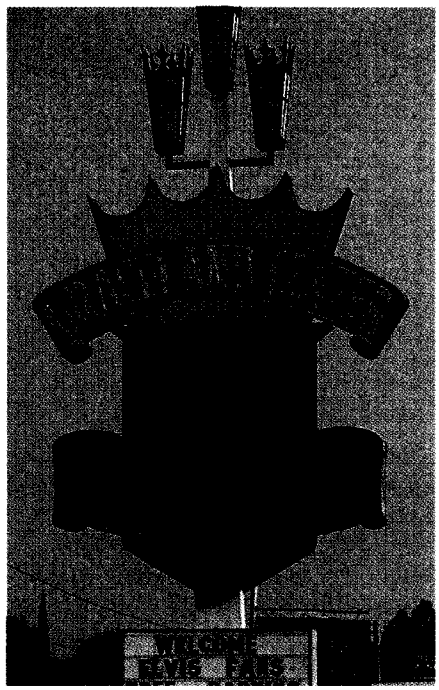
of deluded parents who kept moving in futile attempts to solve the family's problems. He told a generation of kids who felt isolated by difficulties with parents and peers that there were many others like them. In fact, many teens dragged their parents to see *Rebel without a Cause* because Dean conveyed their feelings far better than they ever could themselves.

He was a nonconformist—it's said that Dean was himself the first rock-'n'-roller. (In fact, Elvis took Dean as his acting model and could recite virtually every line from *Rebel*.) James Dean projected to teens the sense that life is full of insoluble problems and that therefore alienation and rebellion are natural responses.

In real life, Dean was a headstrong and mercurial character, totally dedicated to the Method, a free-form acting process in which a performer delves deeply into the nuances of a character. Though his coworkers respected and were awed by Dean's formidable talent, and felt affection when he turned on his charm, they also found him frustrating to work with. His energy sapped theirs, and he was the consummate scene stealer.

Born in a small Indiana town, Dean was taken by his parents to Southern California when he was a toddler. His mother died when he was nine, and his father sent James back to Fairmount, Indiana, where he was raised by relatives. His teen-age years were devoid of remarkable incident; Dean, a star athlete, had an interest in theater. After high school he went back to Los Angeles, spent time at a junior college and then at UCLA, and threw himself into stage and screen work.

Although he appeared in a couple of Broadway plays and on live television in the early 1950s, James Dean is remembered for his three films, the last two released after he died. Dean's performance in *East of Eden* had made him the hottest property in Hollywood; the public was beginning to fix its attention on him. Insiders who'd seen *Rebel* and *Giant* thought his future was unlimited.



Visitors pay $6.50 each for a 1½-hour tour of Graceland. For another $3.50 they can also tour Presley's luxurious private jet.

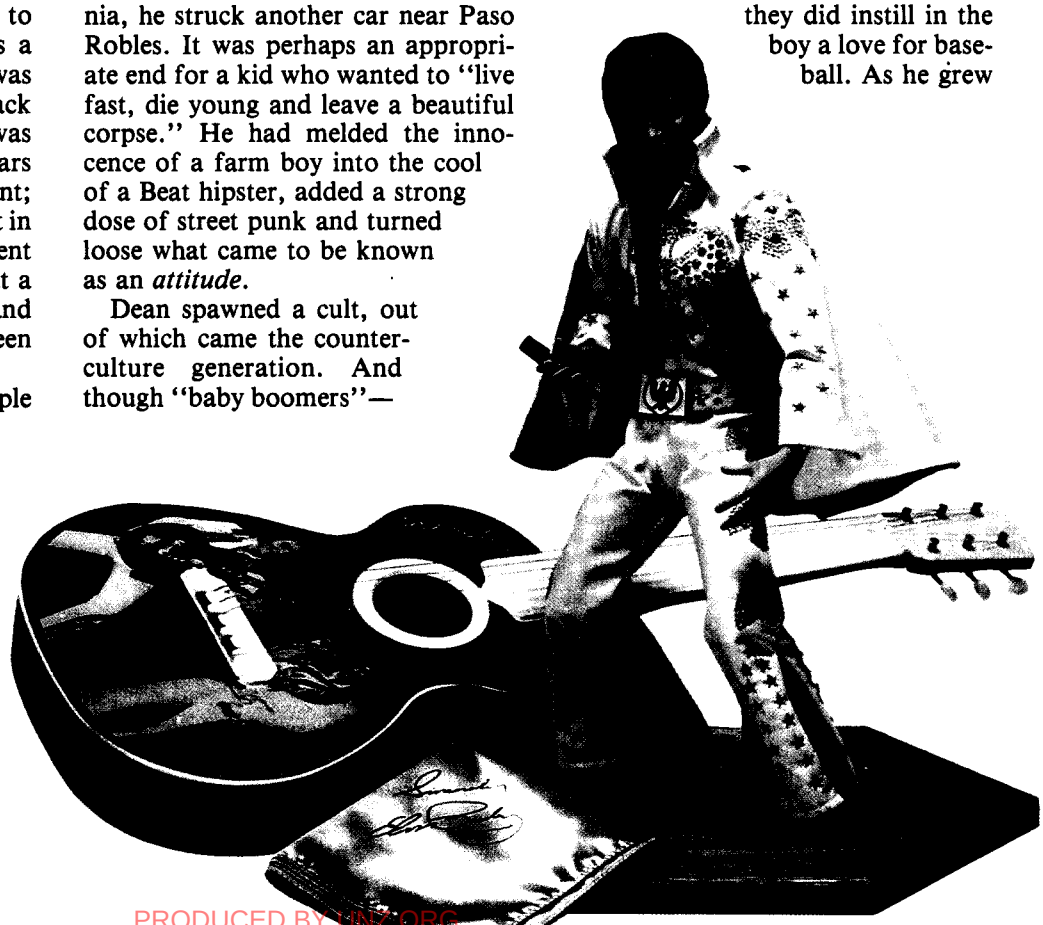
His death in 1955 at age 24 secured his legend. Driving his new Porsche Spyder to a race in Salinas, California, he struck another car near Paso Robles. It was perhaps an appropriate end for a kid who wanted to "live fast, die young and leave a beautiful corpse." He had melded the innocence of a farm boy into the cool of a Beat hipster, added a strong dose of street punk and turned loose what came to be known as an *attitude*.

Dean spawned a cult, out of which came the counterculture generation. And though "baby boomers"—or "yuppies" who would probably horrify Dean—are now in the mainstream, his influence is still potent. Dean's name is heard often in popular song; the mere mention of it tells more than could be packed into an entire album, for it immediately calls forth all the images he ever projected.

Dean's image continues to influence today's crop of teen-agers as the James Dean attitude is incorporated into their dress (blue jeans, leather jackets, '50s-style sunglasses) and mannerisms (sullen swagger, hip stance, "cool"). The conflicts between youth and parents are timeless and enduring, and for uncomfortable teens of future generations, Dean's message will no doubt continue to ring true.

The Babe

Considering his roots and upbringing, George Herman Ruth is a most improbable legend. One of two surviving children of eight born to a Baltimore saloon keeper, Ruth was in and out of trouble. At age eight, this incorrigible youth was placed in a home for disadvantaged boys. And though the brothers who ran the home couldn't turn him from a taste for corporeal delights, they did instill in the boy a love for baseball. As he grew



High-quality Elvis collectibles offered by one licensing corporation range from the $2,500 porcelain doll flashily clad in leather and diamonds to $10 ready-to-play toy guitars.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

into a hulking teen, Ruth clearly demonstrated a talent for the game.

By age 20 he was a star pitcher for the Boston Red Sox, a brash ballplayer who nonetheless backed up his boasts with winning performances. Ruth would probably have been a Hall of Famer on his pitching performances alone; he could also hit, so in 1918 the Sox shifted him to the outfield. The next year he smacked a record 29 home runs and proceeded to change the very nature of the game.

Before Ruth, professional baseball had been a game based on speed, guile and offenses that scratched for a few runs. Sold to the Yankees, Ruth by his prodigious hitting enabled his new team to sit back and wait for the big inning. The big stick made baseball a game of power and grandeur.

Ruth, the private person, had well-publicized indulgences. He earned big money and often spent it at the racetracks. He had gargantuan appetites for everything. The undisciplined Ruth defied managers, owners and baseball leaders. And the public loved him.

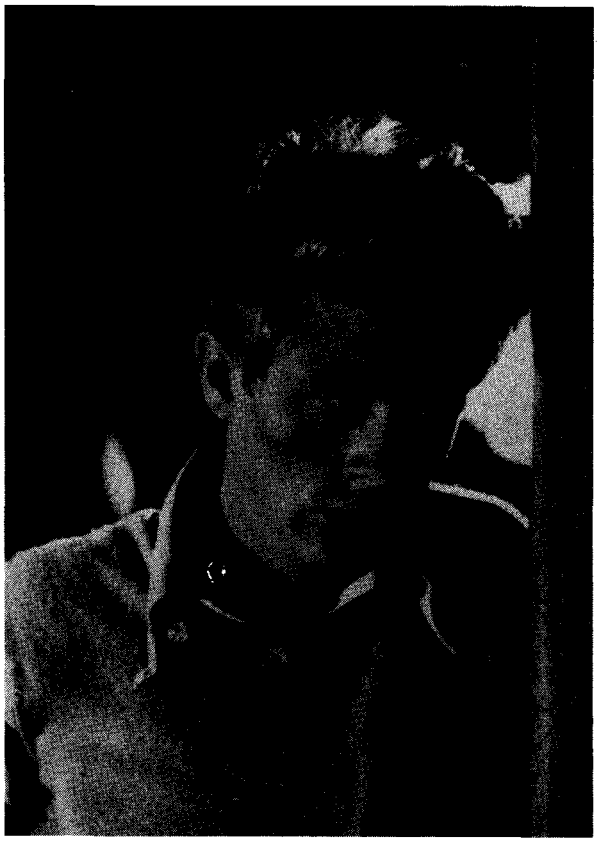
His style of play had something to do with his popularity—but the 1920s were also a time when values began to change, when thrift and prudence meant less than they once had. And if Ruth was unrefined, he was equally full of charm. He was the only person in the country who could get away with greeting Warren G. Harding by saying, "Hot as hell, ain't it, Pres?" He was as insouciant as all Americans, in their hearts, wished they too could be.

Children in particular gravitated toward "The Babe," and he returned their affections. Active in youth charities and benefits, Ruth paid many a hospital bedside visit to young fans as well. A lovable "bear" of a man, Ruth was adored as a hero by kids everywhere.

The times, the so-called Golden Age of Sports, enhanced the Ruth legend. He was by far the superior athlete in the nation's most popular game. Today, the memory of Ruth is vivid, even though most Americans have seen him only in jerky newsreel clips.

How many of us know precisely how many home runs Hank Aaron hit during his career? Ruth's 714, surpassed only by Aaron's 755, is the number remembered by most. His 60 home runs in 1927 is esteemed more than the 61 hit by Roger Maris in 1961—Maris needed a few more games to do it. Ruth had a lifetime batting average of .342.

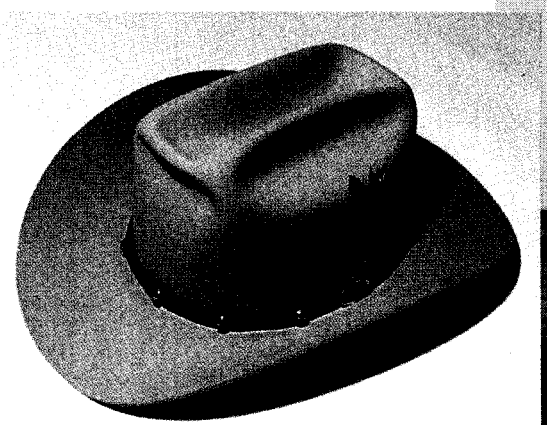
Images, of course, enhance the legend more than statistics. Ruth's reputed gesture toward the center-field bleachers in the 1932 World Series—and the home run that followed—created a greater stir than many better-documented heroics. "Rutho-mania" swept the country, and nearly everything he did was reported in the newspapers. Babe Ruth symbolized his times and made the nation believe that it, like Ruth's Yankees, was a winner.



With just three movie credits to his name, James Dean became a model for actors. His rules continue to influence the lives of young people around the world.

MM—Goddess

If Marilyn Monroe were to try to make it in Hollywood today, she probably wouldn't get past the studio gates or draw more than a cursory look from an agent. Her appearance is not that of the Woman of the '80s, for by current standards she is a bit too plump and rounded. Moreover, in these times "The Blonde Bombshell" has become the stuff of caricature.



Though fans can't walk in Dean's shoes, they can now have a Stetson hat, similar to the one he wore in *Giant*, part of a James Dean "collection."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Marilyn Monroe did arrive at the right time for her look; now, 23 years after her death from a drug overdose, she is as much as ever the essence of sensuality. Norman Mailer has called her "the sweet angel of sex," but Monroe also carried with her an air of vulnerability. Furthermore, her acting contained a fine comic touch that created a devastating package, a star quality that no living actress, however slim and talented, can match. As Ernie Garcia, head of the 2,000-member Marilyn Monroe International Fan Club, says, "She was like a combination of Daisy Mae and Cinderella."

The Monroe image still carries world-wide appeal. French girls born after she died dress and fix their hair in Monroe styles. Boutiques and stores do a steady business selling such mementos as life-size cardboard stand-ups of Monroe and Marilyn posters, calendars, salt shakers, lamps, ceramic masks and figurines.

The traffic in Monroebilia is tremendous as fans seek physical ties to her life. One man paid $1,040 for a beaded evening bag that once belonged to her, and a strapless evening gown she wore in the movie *Bus Stop* sold for nearly $2,000 several years ago. Fans still pay homage at her crypt in Westwood, California.

Of course, Monroe had at least as many difficulties dealing with her private life as any legend. Her many marriages and affairs are well-documented. Lurid stories of alleged relationships with the Kennedys abound. Her morals were her own. But as an executive with a major New York department store explains, "The '50s are a source of inspiration for young people. Kids think of the way Monroe appeared on the screen and don't deal with the tragic elements of her life."

Monroe may also still hold her appeal because no female star has begun to take her place. Fonda and Field are both fine actresses, stars in every sense of the word. Yet neither is the superstar Monroe was. Just mention the name Marilyn, and chances are most people will know of whom you're speaking. That's the measure of a legend.

George Herman "Babe" Ruth loosens up at the Boston Braves' training camp in 1935. His career came to an end that year, shortly after a last, spectacular three-homer game.

Duke

It's a rare day in any major TV market that you can't catch one of the more than 150 movies made by John Wayne. But who needs a movie? That squint, the rolling, half-sideways walk and the cadences of his speech are unforgettable. Say to yourself these lines from his Oscar-winning role in *True Grit*: "I mean to kill you or see you hanged." Even if you didn't see the film, you can almost hear his precise tone and inflection.

Marion Michael Morrison, the son of an Iowa druggist who migrated to California's Mojave Desert, was born in 1907. He played football at USC, worked his way into films by making mostly B-grade Westerns between 1927 and 1939, adopted the screen name John Wayne in 1930 and finally emerged as a star in John Ford's *Stagecoach* as the Ringo Kid. It may still be one of the best Westerns ever made.

Wayne is associated with Western roles, although nearly half his films had little or nothing to do with horses and six-shooters. (Between 1948 and 1959, only 7 of the 27 Wayne films released were of this genre.) Though film critics have a tendency to look down on Westerns, those roles brought legendary status to Duke Wayne.

Pitching prowess alone would have put the Babe into the Hall of Fame, but his batting ability came to the fore.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

He admitted that Westerns were simple, but he considered good ones art. "They deal in life and sudden death and primitive struggle," he once explained, "and with basic emotions—love, hate, anger. In other words, they're made of the same raw materials Homer used. Westerns are folklore, just the same as the *Iliad* is." If critics didn't understand, the public certainly did. They thought of Wayne as Odysseus on horseback.

Wayne's films showed a clear-cut world where good whipped evil. Though Duke was an individualist in most of the films, he wasn't necessarily a "loner": Often you'd catch the nuance that he was a private person suffering some personal loss or wound. But most of the time he appeared as a rancher, a lawman or a soldier who acted in harmony with others to bring order where lawlessness had prevailed.

The big screen seemed to shrink a little after John Wayne died, and no hero has come along to fill the space. As fellow movie star Elizabeth Taylor said of "the Duke": "Big John was to America and the whole world what people hoped Americans were really like. . . ."

Admired as well for his recovery from cancer in 1964, Wayne began to lose some of his popularity because of his political beliefs. He supported the Vietnam war at a time most Americans had turned against the country's involvement. (Ironically, in what was interpreted as an affectionate payment for services rendered, the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences awarded Wayne his only Oscar, for his role as Rooster Cogburn in *True Grit,* in the spring of 1970—virtually at the height of the antiwar movement.) He was a close friend of Ronald Reagan's, and the pair shared like politics.

Wayne died in 1979, just a few years before his brand of conservatism came into vogue. Because of this latter development, the time may be right for a John Wayne revival. The film critic Andrew Sarris, writing in the *New Republic* shortly after Wayne's passing, expressed an admiration for Duke's talent, a viewpoint Sarris conceded would irritate his liberal colleagues. His point was that Wayne was a fine actor. He lacked the range of classic British actors and the depth of the Method performers, explained the critic, but he had subtle virtues. Sir Ralph Richardson remarked that Wayne "projected the kind of mystery one associated with great acting."

Wayne himself always scoffed at his ability and said he was merely a tool for great directors. Yet Wayne came to symbolize the man who never looks for a fight but doesn't back down once one starts. Like Ruth, he represented something America perceived in itself.

Wayne, a legend in his own time, learned to live with the odd and inaccurate stories that invariably appear about such an individual. He had a favorite line he used to express those feelings. It came from the film *The Man Who Shot Liberty Valance.*

The character portrayed by James Stewart had just revealed to a young reporter that he wasn't really the one who shot Valance, although that tale had brought him great fame over the years. Stewart asked the reporter if he planned to use the startling disclosure. The reporter said no, explaining, "When the legend becomes a fact, print the legend."

So it is with all American legends, who had failings just like any other human's. Once our perceptions are established, facts that could diminish the legend don't get in the way. The images, once forged, refuse to fade. ★

Twenty-three years have passed since she died, but our affair with Marilyn Monroe is still sizzling. Marilyn dolls, clothing and perfume all confirm a continuing devotion to her legend.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WHAT A BOY WANTS

His heart was set on making the team, but he didn't look enough like a ballplayer.

by Richard Macaulay

Illustrated by Marcus Hamilton

The boy was about 15. He was reasonably tall for his age—about 5'10"—but he was very thin and wore thick, silver-rimmed glasses. Even under his full-length sleeves, the skinniness of his arms could be sensed. He was so preoccupied that he didn't notice the Jordan automobile that stopped at the curb beside the lot, much less the man behind the wheel who was watching him with a mixture of curiosity and pity.

The boy had just regathered a dozen baseballs beside a wooden slab that was a rough approximation of a pitching rubber. Five of the dozen balls had long ago lost their covers and were bound with heavy, black bicycle tape. The seven others were in various stages of disrepair, ranging from heavily scuffed to a couple of balls actually flapping at a seam.

He was throwing at a curious contrivance. It was a wire frame mounted over a heavily pitted home plate, long abandoned by some amateur team finally able to afford a new one. The frame itself was just about the dimensions of the average strike zone. Within this major frame was an adjustable small one, about six inches square. Just behind the plate, about where the catcher might have been, was the blank brick wall of a factory building.

Working very deliberately, the boy was trying to pitch through the six-inch-square frame. Of the dozen balls, he got two through it, and his last pitch hit the wire of the smaller frame and bent it out of shape.

If the boy had been able to be impervious to the man in the Jordan, he could not very well ignore the well-set-up young man who had stopped on the sidewalk and had watched with amusement his last few pitches. This young man, all of 16 despite his six feet and 180 pounds, asked amusedly, "What're you doing, Randy—getting ready for the White Sox?"

Randy turned and answered, "Sure—or the Cubs, whichever want me first."

The other boy, Mel Baker, snickered and said, "I wouldn't want to stand on my head waiting for that to happen."

Randy stood looking resentfully after the departing Mel, who was tabbed as Traymont High's probable next All-City at football, basketball and baseball. Then he went methodically around the lot to retrieve the balls, which had caromed off the bricks in several different directions and distances, depending on their condition.

While Randy was doing this, the man in the Jordan got out and walked into the lot. He was very tall, perhaps as much as 6'4", but in spite of near middle age was still quite slender. He felt a compassion for the boy, because this was Chicago in the early '20s, and there was no Little League, Pony League or American Legion League. There were only the unorganized sandlots.

"Son," the man said kindly, "just exactly what are you getting ready for?"

Randy looked behind him, startled, then said, "Only to try out for a high-school team, sir—Traymont High."

"A little early for that, isn't it?" the man asked dryly. It was an early August evening, and a hot one at that.

"Well," Randy said, reassured by the man's kindly manner, "I have a lot to make up for. I'll have to work harder and longer than anyone else."

"As a matter of fact," the man said, looking Randy over appraisingly, "you don't look much like an athlete. Do you play any other sports?"

"No, sir," Randy answered, adding honestly, "I'm too light for football and too clumsy and slow for basketball."

The man said, "Let me tell you something, son. Most pitchers aren't athletes. They're just specialized freaks who can't bat, play the outfield or infield or do any good at any other sport. All they can do while they're young is just pitch that ball up there very fast or very accurately." His eyes twinkled. "I ought to know. My name's Jimmy Lennon, by the way."

Randy gulped and, behind the thick lenses of his glasses, his eyes protruded. He finally gasped, "You mean Jimmy Lennon who pitched for Detroit and Cleveland?"

"And a few other places on the way up," Jimmy Lennon said. "What's your name?"

Randy gasped, "Randy Johnson," as Lennon took his hand.

"Well, Randy," Lennon said, "I'll be by tomorrow night at about the same time if you'll be here."

"Boy!" Randy said fervently. "Will I be here!"

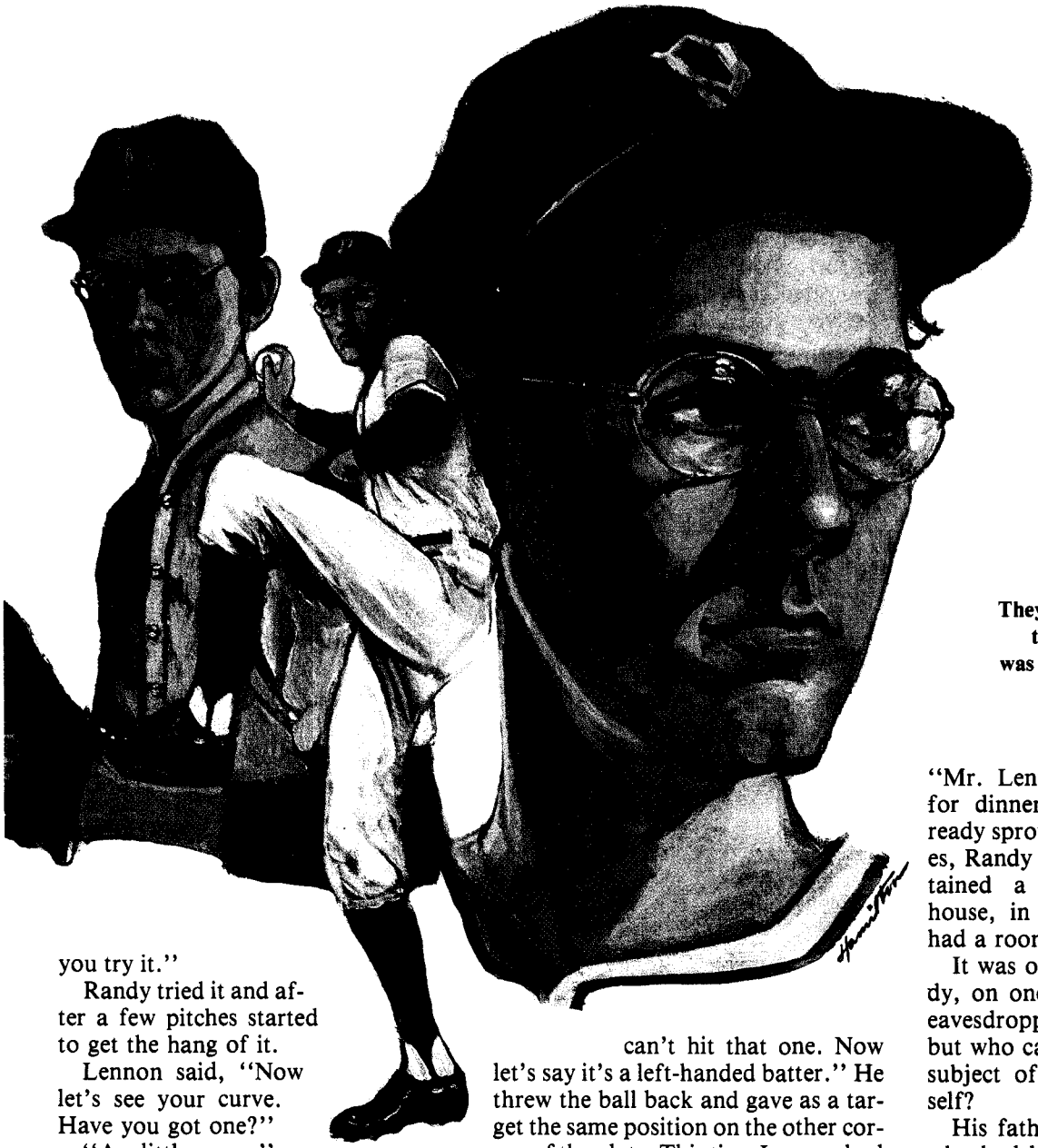
When Lennon drove up in his Jordan the next evening, Randy was there all right. Lennon got out of the car and carried with him a catcher's mitt and a baseball. It wasn't a completely new baseball, but it was the newest that Randy ever had handled, bearing only a few minor scuffs and abrasions.

The first thing Lennon did after handing Randy the ball was to remove the wire frame, which already had been set up. Lennon said, "Son, you've had a good idea here. You're never going to have a big fast ball, so you figured you'd be able to pitch the ball where you want it. That's all right, but in a game they don't give you a wire frame around the strike zone. You shoot for this." He put on the mitt and pounded the pocket with his right fist. "Now warm up for a while."

Randy did. After a while, Lennon walked out to him and said, "You haven't got a bad natural motion, but it can be better. Like I told you, you're never going to have a real hot fast ball, but you can get it faster than it is. Now look, you're a fairly tall kid with long legs, but you're not using them. You're not stepping out enough. You're not following through on your delivery. Watch this."

Lennon, without ball, demonstrated with a beautifully fluid motion. He went through it a couple of more times, then went back behind the plate, put on his mitt and said, "Now

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



They laughed when he walked out to the pitcher's mound—but it was the chance he had waited for.

you try it."

Randy tried it and after a few pitches started to get the hang of it.

Lennon said, "Now let's see your curve. Have you got one?"

"A little one," Randy admitted.

He threw it. It was a little curve, but it definitely bent. Furthermore, it was natural. He didn't have to think about snapping his wrist or anything. He just had to throw with his natural motion, releasing the ball between his thumb and his index finger, and it curved.

Lennon said, "O.K., son. The curve will get a little better when you get just a little faster. It's going to be your big pitch." He put his glove just over the outside corner of the plate, about knee-high. "Now put that curve in here. Just imagine that the little square of wire is a little ahead of the mitt."

Lennon didn't move his mitt, and Randy hit it right in the pocket. Lennon looked pleased. He said, "When you get a real curve and can do that, you're in. Most of the right-handed batters you'll ever face for a long time can't hit that one. Now let's say it's a left-handed batter." He threw the ball back and gave as a target the same position on the other corner of the plate. This time Lennon had to move his mitt a little, but not much.

August ran into September, and school started, but Randy continued to work out on the lot with Jimmy Lennon at least three or four times a week. His fast ball improved, but, as Lennon had said, he would never overpower batters with it.

"You'll use it as your change of pace," Lennon told him. "It will look relatively fast beside the other stuff you're throwing." Starting to work on the knuckle ball, Lennon said, "I'm going to teach you pitches that a fast-ball thrower wouldn't be learning until he was 30."

When the cold winds of October came, they moved inside to a small gym in the neighborhood, where they worked out all winter. Sometimes Randy had Mr. Lennon—he always thought of him and addressed him as "Mr. Lennon"—over to the house for dinner. In a neighborhood already sprouting with apartment houses, Randy Johnson's folks still maintained a large, old, comfortable house, in which the elder Johnson had a room then known as a "den."

It was outside this room that Randy, on one of the dinner occasions, eavesdropped. He didn't mean to—but who can resist listening when the subject of the conversation is himself?

His father, a thick, muscular man who had been a pretty good athlete, asked, "But don't you think, Lennon, that you're giving the boy false hopes? To my mind he's just not built for it, and he's in for a bad letdown."

There was a clink of bottle on glass before Lennon answered, "Johnson, there's no telling where a boy who wants something that much might go." Pause. "I'll admit he hasn't got the physical equipment, but he does have a brain. What he wants is *right now*. I think he has a chance of making his high-school squad next spring. After that, if he goes on to college, he might even play a little college ball. But the boy gets good marks in school, and by that time he may have decided to be an engineer or something. At any rate, no harm done."

Randy turned around blindly in the darkened hallway, tears streaming behind his thick glasses, and ran to his room. He didn't hear Lennon

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

continuing, "Even so, I think he has a sort of talent for pitching, a sense for it. He'll never break any of Alexander's records, but he's got something—and he's learning."

Randy didn't show up at the gym the next day, but the day after that he did, with a mumbled apology to Lennon about some extra school chores. That day he worked harder than ever, with a certain grimness that puzzled Lennon.

On a cold day in April, that, in Chicago, could easily have been mistaken for one of the milder days of February or March, the Traymont High School baseball team came out for its first practice. In the dim, moldy, 40-year-old locker room Randy was issued an old uniform too short for him, but also too full.

A bitter wind whipped across the scraggly, rocky old playing field, which was used only for practice, football or baseball. No self-respecting opponent would have played on that surface.

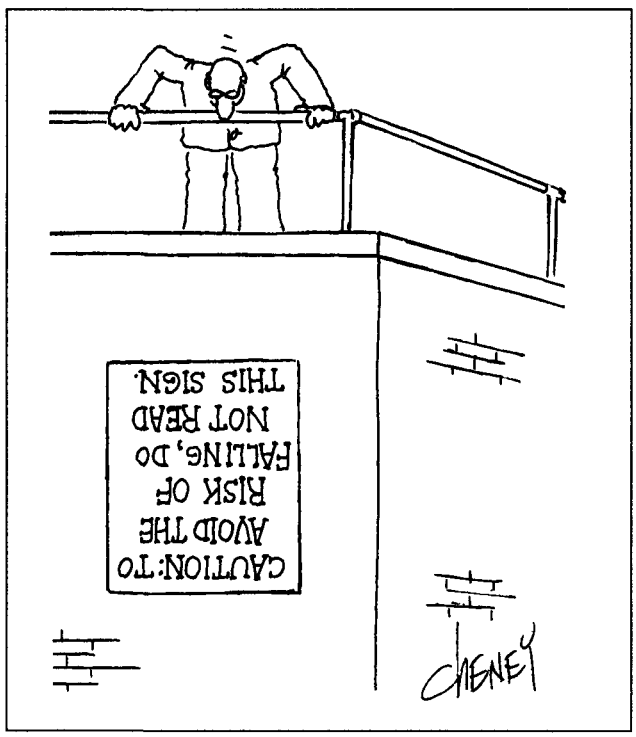
Things started out badly almost immediately. The coach, Corny Huggins, scattered some boys in the rock-strewn outfield. Randy, shivering in the cold, happened to be standing nearest to him. Huggins, a short, squat man, had once got up as far as Moline, in the Three-I League. His face was hard and wore a perpetual expression of bitter disappointment, perhaps because at an early age he had reached the backwater of Traymont High instead of the line-up of the Yankees.

Huggins suddenly tossed a fungo bat to Randy, who promptly fumbled it. Looking at him doubtfully, Huggins said, "Hit out some fungoes." He tossed Randy a ball, which was also fumbled. Trembling with embarrassment and nervousness, Randy tossed the ball in the air, took a mighty swing—and missed the ball. Now, in a complete panic, he missed again and, on the third try, topped the ball and hit a trickling roller that came to rest about halfway to the fielders.

Huggins merely looked at him as if he'd crawled out of a wall, took the bat away from him and gave it to another boy. This fellow promptly hit a towering fly, and the coach walked away.

Well, Randy thought, *I'm a pitcher. I'm not supposed to be an expert with the fungo bat.*

After a couple of days things started to sort out. Positions were assigned, truncated games were played. Randy felt very good. He had put on a little weight, and he had been throwing indoors all winter. His arm felt good, and he was ready to go. But no one asked him to. Most of the time he couldn't even get one of the catchers to receive him. More often than not he threw to a neglected first baseman or outfielder. Two or three times he pitched batting practice, but with no umpire to call strikes, the batters just stood there and ignored his low stuff until he laid in something they liked.



He realized he was being ignored, but he could see he was better than the other pitcher candidates, and he was sure that one day Coach Corny Huggins would discover him.

It was on Friday after practice that Huggins called them all together in the locker room. He had a list in his hand and intoned, "Those on the following list report as usual Monday. If your name isn't on the list, turn in your suit and better luck next year."

The list was read, and Randy's name wasn't on it. He stood there in stunned incredulity, trying to prevent the tears from forming in his eyes. He sat down and kept his head low so that no one could see his face. He felt a hand on his shoulder, and turning reluctantly, his tear-drowned eyes perceived Mr. Grimslaw, the principal. Mr. Grimslaw was a sports fan who attended all school contests and as many practice sessions as he could.

"Don't take it so hard, Johnson," the principal said. "As the coach remarked, you have another year."

"Mr. Grimslaw," Randy said bitterly, "I wouldn't play under Coach Huggins if it meant I never played baseball again."

Huggins, who was passing by and heard this, said, "Gee, that'll be tough for the team. And here I'd been figuring on another championship next year."

Randy didn't answer. He finished undressing, took his shower and dressed. He turned in his uniform and shoved into his briefcase the special pair of pitcher's baseball shoes with the toe plate and the glove his parents had given him at Christmastime.

Once at home Randy locked himself in his room and tossed the glove and the spikes on a top closet shelf with other old junk he didn't expect to be using in the future. Then he lay on the bed and let the tears and sobs come. Finally he lay quiet and eventually dozed.

He was awakened by a knocking at his door. His mother's voice said, "Randy, Mr. Lennon is here to see you."

Randy didn't feel like seeing anyone, but he was a normally polite boy and he eventually said, "All right, ask him to come in here."

He tried to wipe away evidences that he had been crying, then unlocked the door. Jimmy Lennon entered the room, closed the door behind him and looked at Randy carefully. Lennon finally said, "Your mother told me you brought your spikes and glove home with you."

Randy said shortly, "I was cut."

"Why?"

"You tell me." Randy's voice was bitter. "I never pitched to a batter in a practice game. The coach never saw me pitch at all. He never even stood behind me while I threw to a catcher."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Lennon murmured, "Doesn't seem very fair, does it?"

"No!" Randy was having a hard time keeping the tears from coming back to his eyes, and he looked resentfully at Lennon. Wasn't this the man who had caused him to work like a dog, who had buoyed his hopes?

"Look, Randy," Lennon finally said, "I've taken over the management of a team a little west of here. The fellows are a little older than you, but if you'd like to work out with us, you can."

"Work out for what?" Randy asked.

Lennon shrugged. "Maybe we can see exactly how good you are. Then, depending how it comes out, maybe we can find a place for you—or else you can hang up your spikes for good." He patted Randy on the shoulder. "Be out at Pilot Field at about 12:30 Saturday."

He left the room, and Randy stared after him, puzzled.

Randy was amazed at Pilot Field. To begin with, it had covered wooden stands that extended down both foul lines almost to the outfield fences and seated almost 10,000 people. The infield had grass inside the skinned base paths, and the outfield looked smooth and green. There was a real pitcher's mound, instead of the unraised slab that Randy had been used to, and home plate looked new and white.

Under the stands was the clubhouse, and there Lennon got Randy a uniform that fitted fairly well. Then, before going out on the field, Lennon told him, "Randy, the Pilots are a semipro team. We play the big industrial teams from Racine, Kenosha and Beloit, as well as other semipro teams here in Chicago. We also play teams from the Negro League, like the Kansas City Monarchs and the American Giants. Some of the fellows on the squad make more money playing than they would in Class C organized ball, although they all have other jobs. Beginning soon we play every Saturday and Sunday, and around June we start playing in the Twilight League on Tuesday and Thursday evenings." As Randy blinked behind his thick glasses, Lennon added, "I'm telling you this now, Randy, so you won't expect too much of yourself. A couple of the fellows have been in the majors, and a few more have played Double-A ball. There are others, younger ones, who could step onto a Class-B team right now."

That day Randy just threw idly to a succession of catchers, while the rest of the squad engaged in infield practice, shagged fly balls and took batting practice.

However, the next day, Sunday, Lennon had enough men out so that, loosely speaking, he was able to get two teams together. He said to Randy, "You're pitching for the outs. Samson will be your catcher. Get your signals worked out with him."

As Randy finished warming up and walked out to the mound he felt dizzy and light-headed. Lennon was umpiring from behind the pitcher's box. "Remember," he told Randy, "keep your strikes low and outside."

But Randy had never thrown from an elevated mound before, and his pitches kept coming in too high. He was nervous, and the balls he was throwing up there were too fat, catching too much of the plate. The first five batters all nearly tore the cover off the ball, and Randy, badly shaken, finally retired the side only by virtue of three long line drives pulled down after heroic runs by outfielders. Four runs had poured across the plate.

It wasn't much of a game. Except for two or three men who had been playing basketball, the players were favoring winter-stiffened muscles. After the first inning Randy did somewhat better, but not enough to evaporate his feeling of discouragement. After five innings the game was called.

As he undressed, Randy was surprised when Lennon said to him, "Be back next Saturday, same time." Noting the look of astonishment on Randy's face, Lennon added, "You didn't do bad at all, considering. The next time, just keep thinking of that wire frame you used to practice with."

Randy did better than think of the frame. He got it out, and during the next week he went every evening to the vacant lot and practiced with it. He could still lay the ball through that little six-inch square of wire more often than not, but he now knew, from sore experience, that pitching to batters was a totally different thing, the notable difference being that the wire frame couldn't drive the ball to left center for two bases.

On the following Saturday, as Randy and the regular Pilots were suiting up in the clubhouse, Lennon said, "Fellows, we're going to play a game today. It shouldn't extend you very much, but maybe it'll be fun."

"How much?" an old pro asked.

"For free," Lennon answered. "The other team are amateurs, and there won't be any box office." He turned to Randy and said, "Boy, you're going to pitch. Let's shave that plate thin and keep the ball low. I want you to warm up way out in the left-field corner. Don't come in until the team takes the field."

The players looked curiously at Randy and puzzledly at each other. It was customary at Pilot Field for the home starting pitcher to warm up on the sidelines between home and third base.

Before the other team came onto the field, Randy already was down in the left-field corner with his catcher,

continued on page 94

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ON GILDED POND

When the summer-camp nurse couldn't bring the dog, she brought the next best thing—her husband. He's been growling ever since.

by Maynard Good Stoddard

Illustrated by Don Trawin

Now, I'm not knocking summer camp—don't get me wrong. For kids, they offer a fine change of mischief. They allow the parents to go out in the evening without having to trust the contents of the fridge to a tapewormed baby-sitter. And we mustn't forget the college students who have taken karate lessons, picked wild blackberries in the nude and practiced sleeping through rock concerts to qualify as camp counselors.

The summer camp is not, however, for everyone. And topping the list of those everyones is the husband of the camp nurse.

Lois was replacing the regular R.N. for only one week, so she had Brutus, the flea condominium we call a dog, all washed and polished to take with her. But Jim Callus, the manager of dear old Camp Sokum Wampum (not its real name, but the inference is sound), knocked that idea in the head via the telephone on the eve of their departure. No pets, he said.

"Does that include my husband?" I heard her ask. "He's housebroken, usually comes when called, and he stopped shedding ten years ago."

Jim evidently asked what service I could contribute. "Skills?" she asked. "Let me think." So she thought, while I held my breath. "I'll have to call you back," she finally told him.

The next morning she called him back to report that she couldn't come up with anything. So he told her to bring me along anyway—we'd work something out.

"While you are blowing our vacation by patching up a woods full of poison-ivied kids, I could be on Big Bay de Noc pulling walleyes out of that cold water into a nice warm boat," I ruminated.

"You can go fishing on Big Bay de Noc any old time," she ruminated back, filling one side of my suitcase with three uniforms, two pairs of white socks and four Victoria Holt novels.

Sure I can. In our 45-odd and two fairly even years of marriage, I haven't made it yet.

"What more could you ask of a vacation?" she added for a clincher. "There's a nice little lake for swimming, you can get a tan, maybe even fish. And all the time I'll be working." Florence Nightingale up to her knees in bloody bandages couldn't have drawn a clearer picture. I managed to cram a razor, a handful of mismatched socks and my "Left to Write" mug into my bag before she slammed it shut and turned to hers.

Foot-high letters of peeled poplar across a rustic archway left no doubt that we had arrived at good old Camp Sokum Wampum. Jim came out to wave me impassively to a parking place, then helped Lois from the car. Not that I had expected to be voted Mr. Congeniality of Sokum Wampum for 1984 or anything like that. But after the two went chatting merrily on ahead, leaving me to carry the luggage up a hill that must be the identical twin to Pikes Peak, the thought crossed my mind that I might not even make the semifinals. The trail through the pines finally opened onto a Lincoln-log cabin, above the door of which woodpeckers, presumably, had pecked NURSE'S QUARTERS.

With great presence of mind I seized the opportunity to let Jim know right off the bat that my ready wit alone was quite enough to pay for a week's room and board at dear old etc. "Did anyone get hurt when the tree house fell?" I inquired.

My dear wife rewarded this gem with a subtle kick on the ankle. That ankle still gives me trouble on rainy days. Jim showed his appreciation by letting the screen door slam before I had cleared with the luggage.

Reading from left to right, the "tree house" consisted of a living/medicating room, a bathroom, a bedroom and a room done in Early American collapsible cots. The bedroom furniture consisted of a genuine bed, but with a total capacity of one undernourished nurse—which my dear wife isn't.

For my comfort Jim had made a mattress by stitching two canvas sails together, with matching pillow, and filling them with sawdust. I was free

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to install the set, if I could lift it, on the collapsible cot of my choice. I told Jim he shouldn't have, and I meant it. Jim said it had been no trouble. I believed it.

Sleep, however, was no problem. It couldn't be done. Not because of the racket emanating from the bedroom five minutes after lights out. Time had made me immune to that. But not even stoppering my ears with the cotton from two bottles of aspirin could muffle a counselor's midnight bellow of "IF YOU THROW THAT PILLOW AT ME ONE MORE TIME, YOU'LL BE HOME BEFORE BREAKFAST BEGINS!" Or a 1:30 yammer of "WHATAYA MEAN SOMEONE MUSTA GOT IN YOUR BUNK WEARING A WET SWIMSUIT!"

Around two o'clock I drew a couple of extra cots over me for warmth and tried counting Dolly Partons taking the high hurdles in Olympic competition. No use. Finally, I creaked off my sawdust pallet and went in to ask my dear wife, in a nice way, if she would care to play gin until dawn. I still had the cotton in my ears, and she was speaking from beneath a downy quilt she had pulled over her head—so I'm not sure, but I think she said she wished she could have brought the dog. On the return trip to my own little cellulose nest, I took advantage of the dark to quicken the circulation in both big toes. One I whacked against the door casing, the other on a chair while negotiating the living/medication room.

It wasn't from oversleeping that I missed breakfast the next morning. Nor was it from having my ears plugged with cotton.

No. The cotton isn't made that can stopper the agonizing squeals from a $3.95 bugle on which a budding Al Hirt is trying to hit reveille. And it surely wasn't lack of appetite, as anyone who has ever wrestled with a sawdust pillow all night can testify. In fact, I just happened to be standing at the mess-hall door and studiously examining the grain of the wood when the cook came out to whang on his triangle. I'll be eternally grateful to the overturned trash can that saved me from being trampled to death.

After the dust had cleared sufficiently to allow a peek inside, it was as I feared. The Powdered Egg Dept. had not been notified that the nurse would be bringing her husband instead of the dog. All the chairs were already claimed by the 72 inmates, 12 counselors, 2 swim instructors and 6 staff members, including one well-rested nurse.

Undaunted, I backed quietly off the porch and headed for the tree house. There, I dined on a packet of Wendy's crackers, found in the nurse' purse, and the chocolate coating from a box of laxative tablets. And on the way I couldn't help noticing that, in backing quietly off the porch, I had stuck my right foot in a dish belonging to Jim's dog.

Jim stopped by later, presumably to pick his teeth, but while there suggested we discuss how I might discharge my obligation for a week's repose on his sawdust pile and the excitement of playing musical chairs in the mess hall three times a day.

Finally I broke the pall of silence by making a motion that I go to Big Bay de Noc and catch a trunk load of walleyes for the camp. There being no second, the pall became appalling. Finally, the camp nurse remembered she had once let me put a primer coat on the backside of the shed. "And he didn't do half bad," she confided to Jim. "More like 80 percent!" From across the lake the echo of her shout of merriment sent a covey of coot diving for cover.

"That's it!" cried Jim, leaping to his foot, the other one having gone to sleep, and reeling into the card table on which the nurse had dumped a jigsaw puzzle. "I've been waiting for two years for someone to stain these cabins and the mess hall. You'll find 60 gallons of dark oak stain in the utility room, and there's a six-inch brush around there somewhere."

And before someone could interject that his limited wardrobe did not include staining attire, Jim was out the door. And the nurse had already turned her attention to the border pieces of her puzzle.

Thus I spent six full days of "my vacation" applying stain to eight cabins and a mess hall that could easily substitute for the Astrodome. In the meantime the one who had signed up for duty devoted her time to morning and afternoon naps, reading on the screen porch overlooking the so-called lake, knitting, solitairing and jigsaw puzzling. When rare fits of ambition overtook her, she went for a swim or strolled over to offer her input on how stain should be applied: in direct contrast, of course, to the way I was doing it. It's a credit to my gentle upbringing that I managed to resist changing her make-up from Avon to Sherwin Williams.

As for output, the nurse' week consisted of treating one hornet sting, a sprained wrist, a strained back, two fallen arches, four finger blisters and a severe case of homesickness—all mine. In that whole rabble of shrieking vine swingers, cliff climbers, roof scalers, canoe overturners and first-one-to-surface-is-a-chickeners, not one so much as barked a knee or drowned. The one kid thought to have set a camp record by staying underwater for an hour and 20 minutes was finally located in the boathouse reading an off-color comic.

On our final evening, as the nurse was draining one of my blisters, I said, "Has it occurred to you that if you don't come up with another patient, Jim may bill me for your week's pay?" I'm not sure, her head being buried in her first-aid kit, but I think she said she wished she could have brought the dog.

The next morning, while the nurse was being celebrated for her service, I celebrated by parting the sea of kids and, for the first time, dipping my ravaged body into the lake—for all of five minutes, at which time a swimming instructor whistled me to shore. Seems I was staining the water and he didn't want the kids going home with their little hides leaning more to dark oak than the natural tan their parents would be expecting.

It wasn't until we were on the way home that I thought to ask my wife if she had been paid. "All but five dollars," she said. "Jim thought that would be about right for the seven gallons of stain you stashed behind the woodpile. How could you!"

"I'll tell you how could I! Because the labels had come off. And I wasn't going to risk opening a can of prunes and having to eat the whole gallon. I must have gone a little deep on those laxative tablets as it was."

She said she wished she could have brought the dog.

Five minutes later I had come up with a snappy reply. But she was already asleep.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

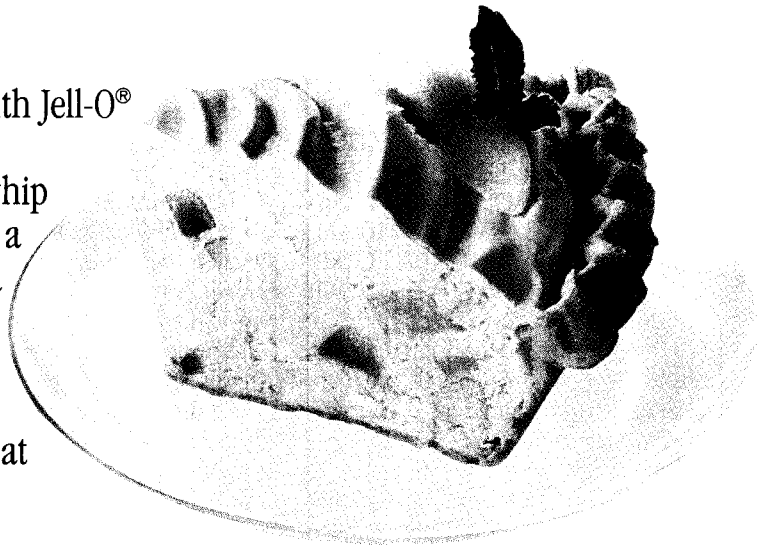
How to make a

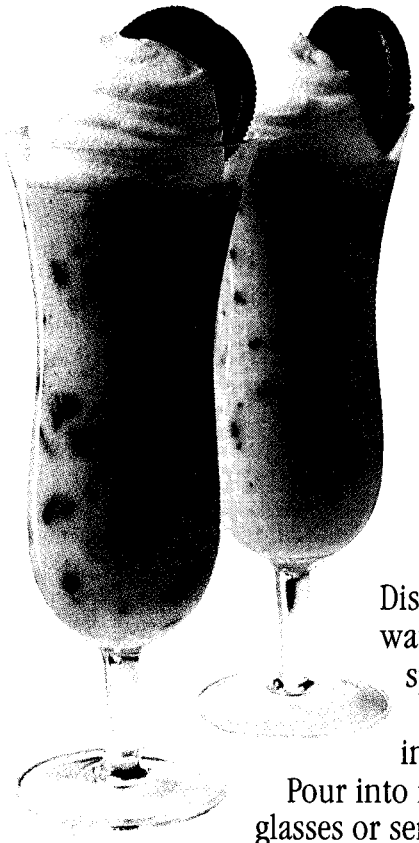
This summer, why swelter?

You can have it made in the shade. With Jell-O® brand gelatin.

We'll show you how easily you can whip up a peach of a pie with ice cream. Concoct a cool new way to crumble cookies. Or turn a melon into a meal.

Before you know it, your family will be cooling off with your mouth-watering new creations. And just wait till you see what we'll be up to in the fall!





Cool Cookie Crumble

- 1 package (3 oz.) JELL-O® Brand Gelatin, any flavor or Sugar Free Jell-O® Gelatin
- 1 cup boiling water
- 1 pint vanilla ice cream
- 4 chocolate sandwich cookies, crumbled

Dissolve gelatin in boiling water. Add ice cream by spoonfuls. Stir until ice cream is melted. Fold in crumbled cookies. Pour into individual dessert glasses or serving bowl. Chill until set, about 30 minutes. 6 servings. Garnish. If you're counting calories, try making this recipe with Sugar Free Jell-O® Gelatin. © 1985 General Foods Corporation.

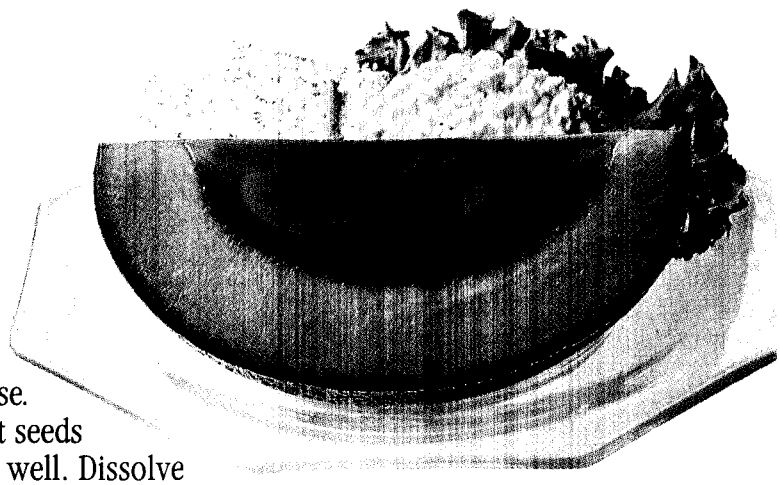
Peach Pie Alaska

- 1 package (3 oz.) JELL-O® Brand Gelatin, any flavor or Sugar Free Jell-O® Gelatin
- 1 baked 9-inch Pet-Ritz® Deep Dish Pie Crust Shell, cooled
- ⅔ cup boiling water
- 1 cup vanilla ice cream
- 1 cup diced fresh peaches
- 3½ cups Cool Whip® Whipped Topping, thawed

Dissolve gelatin in boiling water. Add ice cream by spoonfuls. Stir until melted and smooth. Blend in whipped topping and fruit. Chill, if necessary, until mixture will mound. Spoon into crust. Chill about 3 hours or freeze until firm. 8 servings. Garnish. If you're counting calories, try making this recipe with Sugar Free Jell-O® Gelatin. Cool Whip is a registered trademark of the General Foods Corporation.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

summer cooler.



Chilled Filled Cantaloupe

2 medium cantaloupes
1 package (3 oz.) JELL-O® Brand Gelatin, any flavor or Sugar Free Jell-O® Gelatin
3/4 cup boiling water
1/2 cup cold water
ice cubes
1 banana, sliced

Cut the melons into halves lengthwise. Scoop out seeds and drain well. Dissolve gelatin in boiling water. Combine water and ice cubes to make 1 1/4 cups. Add to gelatin. Stir until slightly thickened. Remove any unmelted ice. Add banana. Place melon halves in small bowls. Spoon in gelatin mixture. Chill until firm. Cut into wedges. Garnish. 6 servings. If you're counting calories, try making this recipe with Sugar Free Jell-O® Gelatin.

Jell-O is a registered trademark of the General Foods Corporation.
GENERAL FOODS

We're up to something good.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SUING THE TOBACCO COMPANIES

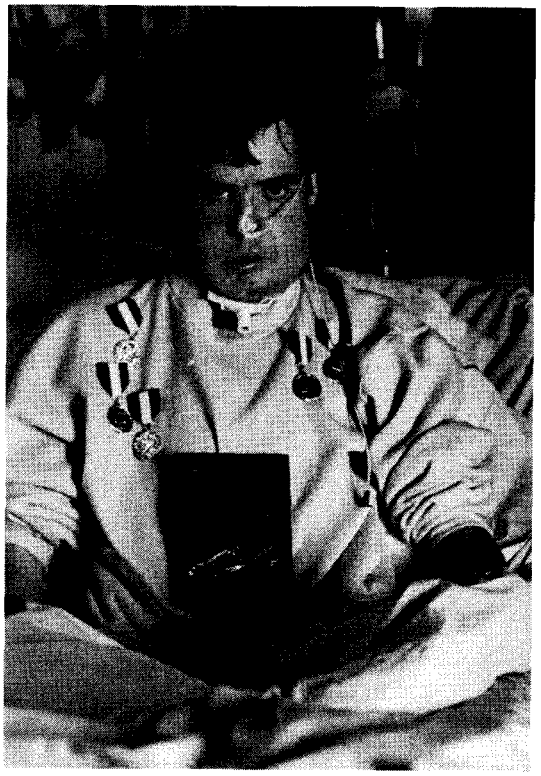
In a new wave of lawsuits, the families of smoking and snuff-dipping victims are holding tobacco companies accountable for deceptive ads, addictions and an estimated half-million deaths caused yearly by their products.

by Lawrence White

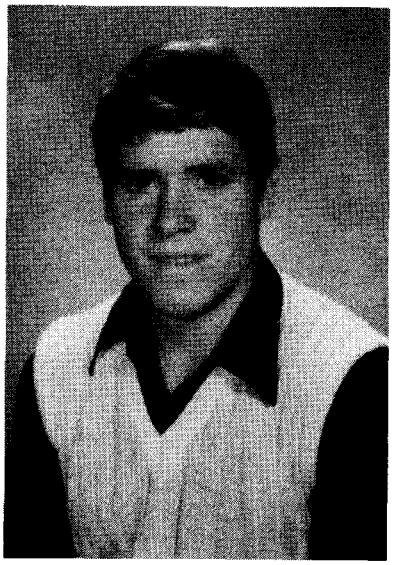
Manufacturers of all sorts of products are sued regularly these days by consumers injured by those products. Unsafe ladders, exploding bottles, defective cars, asbestos—these are just a few examples of products that have engendered liability cases. Manufacturers now must be extra careful both in designing and in making their wares to ensure that they are harmless. One industry, however, has until now seemed immune from the tide of court-enforced consumer protection. Ironically, it is the tobacco industry, whose products have killed millions of Americans, that has never paid a penny to its victims. In the past the makers of cigarettes and smokeless-tobacco products (snuff and chewing tobacco) have always been able to defeat suits to hold them liable to consumers. This special immunity may soon be in jeopardy.

A new breed of lawyer is emerging around the country. Seasoned by experience in product-liability litigation and aware as never before of the dangers of tobacco, these plaintiffs' attorneys are not afraid to take on some of the nation's largest and most powerful corporations. From Massachusetts to California, attempts to hold tobacco companies liable are beginning to catch on. If these lawsuits succeed, the tobacco industry will probably never be the same.

The bill the tobacco industry might have to pay for the effects of its products is truly monumental. One in every seven deaths may be caused by smoking. As many as 500,000 Americans die of smoking-related illnesses each year. Hundreds of thousands of others suffer chronic diseases as a result of smoking. A pack of cigarettes would cost between three and four dollars if the price reflected its health costs, according to economists' calculations.



A track star, Sean Marsee was voted the most valuable athlete of the year by his school before oral cancer destroyed his tongue, his throat and his jaw and left him dead, a wasted wraith of himself.



The symbol of manhood among Sean's peers was a can of snuff in the back pocket. His mother is suing the manufacturers of snuff for addicting her son and taking his life.

To most plaintiffs in the current wave of lawsuits, money is a secondary consideration. They and their loved ones have suffered because of tobacco; by suing they hope to alert others whose lives are in danger. In this way tobacco's victims will not have died in vain.

No Warning

Tobacco need not be smoked to result in a deadly disease. A case in Oklahoma has arisen out of a young man's addiction to smokeless tobacco. "Dipping snuff" had been a habit of Marvin Sean Marsee's from the age of 12 until he was diagnosed with oral cancer just before he graduated from high school in Talihina, Oklahoma.

Sean was an athlete—a star member of his school's track team. He was voted most outstanding athlete of the year in 1983. Like most of his fellow athletes, he didn't smoke. The tobacco he used, called "Copenhagen" and "Skoal," didn't have any health warnings on it, and no one told him it could hurt him. Besides, most of his friends dipped snuff. Carrying a can of tobacco in the back pocket of their jeans was a status symbol, a sign of manhood. The boys would put a pinch of the moist tobacco between their gums and cheek and let it stay there for a while. It wasn't easy to get used to at first, but it soon became

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

very hard to give up.

As a senior in high school, Sean Marsee developed what he thought was a cold sore on his tongue. A biopsy showed that it was actually a malignant tumor. In the first operation, a few days after Sean graduated in 1983, the doctors removed a third of Sean's tongue. Other, much worse, operations followed.

The progress of terminal cancer is always an ugly story, but something is particularly awful about oral cancer, which first destroys the tongue, then the throat and finally the jaw. By all accounts, Sean was courageous until he died, a wasted wraith of his former self, on February 25, 1984. Almost until the end he hoped he would be able to travel with his doctor, Carl Hook, so they could speak together with young people and warn them about the danger of dipping snuff.

Sean's mother, Betty Ann Marsee, is a widow, a mother of five and a registered nurse. Like Dr. Hook, she knows that Sean's cancer was caused by dipping snuff; soon after Sean died she found a way to publicize what Sean had so wanted to communicate. Mrs. Marsee went to nearby Ada, Oklahoma, and hired an attorney. Dania Deschamps-Braly agreed to bring a product-liability suit against U.S. Tobacco, the manufacturer of Copenhagen and Skoal, and asked in her pleadings for damages of $37 million.

Mrs. Deschamps-Braly says moist tobacco is widely used in her part of the country and is regarded as harmless by most people. "Why, it's not unusual to see a father put a pinch of tobacco in a three- or four-year-old's mouth," she says. Dr. Hook says many Oklahoma children in the first and second grades, girls as well as boys, are addicted to snuff.

Perhaps because of the mistaken belief that dipping snuff is not as dangerous as smoking, sales of smokeless tobacco have increased 31.6 percent over the past ten years, according to U.S. Department of Agriculture figures, while cigarette sales declined 5 percent in 1983, largely due to the doubling that year of the cigarette tax from 8 to 16 cents, says one Tobacco Institute spokesperson. U.S. Tobacco sold 463.5 million cans of moist tobacco in 1984, an increase of 8.8 percent from the previous year.

Unlike cigarette packs, cans of smokeless tobacco contain no warning labels. The product is not safe, however. Oral cancer is common among older snuff dippers, Dr. Hook says. As Dr. Hook notes, until ten years ago moist tobacco was rarely used by young people—it was then a relic of a bygone day. Along with its tremendously increased use among young people, we can expect to see a corresponding increase in oral cancer.

Addicted while yet a child, Sean had already been snuff dipping for some time when this photo was taken of the Talihina Tigers track team in 1980. Emulating sports personalities who are shown using the product, Sean believed that smokeless tobacco was not harmful. Then, as a senior, he developed what he thought was a cold sore on his tongue. It was cancer. He died on February 25, 1984, less than a year after graduation.

U.S. Surgeon General C. Everett Koop has warned the public in strong terms about the hazards of dipping snuff. Dr. Vincent DeVita, director of the National Cancer Institute, expresses the same concern:

"I'd like to have the tobacco industry explain a couple of things about the business of chewing tobacco and dipping snuff. Something like 10 to 15 percent of oral cancers in this country are directly related to snuff dipping. They're increasing that market, and I understand that some high-level tobacco official in one of the tobacco companies has been quoted as saying, *'When the kids chew tobacco and they get hooked on the nicotine, you've got them forever.'* That means they'll be hooked on nicotine and they more likely will smoke cigarettes after that. I'd like to hear an explanation of how one could justify that. I'd be very interested.

"Recent data, for example, from our institute show that snuff dipping among populations in the South—where they have been doing this for a long time—is associated with such a very high incidence of cancers of the oral cavity and mouth. A relationship is unequivocal. We do have cancer-

Cigarette addiction was too difficult for John Galbraith to overcome. He paid with his life when lung cancer developed. His wife is suing the cigarette manufacturers that caused his harmful addiction. If she wins her landmark case the floodgates will open.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

mortality maps, and the spots stand out on the map so brightly that we had to go down there and find out what was going on in the areas with the high incidence of oral-cavity cancer. We found out it was due to snuff dipping. I don't understand how they can look us squarely in the eyes and tell us that we should have an open debate when they're packaging chewing tobacco in packages that resemble bubble gum so they can attract teenagers to chewing tobacco. I'd like to be in a public debate and get an answer to that one."

A spokesman for U.S. Tobacco—who would not allow his name to be used—refused comment on the Marsee case but said, "Smokeless tobacco has not been scientifically established as a cause of any human disease." His statement can be appreciated more for what it omits than for what it says. Tobacco companies make no assertion that Copenhagen or Skoal is safe, because numerous studies link moist tobacco with cancer.

Such practitioners as Dr. Hook, who regularly see tumors develop right where tobacco has been in contact with the body, will find little satisfaction in debating abstract questions of scientific causation while young men like Sean Marsee die of oral cancer. If tobacco were covered by the same federal law that regulates other products ingested by humans, the evidence that exists would be more than enough to require the government to ban it. But tobacco is unique. Because of the political clout of the affluent tobacco industry for the last 100 years, tobacco is the one consumer product that, *by federal law,* cannot be regulated by either the federal government or the states.

Psychiatrist Michael Charney (left) and law professor Richard Daynard head the new Boston-based Tobacco Products Liability Project, which helps lawyers to fight tobacco companies.

Targeting Children

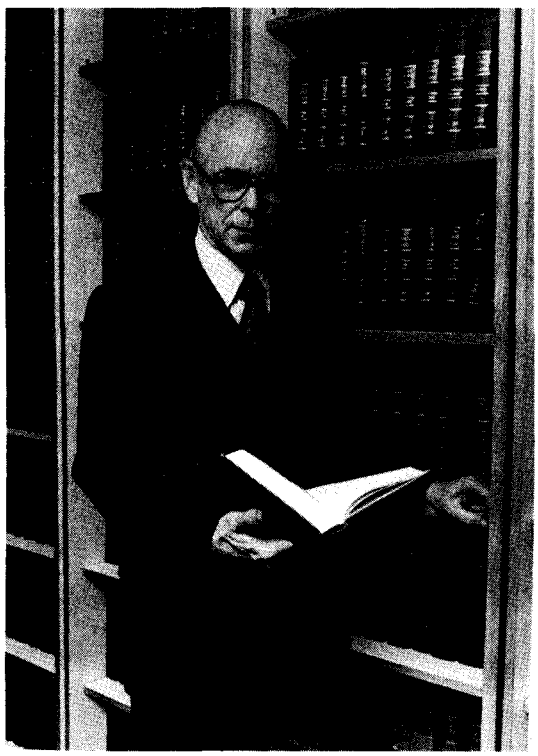
The U.S. Tobacco spokesman mentioned previously insists that the company's products were not marketed to young people. "We do not want people under 18 using our product," he asserts. He said a smokeless-tobacco advertising code is intended to target males over 18. (Unlike cigarettes, smokeless tobacco may be advertised on television.)

Some people believe, however, that television advertising of Copenhagen and Skoal is aimed at children. John O'Dell, field associate in Ada for the Fellowship of Christian Athletes, befriended Sean just a few months before the boy died and now speaks out regularly about the dangers of dipping snuff. O'Dell says such professional athletes as Carlton Fisk, a catcher for the Chicago White Sox, and Walt Garrison, the former running back of the Dallas Cowboys, touting smokeless tobacco on TV had a deep effect on Sean as well as on boys like him. Dr. Hook says the assertion that moist-tobacco advertising is not aimed at children "is a bold-faced lie."

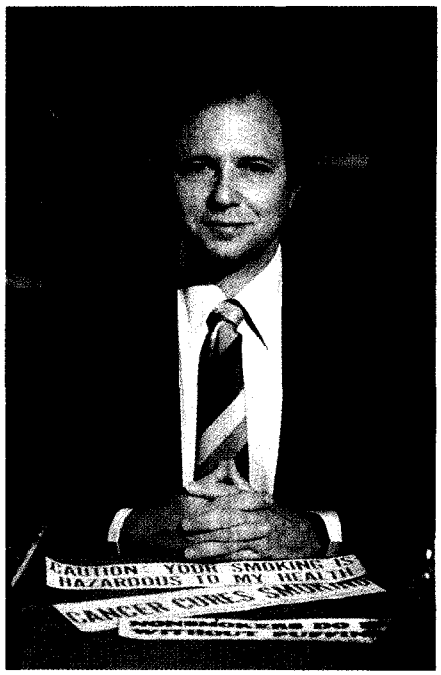
Smokers Sue

The Marsee case is probably the only one in the country involving smokeless tobacco. However, numerous smokers or the next of kin of smokers have sued tobacco companies. In the past 20 years several of these cases have gone to trial. One plaintiff won a verdict, but the case was overturned on appeal, and the others lost at the trial level.

The current crop of cases is more promising than ever before for a



U.S. District Court judge H. Lee Sarokin is a hero to smoking victims. His ruling in the New Jersey case of Wilfred E. Dewey that warning labels on cigarette packs do not exempt tobacco companies from suits leaves the door open for more litigation.



John Banzhaf III is helping the tobacco-company litigants through his antismoking organization, ASH. He would like to rid the airlines of cigarette smoking.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

variety of reasons. The hazards of smoking are now beyond dispute to any reasonable person. More than 40,000 studies have shown smoking to be the No. 1 preventable cause of death in our society. In addition, nicotine is now known to cause a physical addiction. Cigarette smoking is now classified as a form of drug dependency by the World Health Organization and by the American Psychiatric Association. The National Institute on Drug Abuse considers smoking an addiction.

When John Galbraith, a California insurance-company official, began to smoke in the 1930s, he heard no talk of addiction, of course, or of lung cancer. Galbraith, a college graduate, prided himself on being well-informed. Galbraith was, says his wife, Elayne, "a very intelligent man about almost everything in life except smoking. He discussed everything else openly, but not smoking."

Galbraith was diagnosed with lung cancer in 1979 and died in 1982. When he had come to believe that his fatal disease was caused by smoking, his attitude changed. Becoming reflective, he looked at his smoking the same cool way he had always regarded other issues. John finally admitted the truth smokers find so hard to face—smoking had not really been a matter of free choice for him. "I wouldn't be dying now if I hadn't been addicted to cigarettes," he told Elayne.

Galbraith, like millions of other Americans, had seen warnings on cigarette packs and advertising, but, like most, he did not appreciate the real dangers of smoking. Studies done for the Federal Trade Commission as late as 1980 show that few people understand the most elementary facts about the health hazards of smoking. Most of us are not aware, for example, that 80 percent of lung cancer is caused by smoking. Even more shocking, lung cancer is almost always fatal. Fewer than 5 percent of its victims live more than five years after diagnosis.

Snuff is marketed as "macho." Young men like Sean Marsee are deeply affected by television ads in which such famous sports personalities as Carlton Fisk and Walt Garrison tout smokeless-tobacco products.

John Galbraith did not beat the odds. But before he died he decided to fight back. He had a message for others. Like Sean Marsee, he wanted to warn other people and perhaps save someone the agony he had gone through.

Galbraith heard that the famous San Francisco attorney Melvin Belli was looking for the appropriate lung-cancer case to bring a lawsuit against the tobacco industry. He contacted Belli, who took his case on a contingency-fee basis. If they lost, the Galbraiths would owe Belli nothing. What made the arrangement unusual is that Belli pledged to donate his fee—if any—to cancer research.

Promoting chewing tobacco is as easy as giving candy to a baby, when youngsters' chewing appetites are already primed by tobacco look-alike gums (center). As one tobacco executive noted, "When kids chew tobacco you've got them hooked forever."

Sold a Bill of Goods

The lawsuit meant a lot to John Galbraith; as a result, it means a lot to Elayne now. "He begged me time and time again to follow through with the lawsuit, not to drop it," she recounts. Elayne says John's attitude about the cigarette industry had gone through a major change in the year before his death. He was a conservative man—probusiness, his wife says. He had always trusted in the basic decency of business people, including those in cigarette companies. But as far as that industry was concerned, he found his trust had been misplaced.

One day in the hospital, Elayne recalls, John pointed out all the glossy advertisements for cigarettes in a copy of *Newsweek*. A businessman himself, he could appreciate how well-done the ads were, how convincing they were. The required health warnings were so cleverly disguised that most readers would miss them. Galbraith thought he had been taken in by ads just like these, that he'd been sold a bill of goods. But he didn't want it to end there; he wanted to warn others.

Elayne Galbraith now finds it hard to believe that cigarette advertising is permitted. "They don't have a right to advertise," she says. "It's as if we would allow heroin and cocaine to be advertised. Tobacco kills and is addictive."

Tearing a Life to Pieces

Lawsuits, courtrooms and trials have always been fascinating. But the reality of being a plaintiff is not glamorous or exciting. It is often a harsh and painful experience. The tobacco lawsuits have a pronounced David-and-Goliath aspect. Elayne Galbraith is one individual pitted against some of the most powerful corporations in America. Though she is grateful to Belli and his young associate Paul Monzione for their close attention to her case,

continued on page 97

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE HORSE THIEVES OF BALLYSAGGERT

Once there were two charming bootleggers who tried to keep a relentless policeman from finding their still.

by Brian Cleeve

Illustrated by Phil Smith

Sorrow, is it? I tell you, if a man were wanting to make a list of the Chief Sorrows of Erin, I'd advise him to give great consideration to the Sorrow of Ballysaggert, ever since the day Sergeant Raftery found Uncle Jamesy's still up in the Fairy Fort. The best poteen that ever a man could wish to drink this side of heaven was distilled up there by Uncle Jamesy and my father, while now—now you wouldn't wet your whistle with a drop that hadn't paid excise duty in the four corners of Ballysaggert parish. And all over a horse. A sway-backed vagrant of a four-legged monstrosity that ought to have been sent to a glue factory when it was born. But let me tell you in proper order.

The real beginning of the whole miserable business was the coming of Sergeant Raftery to replace old Sergeant Kieron, who retired. A new police sergeant is always a hard business for a parish, the way he'll be bursting out all over with enthusiasm and ambition. But this feller. Like a maniac. A huge, ugly man with red hair growing out of his ears, and hands like bats of lumpy wood, and a savagery for work that would have killed an Eskimo. There was hardly an hour of the day or night you wouldn't find him ravaging and stravaging the roads, looking for mischief to make. Impounding donkeys that knew their way home better than he did, or looking for dog licenses, or rounding up truants until the schoolhouse was a bedlam with imprisoned children that the teacher hardly knew by sight and didn't want to.

Stars in heaven, there wasn't any ruffianism that sergeant wasn't up to. And, of course, he wasn't ten days in the place before he heard about the still. Not where it was, of course, or who owned it. Just that it existed. But that was enough. From that out, high days and holidays, he'd be quartering the mountains like a 16-stone greyhound, looking for a wisp of smoke to tell him where the still was.

And then, after about a month of all this torment and turmoil, when half the lads in the parish, including myself, were thinking of emigrating, didn't I see a girl I'd never seen before in all my life? A girl? A living vision. My heart turned over and my mouth fell open with the beauty of her and I had to lean against the nearest house wall to stop myself from falling down flat while she walked toward me, with the sunlight sprinkling gold dust on her curling black hair and her little red hat. Walked, did I say? Danced. Floated. Her foot no more than kissed the ground as she went by me, and I fetched a sigh out of me that nearly brought my heart along with it.

She just nodded to me and smiled, and said, "Good morning," and was gone down the street, like a feather dancing on a puff of breeze, while I lay against the whitewashed wall of Matt Fogarty's cottage and wondered if I was alive or dead.

I just wandered up to the still as lost and dazzled in my mind as if I was coming away from it instead of going toward it. Indeed, I was hit so bad that I spent five minutes trying to get into the wrong Fairy Fort.

Maybe I should explain that up beyond the head of the valley, where the mountaintop flattens out, there's half a dozen biggish green mounds built by the good people in the old times. You'll hear all kinds of stories about them being graves of kings and such, but that's all just foolish talk. They're Fairy Forts, and the only human thing ever buried in any of them was our still. A long while ago, when Uncle Jamesy and father were about my age, some professors came down from Dublin and started digging the forts to pieces. Looking for old pots and bones.

They left behind them a powerful big hole in the side of one of the forts, and down under it weren't there two great rooms all lined with stone, like a pair of cellars, hidden there under the green roof of the mound?

Uncle Jamesy and father said it was plain to see that whoever had built the rooms had been making no

When father and the sergeant dropped through the trap door of the still, the poor horse was too drunk to be concerned.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

use of them for a power of years, and it'd be a sin to waste them. You wouldn't find as good a place as that to hide a poteen still if you searched all the provinces of Ireland.

And so they brought in their gear and set it up, and what with old Sergeant Kieron and Father Sweeney liking a drop of the poteen themselves an odd time, the still never had to be moved in 30 years. All the customers needed to do to come in was to grasp a particular dead furze stump sticking out of the side of the mound and lift it. Up it would come with a trap door covered in green turf attached to it, and down he'd step into what you might call the Saloon Bar of the Fairy Fort; a big, shadowy cave of a place with benches along three sides of it, and a barrel and a row of mugs on a shelf at the far end. Behind the barrel was a small, narrow passage leading to the second stone room, the still-room itself.

Above both rooms, of course, was a stone roof, made of big overlapping slabs of rock. And over that again was the green turf of the mound, half covered in furze and bracken, with the smoke of the still curling out of a small chimney hidden in a gorse bush and losing itself in the gray, watery sky. I can tell you the heart nearly breaks in me for thinking of the homeliness of it all. Not having a mother since before I can remember, I more or less grew up in the still instead of down in father's cottage.

As I say, after seeing the girl below in Ballysaggert village, I was so bad I near dislocated my shoulder trying to pull up a furze stump on the wrong mound. And when I got into the still at last, it didn't take Uncle Jamesy long to see that something was up with me. He's a little, sharp-eyed man, the twin of my father, with tufts of white hair sprouting out over his ears and not another screed of it on his brown, shiny skull. And what with the way he and father sit cross-legged, from the long years of squatting under the copper condensing tube of the still-filling jugs, and with near living in the Fairy Fort, it's not much wonder that everyone calls the pair of them the leprechauns. Indeed, they're known as the leprechauns far and wide beyond Ballysaggert.

"Michael boy," my uncle said, before I could so much as settle myself on the bench. "What have you been doing?"

"Nothing," I said dreamily.

"You've been after girls," said my uncle, the end of his nose twitching. He'd always been powerfully against women and said they were the ruin of a man's drinking habits. "I know it. I know it. I can see it in your eye. Oh, Michael child, if you only knew the depths of the pit that's opening at your innocent feet. Girls is the calamity of mankind."

He filled himself a mug and took a sup of it as if he needed strengthening. Meanwhile, I must confess, I didn't pay much heed to him beyond blushing a bit. I could still see her in my mind's eye. The little dancing foot of her, as neat as a new leaf fluttering on a tree. The print of it was on my heart.

"It's your father's fault," Uncle Jamesy said. "He's never taught you the facts of life. Girls is innocent enough, I'll grant you that, for dallying and dandling. Like kittens. But girls become women the way kittens become cats, and then where are you? There isn't the like of a woman for devilment in the world wide." He drained the mug and gave his hands a

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

little wring together. "I was telling your father only the other day that it was time one of us did be warning you. . . ."

A shaft of sunlight fell between us then, and it was my father himself coming in with a sack of potatoes for the still.

"By the Lord," he said, "I've just heard the worst news I ever heard."

"Then you've heard the same thing that I have," said Uncle Jamesy. "The boy there has started tricksying after girls——"

"Arrah go on with you and your girls," said my father. "This is serious. The sergeant has got himself a horse."

"What of it?" said Uncle Jamesy. "If he took to fox hunting now, wouldn't it be the good thing for us, although heaven have mercy on the poor horse that man puts his leg across."

"You don't understand," said father. "It isn't foxes he's going to be hunting. It's us. And whereas he wouldn't catch so much as old Mary O'Mahony on his two great feet, with them sinking into the bog 12 inches deep at every step, on horseback he'll have the legs of every man of us."

"You have something there," said my uncle, beginning to look very grave.

"I wish I hadn't," said my father. "But how many times has he nearly caught one or other of the lads as it is, and him with maybe a bottle of poteen in his coat pocket and a breath on him strong enough to light your pipe at? And once he has one of them caught and murdered with questions it won't be long before we have to give this place back to them we borrowed it from." And he jerked his thumb at the saucer in the corner, where there was always a sup of poteen laid out for the landlords. I never actually saw one of them drinking it, of course, and I don't believe in that kind of thing any more than you do, but it's certainly astonishing how every morning that saucer used to be dry. Dry as a cat would lick it, although we had no cat.

"Ruin," said my father, "that's what this means. It'll be like the Tans again."

"The Tans?" said my uncle. "I doubt even the Tans wouldn't have thought of a thing like this."

Just on that, two of the lads came in for a drop of support after the day's work, and it was one of them, Peter Lowry, that brought the whole ruin down on us with his cleverality, once he heard what was up.

"Gob," says he. "Is that all that's troubling you? A horse?"

"Aye," says my father. "Isn't it enough? The talk is he's gone and bought it out of his own money, the policemen up in Dublin not thinking it necessary to put a horse on the establishment. But he reckons that once he has the still found and a dozen or so arrests made they'll buy him a motorcar, let alone a horse."

"Better'n' betterer," said Peter Lowry, twisting his long, red nose in his fingers and squinting very cunning at us under the peak of his cap. "He won't be in the mood to buy a second horse out of his money, hardly."

"What are you getting at?" said my uncle.

"Stealing the horse, of course," shouted Peter. "Down to his house one dark night, pocket full of sugar. Tsk, tsk, and out comes the horse, ready to follow you to Kingdom Come for the sugar lumps. And I know a lad over Killnoggin way would buy anything on four legs and no questions asked." He laid his finger alongside of his nose and winked the way you'd think he had something in his eye.

As maybe you can tell, I've never forgiven Peter Lowry for any of this, and neither has anyone else in the parish. But, of course, we hadn't the means of telling future woe from present stupidity, and the plan certainly sounded reasonable enough. Except that it turned out that what with being a mountainy man and not used to horses, Peter Lowry wouldn't be able for stealing the horse himself. For a moment or two it looked like the plan being dropped, when didn't it come into my uncle's head to mention about me looking moony over a girl?

"A girl, is it?" said Peter. "It wouldn't be a girl you saw today for the first time? A little dark-haired bit of a thing tittuping along the street just now?"

I gawed at him with my mouth open, and a blush coming up from my shirt collar to my cap, wondering how he knew. Although for the matter of that, I shouldn't have been surprised. There was never anything concerning other people in Ballysaggert that Peter Lowry didn't have his nose stuck into sooner or later, and usually sooner.

"The sergeant's daughter," he said, slapping his knee again. "No other in the world wide. Philomena, her name is. Working over in Killnoggin in a grand draper's shop till me bold sergeant sent for her to mind house for him. Did you speak to her, Michael?"

I shook my head. The sergeant's daughter! If he'd said the devil's daughter I couldn't have been more amazed. But "Philomena." Did you ever hear a more beautiful name than that?

"You didn't speak to her yet?" Peter was saying. "Then don't be wasting any more time, boy. Court her, and flatter her. Whisper to her in the moonlight. And if you don't have the key of the sergeant's stable door out of her inside a week you're not the lad I take you for." He turned to my uncle and my father. "There's your man for you. There's the lad will steal the horse."

"But I don't know anything about horses either," I said.

"Ah," said Peter. "But a lad like you will know about girls, and that's what's important here."

"Don't be listening to him, Michael," said my uncle. "Don't be tempting the child, Peter Lowry. Nothing but ill and harm could come of it."

"Wait now," said my father, beginning to look thoughtful. "Maybe something might come of it, at that. Don't be so hasty, Jamesy, telling the lad what he'll do and not do. It might be no harm if the lad sounded out the grounds, so to speak."

"Ruin," said Uncle Jamesy, wringing his hands. "There was never a

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

plan yet with a woman in it that didn't end in ruin. I'm warning you, Paudeen O'Shaughnessy," Paudeen being my father's name.

"You and your warnings," said Peter. "Sure, aren't we facing ruin as it is?"

"Peter's right," said my father. "Let you see what you can do, Michael child. Although, anything you do, keep your mind on the horse. Remember, the girl is only ways and means."

"There's the man," said Peter, refilling his mug without so much as a by-your-leave. "The thing is as good as done."

Even so, there was none of us except Peter Lowry that wasn't more than doubtful about the whole plan. And if I entered into it at all it wasn't for the sake of the horse, I can tell you that. But before a week had passed we had the doubts driven out of us. The Tans? Mounted on his brute of a horse, the sergeant was more like Cromwell and his cavalry destroying the countryside. You could hardly move on the mountain without the terror of the hoofs thundering behind you.

The one salvation of us in that week was that the sergeant wasn't much of a fist at riding. And time and again when he near had one of us ridden down with the poteen turning our legs to water and a bottle of the darling stuff maybe clutched to our chests to keep out the night chill, wouldn't he fall off with a tremendous splash into a bog hole? But as the days passed, either he got better at riding, or the horse at being ridden, and on Saturday night didn't my father himself have the nearest squeak of his life, trotting over to Father Sweeney's presbytery with a half-gallon jar.

"Things can't go on like this much longer," he said to me in a voice that was still trembling the next morning. "You're the one hope we have left, Michael child. How is the plan progressing?"

To tell you the truth the horse side of it hadn't progressed very far. But the other side of it was fair rampaging along. We'd got to the stage where we met every night under the big oak tree beyond the crossroads, and I was repairing the gaps in my education left by my being brought up by my uncle and my father, with no female influence about the place. I was staggered at how much there was to learn. And, of course, in the midst of it all I couldn't help learning a little bit about the horse. The sergeant kept it locked in a shed at the bottom of his garden when he wasn't scouring the countryside on its back, and he kept the key hanging in his kitchen. Moreover, after dark, either he or his daughter was always in the house. She could only meet me when he was taking a nap after his supper, with the key hanging a bare two feet from his big, ugly ear. It didn't seem possible to get near it.

And then, that very morning, didn't the whole thing fall into my lap?

"Michael," whispered Philomena as I was passing her at the corner of the chapel wall. "I can't be meeting you tonight, after all. Father'll be over in Killnoggin till late this evening, and I have to mind the house. I wouldn't dare leave it empty in case he found out." And as she spoke I saw like a flash of lightning what I had to do. I took her little white hand and squeezed it.

"I'd die, passing a whole night without seeing you," I said, and true enough for me I would have too. "Why shouldn't I come and see you in the house itself?"

"Oh, you'd never," she gasped, blushing like a rose in the snow. But something in her eyes didn't look as shocked as her voice sounded, and I just gave her a wink and her little warm hand another squeeze, and went off up the road, whistling. And not all because of the horse, either.

I think that Sunday was the longest day of my life. But it ended at last, and the shadows were hardly falling before I was down to the sergeant's back door. At the end of the garden I could hear the horse shuffling and scuffling in its shed, and inside the house Philomena singing like a blackbird about the kitchen.

"Ah," says I, "I'll have you both where I want you before the evening's out." And I tilted my cap and tapped on the door. "It's me, Michael," I whispered. "Open up to me, my darling."

And there was her little rosy lips at the crack of the door, begging to be kissed by a lad sensible enough not to listen to her saying "no." In I squeezed, and if you want to know about the next half hour it isn't me that'll be telling you. But everything good has an end, as they say, and after one last little kiss I made pretend I heard her father coming. By this time, of course, the key of the shed was well in my own pocket, unbeknownst to Philomena.

"I'll just slip out and look," I said. So out with me long enough to unlock the shed, then back into the kitchen

His heart turned over and his mouth fell open as this girl—a living vision—floated past.

continued on page 76

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

GOLF COURSES THE PROS LOVE TO HATE

It's not the fairways the touring professionals complain about—it's the foul ways of wind, water, sand and terraced greens that make them see red.

by Ken Rappoport

Illustrated by Ed Cortese

Any duffer who has ever whiffed a ball or hit one into the rough, over a cliff or into a lady's purse can appreciate Bob Hope's favorite golf story.

"It's about the guy who's at the edge of the water, and he follows through too much and goes right into the lake," says Hope. "As he's going down for the third time, he has only one hand sticking out of the water, all fingers extended. One caddy nudges the other: 'He wants a five-iron.' "

Hope, a self-described "happy hacker," has never quite found himself in that predicament but like every golfing addict has faced his share of difficulties. Pros are not immune, either. They can be reduced to size in the pressure cooker of big-time golf played on heroically demanding courses: water hazards that can drive golfers from the drink to a shrink, seas of sand and huge, fast-paced greens that make the pros see red.

Whenever golf courses are cussed and discussed, the name of Pete Dye inevitably comes up. Dye, an architect with 100 courses to his credit, has been a pain in the putter to pros for designing layouts many consider "unfair."

Dye figures that's a fair assessment. "Golf is not supposed to be a fair game," he says. "A guy tees off in the morning for a national open in blissful weather, and someone else plays in the afternoon in a thunderstorm. Is that fair? Golf has a great element of chance, and I think golf courses should have the same thing."

One of Dye's best-known works is at the Tournament Players Club at Ponte Vedra Beach, Florida, an outdoor torture chamber in many pros' estimations. The course has been known to eat players alive with its eccentric conditions and its mind-boggling, watery 17th-hole that claims golf balls by the dozens.

The 17th hole is an island green, a mere 132 yards from the tee. Though it should be a chip shot for pro golfers, for some reason this island in the stream often holds them at bay. "It absolutely psyches out the players," Dye says. "They can stand there before the tournament and hit the green 99 times out of 100. But because they're playing for $150,000, it's psychological torment. They just keep driving those balls into the water."

It's one kind of splash golfers don't like to make. "Those kinds of courses scare a lot of people, because golfers don't like to play over water," says the veteran pro Miller Barber.

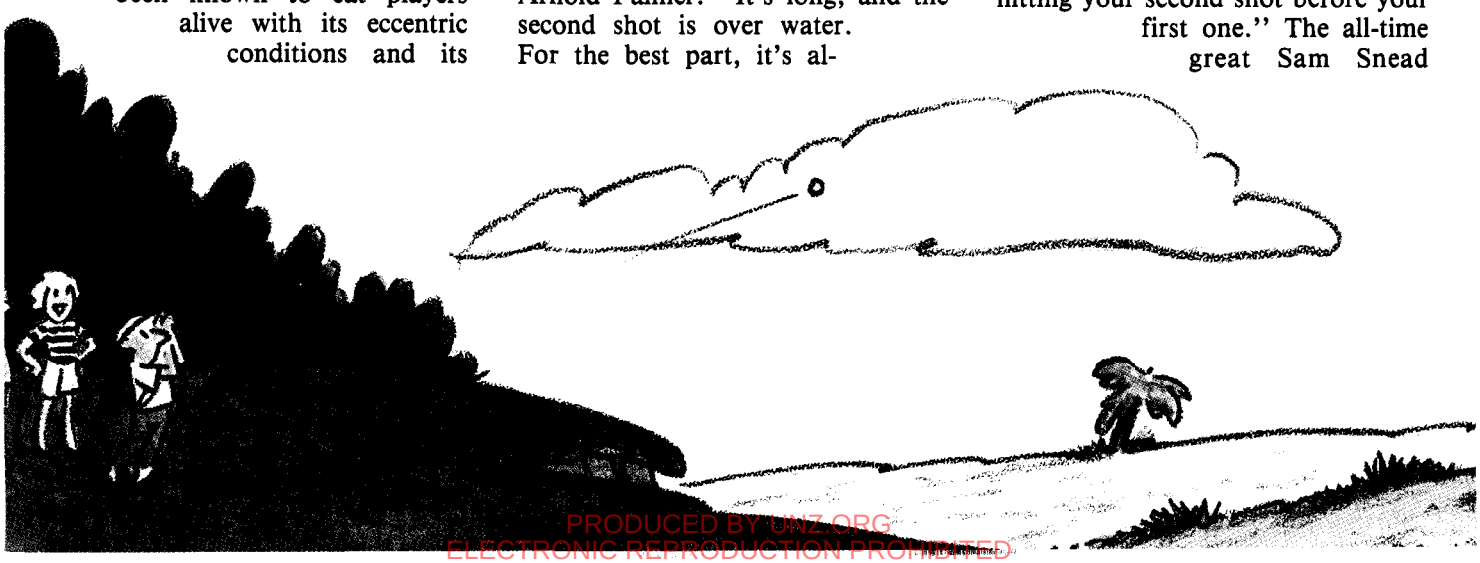
Along with the 17th hole at the TPC, other well-known Waterloos for the pros are the 18th at Bay Hill in Orlando, Florida, and the 16th at Cypress Point in California.

"The 18th at Bay Hill is one that has received a great deal of notoriety as the toughest hole on the tour and one that the pros would like to see made a little easier, I'm sure," says Arnold Palmer. "It's long, and the second shot is over water. For the best part, it's almost totally over water unless you lay up to the left side. The 16th at Cypress Point is a par three, over ocean all the way."

Like everyone else, Palmer has a "water" story. This one is from Pebble Beach in California, where he hit his ball into the water on the 17th hole. "I kept waiting for the waves to wash the ball up on the beach so I could hit it," he recalls.

As he waited, a dog befriended Palmer and stood watch with him. Of course a photographer got the picture of the two beachcombers, and it came out in the newspapers with the caption: Palmer Barking up the Wrong Tee. Palmer eventually got the ball out. "I made a nine on that hole," he says, unhappily.

The pros don't walk on water. Being mortal, they must contend with other obstacles, such as sand traps, difficult greens and weather conditions. Some of these hurdles can be found at Oakmont near Pittsburgh, which features a plethora of bunkers and greens as fast as any in the country. One pro says you become so gunshy of the Oakmont greens "you're hitting your second shot before your first one." The all-time great Sam Snead



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

once described Oakmont's quicksilver greens for a friend. Partially in jest, he said he "put down a dime—and it slipped away."

Palmer, himself an architect of golf courses as well as one of the game's greatest players, was obviously influenced by Oakmont when he drew up plans for the Bay Hill Club. Similar to Oakmont, it has plenty of sand traps placed throughout—but as Palmer says, "If you're hitting the ball well, and hitting it straight, you don't know how many traps there are on the course."

Golf isn't always a straightaway game, however. At times you need to use a circuitous route to reach your destination. At one particular golf course, which was not well-defined, a golfer was told by her caddy to "hit the ball in the middle of that large cloud." And darned if it didn't land on the green, on the other side of the bunker. The Royal Troon in Scotland is a similar kind of course, says Hollis Stacy. "The fairways are not well defined, and the caddy tells you where to aim. You don't see the fairway, just some green stuff. When you hit the drive, sometimes it winds up in a ten-foot bunker."

Traps and greens aside, perhaps the biggest factor for the touring pros is when rain, and especially wind, comes into play. Then their game can be a complete washout.

"I think ocean-side courses lend a whole different aspect to the game," Palmer says. "They don't necessarily have to be designed for anything particularly difficult—sand traps or narrow fairways, or what have you. On the seaside courses, it's generally weather and wind that have a major role in how a course plays.

"On a docile day, a no-wind day, generally some of the great seaside courses are fairly easy to score on. On the other side of the coin, most of the time when there's a wind coming off the ocean, or inland, these courses will play extremely difficult."

Pros talk about the winds in Florida that Ray Floyd calls "the worst on the tour." However, California's seaside resorts, such as Pebble Beach, can also be breezy.

Of course, Dye's course in Ponte Vedra Beach usually comes up in the conversation. To the pros, its winds are demons. To Dye, they're a delight. "The tournament is held there at the end of March because they want to get the March wind and the weather that goes along with it," Dye says. "It makes the golf course. It gives tremendous variation. One day you play into the wind, the next day you have a variable wind and it's gusty, and so forth. All the things that make a golf course great are not only the course itself, but the elements. When you have a tournament in Florida where you're liable to get more like Scottish weather, or English weather, that's part of the challenge."

The Tournament Players Club rival has been the old TPC at Sawgrass, also in Ponte Vedra Beach. There, the wind on occasion can very well knock your socks off, to say nothing of your golf ball. Bill Casper remembers one particular high-velocity day when wind blew the players around like paper dolls and blew their scores even higher. Whipped by the wind, Casper trudged back discouraged to the locker room. "There were seven or eight of the pros sitting around," Casper says. "These were pros, remember, not just everyday duffers. They asked me for my high score. I said I had a 7 on the 13th hole. 'Too bad, we already had a 10 there—you lose!' Here are all these pros, and they're keeping high scores, can you imagine? The highest that day was a 149, which averaged out to 10 a hole."

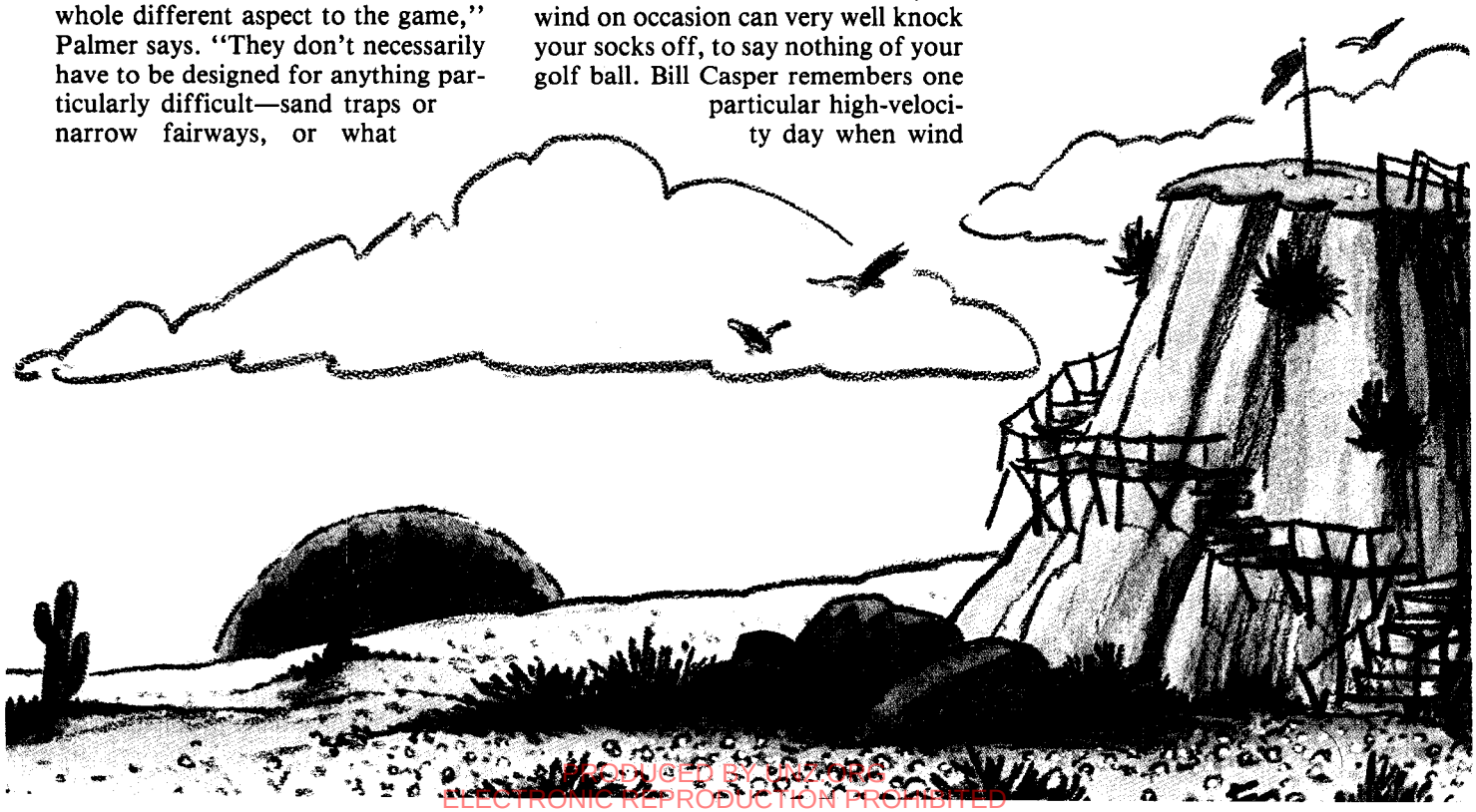
Some of the California courses are just as rough, particularly Pebble Beach, where golfers have sent their tee shots out to sea in hopes the gusts will blow the ball back onto the fairway. "I don't think anything is more treacherous than trying to play at Pebble Beach in the wind," says Doug Sanders. "Gary Player said Pebble Beach was the second windiest place in the world."

The first?

"Gary said, 'I don't know. The wind blew it away.' "

Pebble Beach—dubbed "Hurricane Alley" by some—has been a scene of frustration for more than one golfer, including such top celebrity players as the actor Basil Rathbone, best known for his roles as

continued on page 104



PRODUCED BY MAZOR
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SCHOOLS THAT ARE MAKING A DIFFERENCE

As the trend toward private education increases, evangelical Christian schools have become the fastest growing in the country, and they're shaping the minds and lives of nearly one million young Americans.

by Ron Wilson

The issue of prayer in schools has no bearing on the children at the little white schoolhouse in Newton, Iowa. After a boisterous Pledge of Allegiance, the first-and second-graders burst into a hearty verse or two of "Jesus Loves Me." Following that, several volunteers offer prayers, and on this particular morning their teacher has a special request. She asks them to pray for her grandmother, who is going to surgery that day in a hospital in nearby Des Moines.

The school is Newton Christian, and it is one of some 13,000 private, Protestant, evangelical schools now operating in America. No more than several hundred such schools existed 20 years ago, but now, as the trend toward private education increases, the Christian schools are the fastest growing in the country, and they're shaping the minds and lives of nearly one million young Americans.

Almost one-fourth of the nation's schools are now nonpublic—a number up considerably from 1950. The reason for the trend is no mystery. Parents perceive that private schools have more to offer. A study done in 1981 by James Coleman for the National Center for Education Statistics reinforces those beliefs. Its finding: "Private schools produce better cognitive outcomes than do public schools with comparable students." They also "provide better character and personality development and a more disciplined and orderly environment. . .are more successful in creating an interest in learning. . .encourage interest in higher education and lead more of their students to attend college." Finally, the report showed, they "are more efficient, accomplishing their educational task at a lower cost."

Not all private schools are flourishing, however. Many years ago, Roman Catholics recognized the need for establishing their own schools. Centered heavily in urban areas, the schools grew and prospered until the last 15 or 20 years. But as American Catholics moved out of the city to the suburbs, parochial schools fell on hard times. Catholic-school enrollment has actually dropped from 5.5 million students in 1965 to 3 million in 1984.

President Reagan needs no introduction to Dr. Paul A. Kienel, who has brought the concerns of Christian schools to the White House on numerous occasions.

Jewish schools have taken an opposite turn. Begun during the mass immigration of Jews from Eastern Europe at the turn of the century, these schools have recently seen an upsurge in enrollment. Jewish families who once relied on weekend classes for religious education now see Jewish schools as a way to strengthen identity.

As parental dismay with the public-school system mounted in the 1960s and '70s, parents began looking for options for their children. But most private schools couldn't accommodate the influx or were too parochial for outsiders.

That brought local churches into the scene. They had facilities that stood empty all week. Why not use them for day schools? In some places, concerned parents met and formed their own nondenominational schools, and in time, all these banded together.

The biggest and probably the most aggressive of the new groups is the Association of Christian Schools International, which serves nearly 400,000 students and is headquartered in California. Its director, a California educator named Paul Kienel, calls the current rise in Christian schools a "rebirth." The Puritans started the first schools in the New World, he notes, and they were private and Christian. Public schools came along later as a result of needed social reform.

"Bible-centered, Protestant Christian schools existed in America 217 years before public schools were established," Kienel says. "From the landing of the Pilgrims at Plymouth Rock in 1620 to state-controlled public schools established by Horace Mann in 1837, America's schools were Christ centered and committed to a high level of literacy."

But some view the endorsement of Christian schools as an anti-American abandonment of the public schools. "The reestablishment of Protestant Christian schools in America is indeed threatening to some people in the public-school community," says Kienel, "but our first concern as parents is to do what we know is best for our children. That is why we enroll them in Christian schools. There may be solutions to the public-school problem, but sending our children to public schools to solve these problems is not the answer."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Some critics have charged that Christian schools are nothing but "white flight" academies that are flourishing because parents want to avoid racial integration in the public schools.

But, Kienel continues: "While the unrest created by desegregation and by the public-school crosstown busing programs may have caused parents to search for alternatives to busing, studies show that Christian schools have come into existence primarily for spiritual and academic reasons. Madalyn O'Hair's dubious success at getting prayers removed from public schools stimulated many parents to seek out Christian schools."

In his study of Christian schools, Peter Skerry, a Harvard University researcher, concluded: "These schools were established primarily out of religious, not racial, convictions, and the quality of instruction they offer matches or exceeds that given in most public schools."

The Coleman study, referred to previously, reported that a higher percentage of minority students attend public schools than private—but that minorities who attend private and religious schools "are substantially less segregated in the private sector than in the public sector."

Perhaps the most basic question about Christian schools goes right to the bottom line. Can they compete economically with the public schools? And, if not, do their academic programs suffer? Each year, according to Kienel, the ACSI administers the Stanford Achievement Test to more than 100,000 Christian-school students. The results, he says, show the average achievement levels of Christian-school students to be one full year ahead of the national norm. Studies don't show just how bright the evangelical Christian-school students are compared to the national norm, but they indicate that Christian-school students do not suffer from inept teaching.

Lucille Mullins, of Heritage Christian School in Charlottesville, Virginia, brings 39 years teaching experience to the classroom.

Take Lucille Mullins, a teacher at the Heritage Christian School in Charlottesville, Virginia. She's completing 39 years of teaching, including public schools and a private secular school before Heritage Christian, notes the school's superintendent, Harold Bare: "She *knows* how to teach."

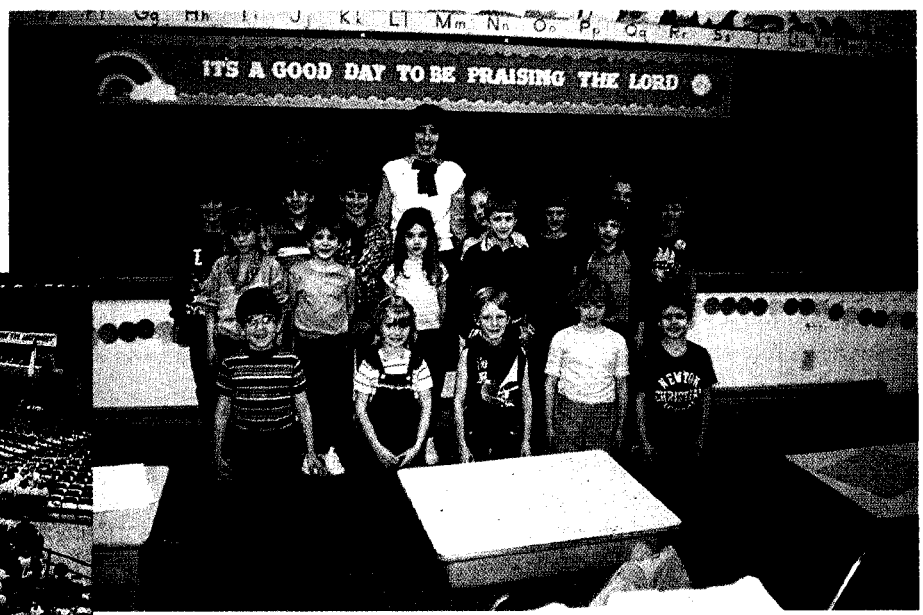
Bare says that Christian schools have a much smaller student-teacher ratio than most public schools, and this, he suggests, gets to the heart of the difference.

"You can measure achievement on tests," argues the ACSI's Kienel, "but we're concerned just as much with values and behavior. A Christian school is first and foremost a community of Christian scholars working out their view of the world in both the curriculum and in their own lives. That's what makes Heritage Christian School different than P.S. No. 35 down the street or the George Washington Grammar School in some other town."

Christian schools, like other private schools, fight the image of a haven for rich kids, but again the numbers shatter the myth. After a recent study, the Council for American Private Education stated: "As a group, the parents of private-school children belie the image of an affluent elite. Sixty percent earn less than $20,000 a year." Christian-school tuition is approximately $1,200 per year, less than half the cost the taxpayers pay for each child in public school.

The new evangelical schools have struggled to keep a high quality in

continued on page 112



(Left) More than 6,500 Christian educators attend the annual ACSI-sponsored convention in Anaheim, California. (Above) At Newton (Iowa) Christian School, Mary Sparks leads daily devotions after the Pledge of Allegiance.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ALCOHOLICS ANONYMOUS CELEBRATES ITS 50th YEAR

Fifty years ago this summer two men managed to cast off the chains of their alcohol addiction. The fellowship they founded has saved the lives of millions.

by Baz Edmeades

The March 1, 1941, *Saturday Evening Post* (adorned with an appealing Norman Rockwell cover and costing five cents) is a historic issue. It contains a Jack Alexander story that turned Alcoholics Anonymous, an obscure self-help organization, into an American institution.

AA's growth has not leveled off in the intervening years. The fellowship now has more than one million members, and its message of spiritual renewal is felt world-wide.

This July in Montreal, Canada, some 50,000 people from around the world will meet to celebrate AA's 50th birthday. They will gather without hoopla or hype, for AA has a firm policy against promotion. The meeting, nonetheless, will be one of celebration, an expression of "sheer joy" by recovered alcoholics and their families. Among the honored guests will be the surviving relatives of two strong-willed men without whom Alcoholics Anonymous would never have been founded. This is their incredible story:

Within a year of Jack Alexander's report on Alcoholics Anonymous in *The Saturday Evening Post*, AA's ranks leaped from 2,000 to 8,000 and continued to climb. The *Post* is still hearing from grateful relatives of alcoholics. We received this letter in 1982: "Your magazine did the ultimate service for my father. . . . Physically a wreck, having d.t.'s, he would not have lived long. . . . I took him to the nearest chapter meeting. . .and he swore he would never drink again."

Alcoholics Anonymous was founded in 1935 after a New York stockbroker, William Griffith Wilson, met a fellow alcoholic, Dr. Robert Holbrook Smith, in Akron, Ohio. The fellowship is reckoned to have started on June 10 of that year, the day that Dr. Smith took his last drink, a beer accompanied by a tranquilizer. Dr. Smith needed to steady his nerves—he was about to perform an operation.

The whole story starts a few years earlier. A pebble from the Alps had started the avalanche of recovery that was to become Alcoholics Anonymous. In 1931 the Swiss psychoanalyst Carl Jung was treating an American named Rowland H. for a drinking problem. No sooner had therapy ended, however, than Rowland lapsed back into drunkenness. Refusing to take him back as a patient, Jung told Rowland bluntly that further psychiatric measures were pointless. His only hope of recovery, said Jung, lay in a "vital" spiritual experience.

Returning to the United States, Rowland found spirituality—and sobriety—with the Oxford Group, an evangelistic organization founded by a Lutheran minister, Dr. Frank Buchman. Rowland shared Jung's message, and his own experience, with other problem drinkers whom he met through the group.

As a result of Rowland's efforts, at least one member, Ebby T., was able to stop drinking for a time. Near the end of 1934, Ebby, then about six months sober, went to Brooklyn to see his old friend Bill Wilson, who had fallen upon hard times.

Bill, a tall, good-looking man, had been one of the first, and best, security analysts on the New York Stock Exchange. He had conceived the notion that investors would do well to take a closer look at the businesses whose stocks they were buying. He and his wife, Lois, had quit their jobs and taken to the road to do just that.

His breakthrough was to discover the great investment potential of the General Electric Company at the advent of radio. Other coups followed and brought Bill prestige and success. The crash of 1929 hurt Bill, but he made no less than two financial recoveries in the early '30s. Alcohol (in the heart of Prohibition!) finally reduced him to poverty. A friend remembered how things were during

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

this period:

"Nearly half a century has passed, but I can still see Bill coming into Ye Olde Illegal Bar on a freezing afternoon with a slow stride—he never hurried—and looking over with lofty dignity at the stack of bottles back of the bar, containing those rare imported beverages straight off the liner from Hoboken. One time at Whitehall subway station, not far from Busto's [a speak-easy] he took a tumble down the steps. The old brown hat stayed on; but, wrapped up in that long overcoat, he looked like a collapsed sailboat on the subway platform. I recall how his face lit up when he fished out of the heap of clothes an unbroken bottle of gin," he reminisced.

At the time of Ebby's visit, Bill was becoming violent and increasingly abusive; his doctor suspected brain damage. For Bill, self-hate was the daily companion to the terror that he and Lois felt. Ebby, on the other hand, looked and felt good. Rather hesitantly, he explained how he had stopped drinking. He didn't really expect to get through, but as Bill was to confess later, "In no waking moment could I get that man or his message out of my head."

Bill continued, however, to drink. A month later, he was back in Charles B. Towns hospital, an alcoholic rehabilitation center, for the fourth time. Ebby paid him another visit there. Bill asked him to repeat the "neat little formula" that had enabled him to stop drinking; Ebby did so "in perfectly good humor." The process involved admitting that you were beaten, getting honest with yourself, talking it out with somebody else, making restitution to the people you had harmed and praying to your own conception of a God.

Bill was, to say the least, uncomfortable with the idea of a higher power, but he was in the grip of a terrible depression—his pride could no longer hold out against the danger and disgrace drinking had brought upon him. Suddenly he found himself prepared to do "anything, anything at all." Without faith or hope he cried, "If there be a God, let Him show Himself!"

Then came the event that would change everything. "Suddenly the room lit up with a great white light. I was caught up in an ecstasy that there are no words to describe. It seemed to me, in the mind's eye, that I was on a mountain and that a wind not of air but of spirit was blowing. And then it burst upon me that I was a free man."

The biggest meeting of AA members and their families ever held was the July 4, 1980, get-together of 25,000 in New Orleans' Superdome. Twice that number are expected at AA's 50th-anniversary celebration this summer in Montreal.

Stockbroker whiz William Griffith Wilson and M.D. Robert Holbrook Smith had something more than addiction to alcohol in common. Both were Episcopalians who hailed from Vermont. Their meeting in Akron, Ohio, in the summer of 1935 led to the founding of Alcoholics Anonymous.

Dr. Bob Smith, AA's cofounder, dedicated countless hours to the treatment of alcoholics at Saint Thomas Hospital in Akron, Ohio. Sister Mary Ignatia of the Sisters of Charity of Saint Augustine (above) aided him in his work from 1939 to 1952. She died in 1966.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

In later years Bill was to downplay this event. With cheerful iconoclasm, he would refer to it as his "hot flash" experience. He insisted that his real battle with ignorance and arrogance lay ahead. But he never took another drink.

Ever the skeptical Yankee, Bill suspected initially that his "hot flash" might have been nothing more than a hallucination associated with the d.t.'s. He discussed this fear with the hospital's chief of staff, Dr. William D. Silkworth. Silkworth, a neurologist, had already introduced Bill to the idea, unorthodox at the time, that alcoholism was a disease rather than a moral weakness. Now he affirmed that Bill had undergone "some great psychic occurrence" and advised him to hold on to it.

Life began anew for the Wilsons. They attended Oxford Group meetings and lived off the small wages Lois was earning as a salesclerk in a Brooklyn department store. Bill yearned to become the family's breadwinner once again, but he had always been the slave of his own enthusiasm. Caught up in something, he would give it all his considerable energies.

Now Bill was consumed by the idea of a movement of recovered alcoholics who would help their still-suffering fellows. He was convinced the message from Dr. Silkworth and from Ebby T. could work for other alcoholics, too. Ebby's message had been particularly effective. Ebby knew the hopelessness and blindness of alcoholism from the inside; surely his empathy had enabled him to get through to Bill when nobody else—not even Lois—could. The first six months of Bill's sobriety were spent in enthusiastic but fruitless attempts to help other alcoholics. Bill's approach was almost exclusively spiritual. Finally, Dr. Silkworth, who was permitting him to speak to patients at Towns, suggested bluntly that he "stop preaching at drunks" and concentrate on the medical facts instead. If an alcoholic could be told *by another alcoholic* that he had a serious illness, that might do the trick. . . .

Bill did not put this advice into practice immediately. A business opportunity intervened. He went to Akron to take part in a proxy voting battle for the control of the National Rubber Machinery Company. The prize would be a position as an officer in the company and a new career. He was, after all, only 39, and great things still seemed possible. For a while, the proxy solicitations went well, and victory appeared to be in Bill's grasp. Abruptly, however, the tide turned in favor of the opposition. Bill's past offered them an excellent weapon they did not hesitate to use. The battle was lost. Bill's associates returned to New York and left him alone in Akron to salvage the situation.

It was Friday afternoon, and Bill faced a weekend alone in a strange city. Lonely, and resentful over his defeat, he paced up and down in the lobby of his hotel. At one end of his beat was a bar, where the familiar buzz of a drinking crowd offered comfort and conversation. Bill was gripped by fear. He thought of his work with other alcoholics during the past six months. Unsuccessful as it had been from *their* point of view, the work had certainly kept *him* sober. Now he needed another alcoholic as much as that person needed him.

He called an Episcopal clergyman listed on the church directory displayed in the lobby and explained his situation as frankly as he could. One call led to another, and by Sunday he found himself in the home of a young woman member of the Oxford Group. She wanted him to speak to her friend, Dr. Robert Smith, who had recently confessed to being a drinker. Dr. Smith arrived at five that afternoon with his wife and teen-age son in tow. Hung over, he explained he could only stay 15 minutes. He stayed six hours.

Bob Smith's drinking had been a serious problem since he had been at medical school. The suffering involved in maintaining a facade through the subsequent years had been considerable. Fifty-five years old, he had by all accounts been an excellent doctor. Now, however, his career was in ruins, and his financial position desperate.

At the invitation of Bob's wife, Anne, Bill stayed with the Smiths for the rest of his time in Akron. A month later, Bob took his last drink. Only weeks later Bob and Bill carried the message to another man, Bill D., a lawyer who had had to be tied to his hospital bed after he had blackened the eyes of two nurses. Bill D. found permanent sobriety.

Through Bob and Bill's efforts the self-help society began to grow. Bill was the pioneer, the promoter and the organizer, but Bob was unsurpassed at working personally with alcoholics. In the next few years, he would treat thousands without charge —in addition to rebuilding his career as a surgeon. "It is difficult," wrote a priest who worked with Bob, "to speak of Dr. Smith without going into eulogistic superlatives. While he lived, he laughed them off, and now, though [he is] dead, I feel he still

At AA meetings, members relate stories about their experiences with alcohol and discuss the all-important Twelve Steps to sobriety. The fellowship's one million members worldwide represents only a small part of the estimated 10 million men and women suffering from alcoholism in the United States alone.

continued on page 102

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THIS MAY BE THE MOST IMPORTANT MAGAZINE YOU READ.

AMERICAN HEALTH®
Fitness of Body and Mind

While most magazines tell you how other people live their lives, **American Health** keeps you informed on how to live *your* life better. How to eat better. How to avoid stress. What nutrients your body needs every day. And much, much more news you can use on the dramatic changes going on in the exciting world of **American Health.**

Every issue of **American Health** features helpful hints on dental and medical care, nutrition and science news. Ten times a year, **American Health** explores and reports on new discoveries in vital areas of health and fitness. And you'll enjoy **American Health**'s way of making even the most difficult issues short and simple to understand.

Discover **American Health** today. And find out why **American Health** may be the most important magazine you ever read.

AMERICAN HEALTH—ONE FREE ISSUE!
Fill in and send coupon to: American Health, *P.O. Box 3016, Harlan, IA 51593*
Yes, *please send me a complimentary copy of* American Health *and enter my subscription for nine additional issues — ten issues in all — for just $12.95 (35% off single copy price!).*
I understand that you will bill me later for these 10 issues and that if I should choose not to continue my subscription, I may simply write "cancel" on my bill, return it and owe nothing. The complimentary issue of American Health *will be mine to keep.*

name

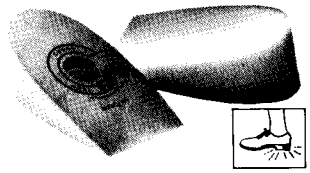
address apt.

city state zip

Additional postage: Canada, add $3; elsewhere, add $6 payable in advance in U.S. currency. Please allow 6-8 weeks for delivery of first issue. **MHG10**

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Do your heels ache?



Why suffer another day with sore heels (**and even heel spur aches**) when **Cushi-Heel Pillow** gives you quick relief **while you walk or run?** Developed by an athlete, who suffered just as you do, and who couldn't find anything which helped. His U.S. patented (No. 3,984,926) pads are exactly the right shape, density and compression to cushion the weight your heels must bear. Mailmen, housewives, waitresses, sales people, nurses, bartenders, school teachers, people who *must* be on their feet all swear by them. Joggers, tennis, golf, basketball and racquetball players find they can now play in comfort, even with **heel spur** problems. **If not satisfied, return within 10 days for full and prompt refund.**

Calderon Products, Inc.
119 Fairlawn Plaza Drive, Dept. 244
P.O. Box 5387, Akron, OH 44313 • (216) 864-8100

☐ One pair Cushi Heel Pillows **$6.75** p.pd.
☐ Save! Two pairs for only **$11.40** p.pd.
☐ Save more! Three pairs for only **$15.30** p.pd.

Fast delivery! Shipped by First Class Mail.
Enclosed: ☐ check ☐ money order ☐ cash
Visa — MasterCard holders order
Toll Free 1-800-824-7888, Operator 941
24 hrs. a day, 7 days a week.
Ohio residents add 5 ½% sales tax.
Specify shoe size:
Men's shoe size _____ Women's shoe size _____
Name _____
Address _____
City _____
State _____ Zip _____

VAN-TYPE TRAILERS

. . .of all sizes for all uses for hauling cargo, furniture, snowmobiles, cycles and music and entertainment equipment; for vendors and concessionaires; for hobbies, industries and contractors. Wells Cargo, Inc., P.O. Box 728-639, Elkhart, IN 46515. Phone 1-800-348-7553 or (219) 264-9661. Literature free.

PHONE HEARING AID

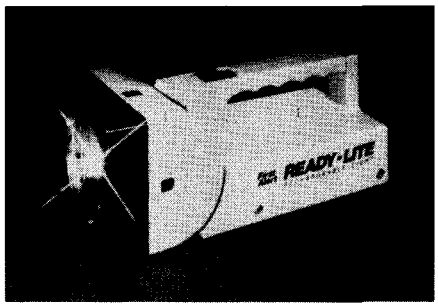
Now Hear This. Every word comes through loud and clear. Thanks to this telephone aid you can stop the embarrassment of asking callers to repeat themselves. Compact device slips on and off any phone instantly. Volume control adjusts to compensate for background noise or poor hearing. Uses AA battery (not included).
Only $9.95 plus $2.45 p&h.
Send Check or M.O. 20 day money back guarantee.

HOLST, INC. Dept. SPT-785 , 1118 W. Lake, Box 370, Tawas City, MI 48763

Post Sampler

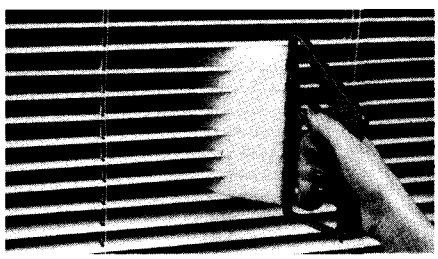
You won't be left in the dark

. . .with the Ready-Lite rechargeable light from First Alert. It's better than



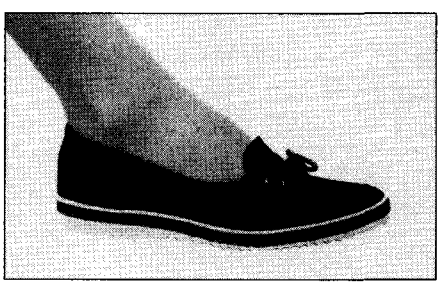
a flashlight because it's always fully charged and hanging right where you can find it. Has adjustable beam width and swivel head. Best of all, Ready-Lite shines 50 percent longer on a single charge than the other leading brand.

Blind-cleaner



Seven-finger tool for mini, vertical or Venetian blinds. All seven synthetic lamb's-wool rollers slip in and whisk away dust from blinds with one motion. Soiled rollers can be removed and washed. $9.95 plus $1 p&h; two for $18 plus $1.45 p&h. Holst, Inc., Dept. SPB-585, 1118 West Lake, Box 370, Tawas City, MI 48763.

Sailcloth slip-on

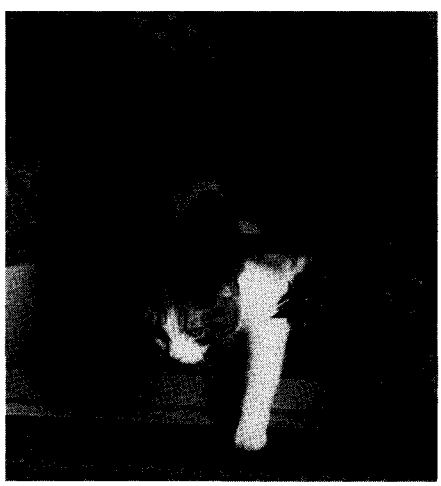


For ship or shore—terry-cloth lining and padded insole. White, red, beige, navy with red trim and tie. Full, half sizes: 6-10, 11N; 5-10, 11M. Only $19.95 (reg. $22). Add $2.25 p&h (one); $3.50 (two); $4.25 (three). Major credit cards accepted. Old Pueblo Traders, Dept. BZT1B, 3740 E. 34th St., Tucson, AZ 85713-5305.

Safe pet stain & odor cleaner

DoneGon® concentrate cleans pet stains instantly. pH7 (neutral) concentrate safe full strength on toughest stains, or quart makes 6 gallons for general cleaning. Quart $5.95, ½ gal. $10.95, gallon $18.95, shipping paid. Satisfaction guaranteed. Safer Chemical Co., Dept. EP-2, 4002 Minden Ave., Texarkana, AR 75502.

Pet screen door

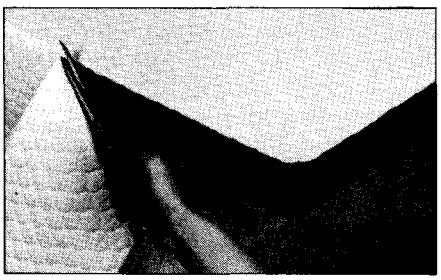


Creates an in-and-out pathway. 8x10 opening is large enough for most pets. Two inside locks keep your pet in or out. Mounts to any type of screen in less than five minutes—no bolts or screws. Bronze or gray; $19.95 ppd. (CA residents add sales tax). Borwick Innovations, Inc., P.O. Box 30345, Dept. SP, Santa Barbara, CA 93130.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Quilted table protector

52"x90" pad can be custom trimmed to fit any size table. Tablecloths



drape crisply. Thick polyester insulation is covered on both sides by quilted white vinyl; it's heat resistant and waterproof; prevents mars. $9.95 plus $3 shpg. Holst, Inc., Dept. SPP-785, 1118 West Lake, Box 370, Tawas City, MI 48763.

Personalized sewing labels

Your originals deserve these washable, woven-rayon, taffeta labels. Sew into knits, dresses. Eggshell background, rich red printing, multicolored trim. Specify "handmade" or "made especially" and your name per set. We ship in 48 hours; 20/$4.95, 40/$7.95, 80/$11.95. Gemini Gifts, Dept. 106-B, 5695 Xenon Way, Arvada, CO 80002.

Hush Puppies' canvas espadrilles

In full and half sizes—only $19.95. Updated version of the canvas insole,

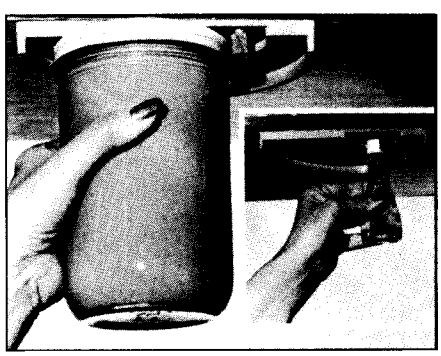
suede nonslip sole, heel cup, 2¼" jute-wrapped wedge, cut-out vamp. Colors: natural, navy, red, black. 6-10N; 5-10M; 6-9W. Add $2.25 p&h (one); $3.50 (two); $4.25 (three). Old Pueblo Traders, Dept. BZT1C, 3740 E. 34th St., Tucson, AZ 85713-5305.

---

100 percent cotton crinkle blouse

Soft feminine look—washable, imported. Five colors: white, green, red, royal blue, soft yellow. $12.95 each (regular $14.95); save $6.00 when you buy two for $19.90. Add $2.25 p&h (one); $3.50 (two); $4.25 (three). Money-back guarantee. Shopping International, Dept. ASL3B, 3740 E. 34th St., Tucson, AZ 85713-5305.

Un-Skru opens lids easily



Slip your jar into the Un-Skru until it wedges; then turn the jar. One-hand operation for lids ranging in size from ½" to 5" wide. Made of plastic with a steel "gripper." $7.50 plus $1.00 postage; 2/$14.50 plus $1.45 postage. Order from Holst, Inc., Box 370, Dept. SP-585, 1118 West Lake, Tawas City, MI 48763.

Planer Molder Saw

3 Power Feed TOOLS in 1

Now you can use this ONE power-feed shop to turn rough lumber into moldings, trim, flooring, furniture —ALL popular patterns. RIP-PLANE-MOLD . . . separately or all at once with a single motor. Low Cost . . . You can own this power tool for only $50 down.

30-Day FREE Trial! SEND FOR EXCITING FACTS

NO OBLIGATION—NO SALESMAN WILL CALL

RUSH COUPON TODAY!

FOLEY-BELSAW CO.
90668 FIELD BLDG.
KANSAS CITY, MO. 64111

FOLEY BELSAW
Foley-Belsaw Co.
90668 Field Bldg.
Kansas City, Mo. 64111

☐ YES Please send me complete facts about PLANER–MOLDER–SAW and details about 30-day trial offer.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

HUNTERS • FISHERMEN • FIREMEN • SKIERS

RED SUSPENDERS

Also (solid black) (olive stripe) (red, white and blue stripe):
1½" Wide—Heavy Duty
Adjustable Length
Specify Clip End—(Illus.) or Button End $7.50 pr. plus $1.25 p.p.

YANKEE WORKBENCH

$1.00 for color Brochure Dept. SP, Harvard Rd., Littleton, Mass. 01460

Ride up and down stairs safely.

Cheney has the lift you need. The deluxe Wecolator® for straight, curved and spiral staircases or the economical Liberty™ Lifts for straight stairways. You'll ride safely from floor to floor in the home you love.

- **Wide comfortable seats and footrests**
- **Folds out of the way for normal stair use**
- **Individualized options, decorator colors**
- **Unmatched limited warranties**

Contact your local Cheney representative or call Darlene Lewis toll free 1-800-782-1222.

Helping people help themselves

The CHENEY Company

Dept. SP, 2445 S. Calhoun Rd., New Berlin, WI 53151
414-782-1100

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The incredible mowing machine... cuts the heavy stuff with ease!

Self-propelled sickle bar mower breezes through heavy weeds, tall brush, up to 2" saplings, rough grass, small hay fields. Floating 38" wide sickle knife follows ground contour without hangups. Individual wheel clutches for easy all-terrain operation. Factory-direct price!

WRITE FOR DETAILED LITERATURE

KINCO Dept. 5357, 170 N. Pascal, St. Paul, MN 55104 • 612/644-4666

PRINT NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

SHINE IT!

SIMICHROME . . .
world's finest all-metal polish! Great for silver, brass, chrome . . . virtually any metal. Available at jewelry, antique and gift shops. Or send $12.95 for three tubes (includes handling) to:
COMPETITION CHEMICALS
Dept. 122 • P.O. Box 820
Iowa Falls, Iowa 50126

AUTHORS WANTED BY NEW YORK PUBLISHER

Leading subsidy book publisher seeks manuscripts of all types: fiction, non-fiction, poetry, scholarly and juvenile works, etc. New authors welcomed. Send for free, illustrated 40-page brochure L-61
Vantage Press, 516 W. 34 St., New York, N.Y. 10001

PET IDENTIFICATION TAGS

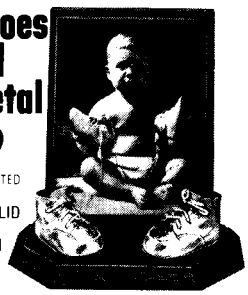
We ship in 48 hours

FOR PET'S SAKE — Stainless steel I.D. tag ensures a safe return of your lost pet. Pet's name plus your name, address, phone no. engraved. Handy hook attaches to animal's collar. $3. ppd.
Gemini Engraving Co. Dept. 106-A 5695 Xenon Way Arvada, CO 80002

ATTENTION BEAR LOVERS!

48 page catalogue devoted exclusively to bears and bear related items. For bear lovers of all ages. Send $1.00 for subscription to our catalogue.
Fran Lewis' bear-in-mind, inc.
20 Beharrell St., Dept. SP-85
Concord, MA 01742

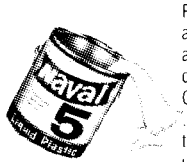
Summer Special!
Baby's First Shoes Bronze-Plated in Solid Metal
only $5.99 A PAIR UNMOUNTED



Limited time! Baby's precious shoes gorgeously plated in SOLID METAL. Don't confuse lifetime BRONZE-PLATING with painted imitations. Order in complete confidence. 100% Money-Back Guarantee!
SEND NO MONEY! Rush name & address for full details, money-saving certificate & handy mailing sack to
AMERICAN BRONZING CO. Box 6533-G34, Bexley, Ohio 43209

Joyce E. Nichols'
SECRET OF PLAYING BY EAR
(*The original book*, profusely illustrated, coinciding with her famous audio/visual course at Arizona colleges)
It's for beginners and advanced . . . for all ages . . . for all who want to *play by ear, transposing* and *improvising* any type of music. *"This book is the missing link to music!"* one student so aptly describes it.
Satisfaction guaranteed! Or full refund in 7 days.
Send $19.95 to Nichols, 7625 E. Camelback Rd. 418B SE7, Scottsdale, AZ 85251 (For Visa or MC orders, call 602-945-2771, 24 hr. Give name, address, Card #.)

LIQUID PLASTIC
(NOT SOLD IN STORES)



Polyurethane that applies like paint forms a skin so tough it won't crack, chip or peel. Cuts painting costs . . . covers and protects like a shield of unbreakable glass.

WATERPROOF IN 30 MINUTES
Adheres to practically anything. Stops leaks. Ideal for concrete, aluminum, wood, masonry, canvas, any metal. Clear or any major color. Just specify. Order NAVAL 5.

Ship as follows: ( ) Qts. at $8.95 each. ( ) Gal. at $25.95. ( ) 5 Gals. at $20 per gal.
Shipping Charges: Qts. add $1.75 to your total, Gal. add $3.00 to your total.

Rosedale Chemical Co., Dept. X X
P.O. Box 3042, Rosedale, Kan. 66103

Ballysaggert

continued from page 65

again. "All clear as yet," I said, clasping her in my arms and hanging the key on its hook again behind her back, while her mind was otherwise occupied. "But I'd better be going, even so."

It was as easy as that, misfortune to me. Half an hour and a pound of lump sugar later I was leading the horse up to the trap door of the fort.

"Psst," I said. "I have him." Father and Uncle Jamesy came out to look.

"Why in the name of heaven didn't you tell us you were going to do it tonight, you stupid gawn?" said my father. "What are we going to do with it till Peter Lowry comes? And even then he has to fetch his friend. Where are we going to hide a thing that size and the sergeant tearing down the mountains to look for it?"

I hadn't thought of any of that, but I was inspired that night. There was the horse blowing down my neck, looking for more sugar. And there was the black mouth of the open trap door into the side of the Fairy Fort.

"In there," I said. "Five minutes work with a spade round the sides of the trap door will make a hole big enough for him, and then we've eased him inside the fort and put the sods of turf back again, the head of all the police in Ireland wouldn't guess there was a horse hidden in there."

And after a bit of argument with Uncle Jamesy, that's what we did. Inside of an hour we had the horse as snug inside the still as if it was in its own stable. Snugger indeed, for I'll guarantee the sergeant never gave it mashed potatoes to eat, nor a bucket of second-run poteen to drink, to keep it quiet and happy while it was waiting for Peter Lowry's friend.

But there was no rest for me. I had to be down to the village again to look for Peter Lowry, who was courting a girl there on his own account. And that was how I ran into trouble. I hadn't set foot in the village street before I saw the sergeant rampaging along, practically carrying poor Philomena by the scruff of her neck.

"Where is it then?" he was roaring. "Where is the blasted horse if you never left eyes off of it? Out, you've been, that's what. Skylarking

continued on page 80

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Medical reprints and health education aids

☐ ABC's of Taking Your Blood Pressure:*	1	A step-by-step instructional guide to monitoring your own blood pressure. $2.
☐ CPR:*	2	Cardiopulmonary resuscitation—CPR—is a life-skill everyone should know. This pamphlet gives you step-by-step instructions. $1.
☐ Herpes:*	3	An inexpensive food substance as a treatment for herpes? Yes! This booklet has the latest scientific findings. $3.
☐ Lessen Your Cancer Risk:*	4	A noted oncologist gives you a straightforward report on cancer, its factors and how you can lessen your risks. A national survey form is also included. $3.
☐ Glaucoma:	5	The silent thief of sight, glaucoma, is exposed in this report contained in the international health newsletter, *Medical Update*. $1.
☐ The Chemistry of Depression in Suicide:	6	Causes, considerations and therapies are contained in this 26-page booklet by psychiatrist Dr. Marian DeMyer. $2.
☐ Menopause: Making It a Change for the Better:	7	Menopause is a change, sometimes a difficult change. But B.A. Vinocur reveals how you can make it a change for the better. $1.50.
☐ Don't Let Old Age Shrink You:*	8	Osteoporosis. It can make you brittle, and actually shrink you. Learn how you can combat this age-related disease with calcium. $1.
☐ Marijuana: The Myth of Harmlessness Goes Up in Smoke:*	9	Marijuana. Still a problem. Still too little knowledge about the problem. Nationally noted expert and author, Peggy Mann, tells how you can set the record straight with your loved ones. $3.
☐ Melanoma:*	10	That harmless looking mole on your back has been changing color. Does it mean anything? This informative pamphlet gives you the warning signs of malignant melanoma. $1.
☐ Arthritis:*	11	Arthritis is the nation's number-one cripler. The battle being waged against arthritis is untiring. Current treatments include exercise and diet to the venom of Bolivian ants. This is a special reprint featuring three separate articles. $3.
☐ Help for Premenstrual Syndrome:*	12	Experts estimate that almost every woman, at one time or another during the years she menstruates, has some symptoms of PMS. This report examines PMS and what can be done for it. $3.
☐ Infertility:*	13	Why you aren't pregnant may require a simple drugstore purchase—a thermometer—and a dash of patience. Read this two-part report by Dr. Sherman Silber, noted fertility specialist. $3.
☐ Solving the Cancer Puzzle:*	14	Can any everyday food substance such as L-lysine be a key in solving the cancer puzzle? Read about this amino acid and how it may be the missing answer to the cancer threat. $1.

The Saturday Evening Post Society, Health Reprints
P.O. Box 1144, Indianapolis, IN 46206 * *Original articles from The Saturday Evening Post*

Yes! I want to update my health education library. Send me the following reprints from your health archives. ____ ____ ____ ____

Enclosed is check/money order in the amount of $ _____

MasterCard ☐ VISA ☐ Card No. _____

If MasterCard, enter 4-digit Interbank # ____ ____ ____ ____

Signature: _____

Name: _____

Address: _____

City: _____ State _____ Zip _____

(Society members are eligible for a 15 percent discount.) 5E

CRINKLE COTTON Caftan

ONLY $19.95

Slip into a caftan that's pure delight in a beautiful billow of soft crinkle cotton. Imported from Pakistan. Colors: BLUE, HOT PINK, GREEN, IVORY. SIZE: Slender (6-12) or Full (14-20). HEIGHT: Petite (5'1"-5'4") or Tall (5'5"-5'9").

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

FOR FAST PERSONAL SERVICE
CALL (602) 747-5000 Charge orders only.
We accept Visa, MasterCard, Am. Ex., Diners Club.

shopping international®

Dept. ASL3A, 3740 E. 34th St., Tucson, AZ. 85713-5305

☐ I do not wish to order now but have enclosed $1 to receive a ***CATALOG*** and ***$2 BONUS CHECK*** good on first order.

Add $2.25 p&h one item, $3.50 for two, $4.25 for three. Az. res. add 7% tax.

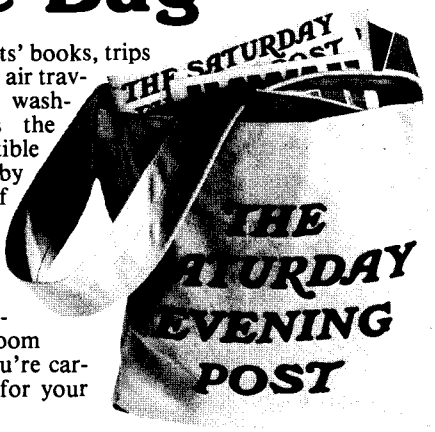
INDICATE BOTH SIZE AND HEIGHT

COLOR	SIZE		HEIGHT	
	Slender	Full	Petite	Tall
Blue-68				
Hot Pink-76				
Green-73				
Ivory-28				

Print Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____
Check or Money Order enclosed or: Charge to ☐ MC ☐ DC ☐ AE ☐ VISA
Account # _____ Ex. Date _____
Signature _____

1985's "IN" Tote Bag

Great for students' books, trips to the beach and air travel. This tough, washable canvas is the same indestructible material used by thousands of *Post* salesmen in the 1920s and 1930s. Large 21"x14"x5" storage area provides plenty of room for whatever you're carrying. Get one for your "stuff."



Armchair Shopper
P.O. Box 130 Indianapolis, Indiana 46206

Please send _____ *Post* bags at $7.95 plus $1.00 p&h.
☐ Check enclosed Bill to: ☐ VISA ☐ MasterCard

Card no. _____ Expiration date _____
Signature _____
Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____ 5E

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Classified Directory

Advertise personals, vacations, rentals, books, art, gourmet items, employment opportunities, real estate exchange and any item of general interest. Rates: 1-time insertion, $3.50 per word; 3-time insertions, $3.30 per word, per issue; 6-time insertions, $3.10 per word, per issue. For further information contact: Karen Boles, Classified Advertising, 1100 Waterway Blvd., Indianapolis, Indiana 46202. Phone (317) 636-8881. Payment must be received with order. Send check, money order or use your MasterCard or Visa with all numbers, including expiration date *and* signature.

Antique Stocks Wanted

STOCKS, BONDS, AUTOGRAPHS, POLITICAL pins, ribbons, banners, baseball memorabilia, cards wanted. High prices paid. Paul Longo, Box 490-J, South Orleans, MA 02662.

Antiques/Collectibles

100,000 rare magazines for sale. Each catalogue $1: *The Saturday Evening Post* 1920-1968; *Life* magazine, every issue in stock; movie magazines 1920-1980. Crestohl, P.O. Box 54, Alburg, VT 05440.

Arts & Crafts

Basketry supplies and kits. Large selection, low prices, free catalog. Regenerations, Dept. 25, 4540 Indianola Ave., Columbus, OH 43214.

Art Supplies

Art supplies direct from warehouse. Save 25% to 40%. Name brands (no craft items), 48-hour service. Send for free catalog. Studio Arts, Inc., Box 41382, Dept. S, Indianapolis, IN 46241.

Books/Publishers

Publish your book! Join our successful authors. All subjects invited. Publicity, advertising, beautiful books. Send for fact-filled booklet and free manuscript report. Carlton Press, Dept. EYS, 11 West 32 Street, New York, NY 10001.

The Antichrist: Will you mistake him? Free booklet; free Bible correspondence course. Box 50731-E, Pasadena, CA 91105.

Countryside and small-stock journal, for the small-farm lifestyle. Animals, gardening, recipes, more! Sample $1, $18/year. Countryside, 312 Portland, Waterloo, WI 53594.

"GOLFING MADE EASY." Unique book explains secret. Write for free analysis. Thistle Books, 6504 Delbarton, San Diego, CA 92120.

Need a publisher? We are now seeking fiction, nonfiction, poetry, scholarly and juvenile manuscripts for immediate publication. Send for free illustrated brochure. Todd & Honeywell, Dept. SPE, 10 Cuttermill Road, Great Neck, NY 11021.

Your poems published affordably. Free details. Bearly, 2711 Watson, Houston, TX 77009.

God's great eagle and timetable—700 Bible references. Satan's deep secrets exposed? $4.95 ppd. Revelation 2:24, P.O. Box 7700, Pasadena, TX 77508-7700.

SICK OF MATERIALISM, waste and greed? Join network developing positive alternatives. Write: Post, P.O. Box 741955, Dallas, TX 75374-1955.

Business Opportunities

Stay home! Earn money addressing envelopes. New, genuine offer, 15¢. Lindco, 3636-SP Peterson, Chicago, IL 60659.

Bumper-sticker printing device. Cheap, simple, portable. Free details, Bumper, P.O. Box 22791(VS), Tampa, FL 33622.

$10-$360 weekly/up mailing circulars! No quotas. Sincerely interested send self-addressed envelope: Headquarters-P8, P.O. Box 870, Woodstock, IL 60098.

Money! Seven different exciting ways working from home. Free details! Kipa's Books-via-mail, R.D. 4, Box 92C, Jersey Shore, PA 17740.

Mail-order opportunity! Start profitable home business without experience or capital. Information free. Mail Order Associates, Dept. 644, Montvale, NJ 07645.

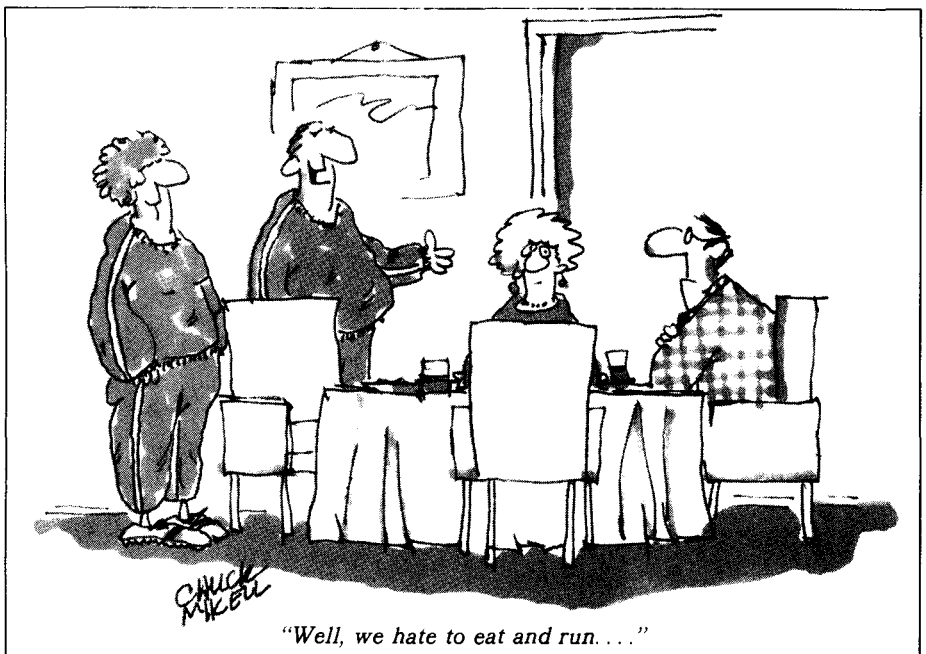
$1200 monthly! Home mailing program. Kashking, Box 6869, Boston, MA 02102.

MAKE 1200% PROFIT from local garage sales! Fun! Easy! Complete manuscript $3.98. RAM ASSOCIATES, Rte. 1, Box 49G, Newberg, OR 97132.

How to start and operate your own profitable business from home. Free details: R & J Publishing, Dept. 1002, 3807 Dalewood Avenue S.E., Cedar Rapids, IA 52403.

Free information; successful home business guaranteed. Embly Publishing, 2416B Virginia Avenue, Hagerstown, MD 21740.

Have fun making money in your own 14K-jewelry business! Earn 50-100% or more profit! Money-back guarantee! OTT, 415 W. Foothill, Claremont, CA 91711.



"Well, we hate to eat and run. . . ."

Registered nutritionists are needed. Rapidly growing field. How to become one. Catalog $1, ppd. Six-month correspondence study, diploma, approved by California Department of Education. ANCA graduates become registered nutrition consultants (nutritionists) listed in national placement directory of RNCs. AMERICAN NUTRITION CONSULTANTS ASSOCIATION, Suite 100, 700 East Green Street, Pasadena, CA 91101. Attention: Dr. James G. Flaherty.

Three energy-related inventions need national selling. Energy Plus, Inc., 1550 S. Kingshiway, St. Louis, MO 63110.

Sell at flea markets; take catalog orders. Wholesale to retail stores. We supply thousands of products, from tools to jewelry. For information, send $1 to B. Smith, 809 Brentwood Dr., Dalton, GA 30720.

Drive new luxury automobile "free!" Write: National, Ozark, AL 36361-1105.

$15,000 up—possible with any of seven home-operated businesses. Free info. Eagle Publishing Co., 350 Arabian Circle, Pensacola, FL 32506.

Home-import mail-order business. Start without capital. Free report. Mellinger, Dept. R1139, Woodland Hills, CA 91367.

Catalogs

Smoky Mountain Knife Works has over one million knives and cutlery items at wholesale prices. $2 gets you our giant catalog by first-class mail. The Knife Catalog, P.O. Box 714SEP, Sevierville, TN 37862.

A new all-purpose greeting-card catalog. Only $1 (refundable on first order). Write Henderson Bailey, 14 Goldsmith Ave., Box 2236SP, Newark, NJ 07114.

Domestic & Foreign Newspapers

World-wide English newspapers—65 countries! Sampler: 4/$2.98. Free brochure. Multinewspapers, Box DE-17, Dana Point, CA 92629.

Education/Instruction

Scholarships, scholarships, scholarships. Over $3 billion in financial assistance to students—for information, write American Scholarship Finders Association, Box 21114S, Baltimore, MD 21228.

Gifts

Leather coin purse. Imprinted in gold with two or three initials. Send $8.95. Andy's Gift Co., 1129 Wilson Ave., Columbus, OH 43206. Money-back guarantee.

Health & Beauty

Improve your health and fitness. Monitor your body-fat percentage with skin-fold calipers. Free information. Creative Health, 2727 Saddleridge, Plymouth, MI 48170. (800) 742-4478, (313) 453-5309.

Male impotence immediately overcome—whatever age. New method never fails. Satisfaction guaranteed. Information 40¢, poststamp. Sbiasat, Drawer 4308, North Hollywood, CA 91607-0308.

Avoid painful periodontal disease. Multiway's Rotadent removes plaque effectively. Satisfaction guaranteed. SASE to: CRT, GPO, P.O. Box 2935, Brooklyn, NY 11202.

Asthma newsletter reporting latest information about asthma from medical journals. Charter issue $2. Asthma Update, 123 Monticello Ave., Annapolis, MD 21401.

Preventive medicine that works! Inside story why Seventh-day Adventists have less cancer and other diseases. Send $3.95. Jerry Gamblin, 475 Woodward Ave., Saint John, New Brunswick, Canada E2K 4N1.

Control stress with biofeedback "machine," only $5.50 each. Satisfaction guaranteed! K. Porter, P.O. Box 7832, Oxward, CA 93031.

Lose weight with herbs. Satisfaction guaranteed; $36.95, month's supply. Send check or money order to: Alice Williams, Box 54, Clark's Summit, PA 18411.

Home Furnishings & Housewares

Carpets: Up to 40% savings! All major brand names. For price quotes or information, call (404)226-2229, or write Warehouse Carpets, Inc., Box 3233, Dalton, GA 30721.

Miscellaneous

Is it true you can buy jeeps for $44 through the U.S. government? Get the facts today! Call (312)742-1142 Ext. 7300.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Money-Making Opportunities

SELL PHOTOS—make money with your camera. Over one million photos and color slides are bought by newspapers and magazines. Learn what kind of photos they want, how to submit them, how much they pay. Report includes directory of where to sell your pictures. Send $3 to A.D. Howe Company, 6001 N. Guilford, Indianapolis, IN 46220.

Win valuable oil leases from the government. Complete instructions $14.95. Interstate, 3135 Ella, Manhattan, KS 66502.

Notices/Personal

$Loans$ on signature to $100,000! Details free. Elite, Box 206-SP, East Rockaway, NY 11518.

Sophisticated singles, USA/Canada/Europe. All ages seek enlightened correspondence and meaningful relationships. Details (enclose stamp): Scanna-SP, Box 4, Pittsford, NY 14534.

Far East singles. Cherry Blossoms, Box 1021 SV, Honokaa, HI 96727.

Nationwide friendship club. United Christian Club, Box 324, Ontario, Calif. 91762.

Nice singles with Christian values. Free details. Write your age, interests. Dept. SEP, P.O. Box 454, Crossville, TN 38555.

Beautiful, decent, unspoiled, English-speaking Filipinos want correspondence, marriage. PAL, SEP, Blanca, CO 81123-0072.

International club for friendship and marriage. Free details. Singles (SE), P.O. Box 208, Adelaide, 5001, Australia.

Huge directory—friendship/hobby/matrimony clubs world-wide! Only $1! Penpals, Box 443A, Lindsborg, KS 67456.

"What Children Need to Know When Parents Get Divorced." Book by William Coleman. Send $5 to Box 92, Aurora, NE 68818.

Friendship world-wide through correspondence. Free listings; send photo, particulars. Partners, Box 650464/S, Houston, TX 77065.

Asian, European singles! Quality people. Inter-Pacific, Box 304-SP, Birmingham, MI 48012.

PENFRIENDS around the world. Concordia-International, P.O. Box 185, Montreal, Snowdon, Canada H3X 3T4.

Borrow $500-$150,000 on signature! Any purpose! Everyone eligible! Write: "National Credit," Ozark, AL 36361-1105.

Desire Christian wife? Contact some fine women. LSASE, $1: S.C.C., P.O. Box 45-SEP, Sanders, AZ 86512.

Lonely singles: Free introduction. State age: Matchmakers, Box 18018-SEP, Memphis, TN 38181-0018.

Of Interest to All

Finally it's here! A comprehensive fact-filled cassette on raising garage-, house- and yard-sale profits. Detailed information on preparation, pricing, advertising, sales techniques. Three generations of knowledge and experience. Act now: $5.95 to Oncore Home Management, 7189 State Hwy. 214, Woodburn, OR 97071.

Find coins and jewelry in the ground—write Detectors, 210 W. Main, Van Buren, IN 46991. Phone (317) 934-2071.

Afraid of dying? Don't be. Learn exciting Biblical answers on cassette tape. Send $5 to Candlelamp, P.O. Box 3784, Englewood, CO 80155.

Facing divorce—learn from those who have experienced it. This booklet will save you agony and money—$3 handling. D&M Research, Dept. S, Box 1468, West Hartford, CT 06107.

FREE INFORMATION. Achieve financial independence; write: HAL Corporation, Dept. B5, Box 2573, Steamboat Springs, CO 80477.

The truly successful life—only $3! Brimo, Box 5050S149S, Lewisville, TX 75067.

Oral Giene: a self-dispensing, refillable toothbrush. New product. For travel, boating, camping, home and office. Keep your teeth clean wherever you go—100% refund if not satisfied. $6.50 ppd. MBS, Inc., P.O. Box 2504, Beverly Hills, CA 90213.

I HAVE ONLY BEGUN—unique, illustrated book of words to live by. (Third printing.) Only $5.95 ppd. N Sight Communications, Box 607, Sioux Falls, SD 57101.

Of Interest to Women

Brides' List. Seen in national bridal magazines' reports on brides' top-favorite wedding songs—popular, religious, traditional. Send $2 ppd. to Nancy Cook's Newsletter, Box 620, 1330 NH Ave. NW, Washington, DC 20036.

Zippered, sheer head. Hood protects clothes from make-up; hairdo from clothes. Excellent gift. Send $6 to: Helen's Things, P.O. Box 842, Bentonville, AR 72712.

Old Radio Programs

Yesterday's radio on tape. Quality sound, reliable service, free catalog. Adventures, Box 4822-P, Inglewood, CA 90302.

Old radio programs on cassettes. Free catalog. Nostalgic, Box 16365-SEP, St. Louis, MO 63125.

Free catalog: quality radio tapes. Carl Froelich, 2-S Heritage Farm, New Freedom, PA 17349.

Old-time radio on cassette. Quality guaranteed. Free catalog: Radio Memories from the Attic, Box 1, 1000 Augusta, Elgin, IL 60120.

Old radio cassettes. Free catalog! Radio, Box 9032, Wyoming, MI 49509.

Popcorn

"Popcorn lovers": Stove-top popper pops corn without hard centers/"old-maid kernels." Caramel corn "as you pop it." Free information, recipes. Brinkman Popall Popper, Inc., 4544SEP Wanamaker, Topeka, KS 66610.

Real Estate

For sale: historic 150-year-old water mill—15 acres and lake. Hearthstone, Jacksonville, AL 36265. (205) 435-6930.

Rent and Manage your property profitably, for less than $25. Complete management instructions, blank tear-out forms, leases, inspections, legal notices, rent records and more. $12.95 check or money order to: Real Estate Consultants, Inc., P.O. Box 2429, Leesburg, VA 22075.

Widow selling mobile-home park—$3,000 monthly income. Hearthstone, Jacksonville, AL 36265. (205) 435-6930.

Recipes & Gourmet Foods

Chili Minnesota? For the hottest recipe in our kitchen, send $2 to Box 24445, Minneapolis, MN 55424.

Super stove-top meat loaf! Step-by-step directions and variations, $2. A&C Kitchens, Box 189, Somerdale, NJ 08083.

Gumbo, pralines—five Creole recipes, $2. Recipes, 2813 Spain, New Orleans, LA 70122.

Mother Maybelle's 99 chocolate-chip cookie recipes—$5 to Box 3654, Peoria, IL 61614.

40 quick, easy recipes. Meats, breads, sauces, desserts! All in your budget. Convenient booklet—$4.75 to C&R Unlimited, Box 6539, Ft. Myers, FL 33911.

Easy, foolproof yogurt recipe. Delicious, nutritious. Use oven pilot, jars. $1, SASE: Fay Heaney, Rte. 7, Box 4673A, Live Oak, FL 32060.

Old recipes; game and ethnic dishes: "Recipes from our friends" $4.75 or "Centennial Cookbook" $6.75. Carney Evangelical Free Church, Carney, MI 49812.

Save dollars, make your own sweetened condensed milk. Easy recipe—$1, SASE. Helen, Box 23, Leesburg, FL 32748.

Pantry pen pals. Exchange favorite natural-food, gourmet, diet recipes with new cooking friends. SASE—Box 1-SEP, Corunna, Ontario, Canada, N0N 1G0.

Religious

Christian singles pen-pal club. Send $2, SASE to D. Buettner, RR #2, Wood River, NE 68883.

Free booklets: Life, Death, Soul, Hell, Resurrection. Bible Standard SEP, Chester Springs, PA 19425.

Entire book of Proverbs (rhymed); $5 ppd. to: Proverbs, 801 Shady Ridge Drive, Cedar Hill, TX 75104.

Nonprofit organization seeking contributions for gospel musical ministry. Hall Productions, Inc., P.O. Box 4214, Springfield, MA 01104.

Stamps & Coin Collecting

300 different U.S. used stamps, $2; 500 different, $5. Burke's Stamps, Box 4902-SP, Springfield, MO 65808.

Plate-block stamp (unused) starter set, $5; coin-collection starter set, pre-'60s, $5: WPG, 534 Twin Drive, Spartanburg, SC 29302.

Travel/Vacation

Shenandoah Valley Farm. Secluded, quiet, beautiful cottages. Dixon's, McGaheysville, VA 22840.

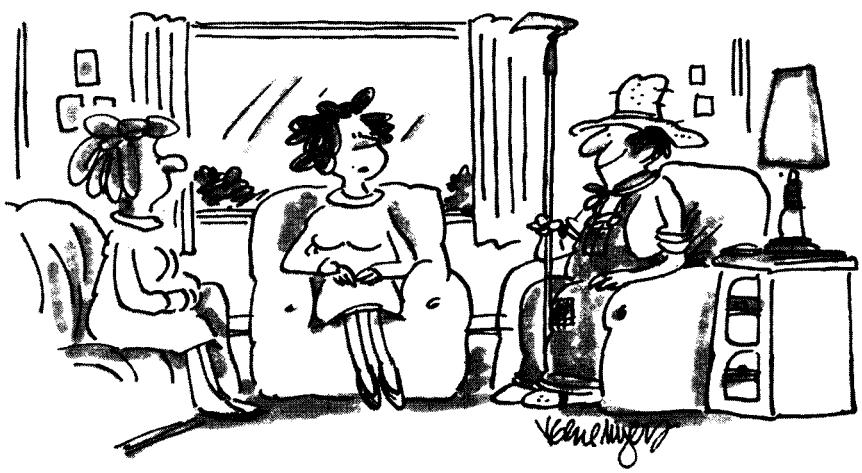
Vacation inexpensively in friendly comfort throughout the country. Extensive listings updated monthly. Includes addresses, descriptions, rates. BED and BREAKFAST DIRECTORY, $5. Bach's, Box 2828, Prescott, AZ 86302.

Save money, make friends. Join travel club—stay in member homes. Details $1. P.O. Box 61C, Batavia, IL 60510.

Visit the gristmill, fascinating craft village and caverns of Daniel Boone's brother, Squire. Free literature. Boone, Box 411-S, Corydon, IN 47112.

Wanted

Older toy trains and Buddy L. Top values paid. Tom Sefton, P.O. Box 1871, San Diego, CA 92112.



"Did Arthur tell you he put out a vegetable garden this year?"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NO MORE PET STAINS & ODORS
Just Use DoneGon® Pet Stain & Odor Cleaner Concentrate

Pet lovers from all over America write us that DoneGon® is the best pet stain & odor cleaner they have ever used—some say it is the only cleaner that "really works." DoneGon® is a neutral (pH7 range) 24-to-1 liquid concentrate, safe to use full power on toughest stains, or gal makes 24 gal. for general cleaning, whole rooms of carpets, etc. You'll like *DoneGon, too. Try it.* **If you are not pleased, we'll promptly refund your money.** 8 oz.-$3.95; quart-$5.95; ½ gal.-$10.95; gal.-$18.95. **We pay shipping. Prompt same-day shipments by UPS.**

Safer Chemical Co., Dept. EP-1, 4002 Minden Ave., Texarkana, AR 75502.

T.M.

'CROSSOVER'
only $19.95
REG $25

- COMFORT INSOLE.. extra cushioning for all day comfort.
- Straps of softest GLOVE LEATHER, a sturdy sole and ½" heel give you complete support with every step.
- CAMEL, WHITE, BLACK, BONE, RED & NAVY.
- Full & half sizes 6-12 N,5-12 M & W.

KRAUS of California

ORDER NOW! MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

Add $2.25 p&h one item, $3.50 for two, $4.25 for three. Az. res. add 7% tax.
FOR *FAST* PERSONAL SERVICE CALL (602) 747-5000 *Charge orders only. We accept MasterCard, Visa, Diners Club, American Express.*
Enclose $1 for newest Fashion CATALOG and $2 BONUS CHECK good on first order.
Dept. BZT1A, 3740 East 34th St., Tucson, Az. 85713
Old Pueblo Traders since 1946

PAINT WITHOUT A BRUSH!
Embroider without a needle! No mess, no fuss. Learn the Tri-Chem Painting Craft. We teach. Free lessons. Free full color 68 page catalog. **Tri-Chem, Inc., Dept. ST, P.O. Box 8850, Strongsville, OH 44136**

Help support the Cancer Prevention Research Program of the *SatEvePost*:

Cancer Prevention Research

Kidney Stone Formers Club Newsletter	$10.00 ☐
Medical Update Newsletter	$12.00 ☐
SatEvePost Tote Bag	$8.95 ea. ☐
SatEvePost Library Cases	$6.95 ea. ☐

The Saturday Evening Post Society
P.O. Box 567
Indianapolis, IN 46206

Check ☐ Charge to: VISA ☐ MasterCard ☐
Card no._____
Exp. date_____
Signature_____
Name_____
Address_____
City _____ State ____ Zip _____
5E

Two Famous Farmers!

These little farmers are warming hearts in rural homes across the country! *Thousands* of large, *full-color* posters of this picture have been ordered to date. Now you, too, can order one of these BIG (14" x 18") posters for just **$3.00,** plus $1.25 shpg. Also available set of 12 notecards 4½" x 6" of our "Two Famous Farmers", on rich, ivory paper, with 12 envelopes for **$4.95** plus $1.00 post.

☐ I'd like_____copy(ies) of poster at $3.00 each + $1.25 shpg.
☐ I'd like a set of 12 notecards of picture at left for **$4.95** + $1 post.

Print Name _____
Address _____
City _____
State _____ Zip _____
Send Check or M.O. 20 day money back guarantee.

HOLST, INC. Dept. SPF-785, 1118 W. Lake Box 370, Tawas City, MI 48763

Ballysaggert

continued from page 76

and gallivanting and courting in the lanes like a strumpet." And he lifted her till her feet swung off the ground, and shook her like a dog shaking a little, warm, wee rabbit. My blood near boiled in my heart and if I'd been a foot taller and 50 pounds heavier I'd have up and struck him, Philomena's father or no. But that moment, just as I was melting back into the darkness, didn't Philomena see me?

"Michael," she wailed. "There's Michael O'Shaughnessy, father. He'll tell you. Did I ever leave the house this whole night, Michael?"

And before I knew where I was, *my* feet were off the ground and *I* was being shaken like a rabbit. One of us in either hand. He's a terribly big man is the sergeant. "What do you know about my horse, Michael O'Shaughnessy?" he said in a police-court voice.

"Nothing," I said. "I never laid eyes on it. Did you lose it?"

"I did," he said, sounding very grim. "But I won't be long in finding it, nor the blaggards that did it. Get home with you, girl," he said, putting Philomena down on one side of him and me on the other, and producing a bull's-eye lantern. I made to follow Philomena, but he grabbed me again.

"You come with me," he said. "I've an idea you know something more of this business than appears."

So I went with him, while he shone the torch on the road and along the verge till he saw a place where the horse had left fresh hoofprints in the mud and wet grass, just where I'd led the horse off the road an hour or so before. Which was another thing I hadn't thought of. From then on, it was like following a path.

Straight to the trap door like a line of broad arrows went the horse's hoofprints, and the sergeant after them with me trailing alongside him.

"I think they go up that-a-way," I suggested, pointing away from the fort.

"Do you?" said the sergeant. "Well, I don't then. I think they go this-a-way." And he came to the green, sloping side of the fort itself, and lifted his foot to climb up and over it, thinking, of course, that the trail he was following must go over it too.

And that very second, hearing my voice, and thinking the second voice

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

must be Peter Lowry's, didn't father open the trap door? Heavens above, it was like a thing you'd see in the films. The black hole appearing suddenly in the side of the Fairy Fort, father's head popping up out of it like a bald rabbit, and the sergeant bringing his size-14 boot down on top of it as if he was using it for a stepping-stone. I never saw two men look more startled in my mortal life. Down went father as if he'd been shot in the skull. Down went the sergeant plunging on top of him through the open trap door. And up from the still came the most catastrophic crashing and whinnying you'd hear outside of a collapsing stable. Because, of course, the horse was underneath.

Holding my breath, I went to the edge of the trap to look. And there, looking like the devils roasting in hell in the bit of lamplight, was father lying in one corner of the still, Uncle Jamesy in another and right in the middle the sergeant draped over the horse's rump, and the horse staggering to and fro and shaking its ugly head as if it couldn't believe what was going on, which I suppose it couldn't. One more sway and the sergeant slid to the ground, and just in the same second the horse let a lash out of his back foot that would have broken another man's skull. Even with the sergeant it laid him as cold as a daisy under the poteen barrel. Finally, the horse itself buckled at the knees, gave a kind of small groan of bewilderment and despair, laid its head on the sergeant's stomach and went to sleep.

"Gob," said father, sitting up and feeling himself. "Are we dead?" Then he felt Uncle Jamesy and sat him up. "Are you all right there, Jamesy?"

"It's the girl," said Uncle Jamesy, feeling round for the mug he'd been drinking out of when he got knocked into the corner. "I said no good would come of anything with a girl involved in it. Didn't I say that, Paudeen? But none of you would listen to me. And now the still is ruined on us."

"Oh, come up out of that," I whispered. "It won't be only the still that'll be ruined if you stay there arguing the toss. The sergeant'll have the life out of all of us. Put your hand on his heart and see is he breathing."

"Breathing?" said Uncle Jamesy. "He's snoring like a traction engine.

continued on following page

NO MORE RESTLESS NIGHTS.

Try Sleep Shade® Eye Masks and Ear Stops.

The Beauty Sleep Eye Mask

- Made of fine satin
- Insures total darkness and comfort
- All satin–$10.00

Jewel Tone–Midnight blue, royal blue, forest green, burgundy, crimson and purple
Pastel–Blue, pink, green and yellow

Sleep Shade Eye Mask

- Comfortable and easy to wear
- Provides complete darkness for sound sleep

Deluxe all-black acetate satin–$8.00
Regular black satin and sateen–$7.00
All Shades–$1.00 postage and handling
Each additional package–50¢

Sleepwell Ear Stops

- Soft and re-usable
- Eliminates noise

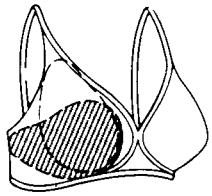
(2 pair in box–$1.80) postage and handling–25¢
(6 pair in box–$5.00) postage and handling–50¢
Postage for each additional package–25¢

If your drug or department store cannot supply you, we will mail immediately upon receipt of M.O. or check. California residents add sales tax.

Sleep Shade Company
P.O. Box 968
1089 Mission St., Dept. U.
San Francisco, CA 94101

Any helpful tips that make your time in the kitchen easier. Send hints to *The Saturday Evening Post*, 1100 Waterway Blvd., Indianapolis, IN 46202.

Share your favorite natural-food recipes with *The Saturday Evening Post* food editors. Help us to help others. Send recipes to *The Saturday Evening Post*, 1100 Waterway Blvd., Indianapolis, IN 46202.



BOSOM BUDDY®
BREAST FORM $45.00

Size DD $55
Fits into your OWN BRA
Correctly weighted
Soft, satiny.

Designed and Manufactured by a **mastectomee!**

A WELCOME CHANGE from silicone or plastic. Adjustable, washable. Specify bra & cup size.

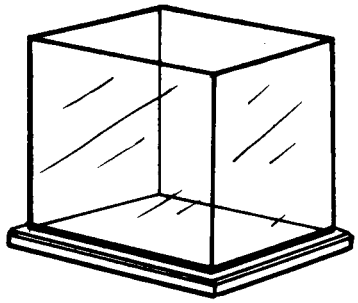
Money Back Guarantee Free brochure.

VISA **(208) 343-9696** MasterCard

Add $2 per form Shpg/hdlg.

B&B COMPANY
Dept. 475, P.O. Box 5731, Boise, ID 83705

DISPLAY CASES
CUSTOM MADE



PROTECT • PRESERVE AND DRAMATIZE YOUR VALUABLE ART OBJECT MODEL OR COLLECTIBLE

WE USE ONLY CLEAR LUCITE WITH A WALNUT FINISH WOOD BASE OR BLACK LUCITE BASE

SEND DIMENSIONS — LENGTH, WIDTH and HEIGHT (allow 2" all around and 2" above piece)
WE WILL QUOTE PRICE
SATISFACTION GUARANTEED

FOR ESTIMATE CALL 804-442-2299
OR WRITE

THE DISPLAY CASE CO.
Box 880 **Exmore, Va. 23350**

HERNIA

BRIEFS

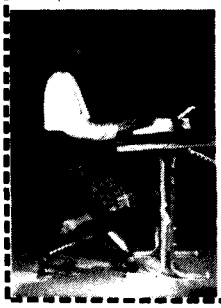
BRAND NEW - No truss, belts or hard pads. Wash and wear. 88% cotton. Wear 24 hrs. **Looks like regular underbrief.** Operation not necessary. Write or call for free picture brochure in plain wrapper.

Call toll free 1-800-325-0007
KNOCHE CORP. (Orthopedic-Medical Mfg.)
Dept. 31A, 14120 S.W. 142 Ave., Miami Fl. 33186

"Oh, my aching back!"

75 million Americans may say that. Will you be one of them?

The Adjustable Back Chair helps redistribute body weight more evenly & reduce lower back stress. Thus you sit straight, relaxed, comfortably with spine & back muscles in better alignment for posture support. Improves breathing, too. Height & sitting angle adjustable 3 ways. Casters for easy mobility. FOR HOME/OFFICE.



Solid wood, oak finish. Comfortably padded seat/knee support. Delv: 4-8 wks. Satisfaction guaranteed or money back. Only $44.95 plus 6.50 S&H. Checks/MO.
Order from:

HORIZON MKTG. CORP.
Dept. SE/7
510 Dixieway North
South Bend, IN 46637
Specify fabric color: chocolate or navy and if we may substitute.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Ballysaggert

continued from page 81

Come down here out of that and give us a hand shifting the still."

Because, of course, with the sergeant lying there in the middle of the Fairy Fort there wasn't much point in leaving things for him to find when he came to himself again. And so for the next hour and a half we hefted and humped and shifted every blessed bit of the still up out of the fort and away down to Peter Lowry's shed. Finally we took away the trap door and dug the hole bigger and ragged all round to make it look as if the horse had fallen into the fort of his own accord. By the time we'd finished, you could have gone over the place with a currycomb and not found so much as the peeling of a potato to hint that there'd ever been a spoonful of poteen concocted inside it. And still the sergeant and the horse lay draped across each other in the middle of the floor, like two big, ugly logs. Only the horse had the most queer expression on its face, sort of smiling dreamily in its sleep. And it suddenly struck me to wonder why the horse was asleep at all.

"Because it's drunk, of course," said Uncle Jamesy bitterly, when I asked him. "Blind drunk. And why wouldn't it be after two buckets of poteen, and near kicking in the barrel to get the second one? It was the only thing would keep the brute quiet. Oh, this is a sad, bad day for Ballysaggert."

It must have been a pretty sad day for the sergeant, too, when he woke up and found his evidence gone from around him. And sadder still for him when he got the three of us into court over in Killnoggin a week later. He'd hardly begun about his horse when things started to look bad for him.

"You went to look for your horse in a Fairy Fort?" said the justice, beginning to sound rather grim.

"No, justice," the sergeant said, "it was only when the fort opened under my foot and I fell in on top of one of the leprechauns that I found the horse was there——"

"One of the lep—one of the leprechauns?" said the justice very slowly. There was a big yell of laughter from some of the lads at the back of the courtroom, and I saw the sweat starting on the sergeant's forehead like marbles.

"I mean one of the defendants, your honor," he said miserably, as if he knew that he was a lost man from then on. "The people about call them the leprechauns because of the way they look."

The justice peered at us over his spectacles, where we were lined up, and we all tried to look as unleprechaunlike as three innocent men could.

"I wonder if I might have a word with you in my office?"

"Go on," said the justice, but you could tell that he wasn't feeling very well-disposed to the sergeant.

"Then the horse kicked me in the head, your honor, and when I woke up wasn't the whole place dismantled and gone, and me lying there in the middle of the floor of the fort with the roof of it gaping to the sky above my head——"

"And you suggest that the leprechauns had taken everything away during the night?" asked the justice in a very silky kind of a voice.

"Yes, justice," roared the sergeant like a bull with dogs round him; and at that the yell of laughter from the lads near lifted the roof.

"Case dismissed," said the justice, pounding on the desk in front of him with his little wooden hammer.

For father and Uncle Jamesy it was as total a victory as a pair of honest men could wish. They even had a new place for the still; a little, disused quarry far back in the mountains where the sergeant could be looking a year without finding it. But for myself, I was more concerned about how I could face Philomena after what we'd just done to her father. And there she was, right in the middle of the path outside the courthouse, wringing her darling hands.

"There, there," I said, patting her head and steering her out of the High Street into the peace and quiet of a little lane that led down beside the river. "There, there." And somehow we avoided the subject of her father altogether, which was just as well. Because the things we got to talking about needed a lot less explaining on my part.

But up at the quarry, father and Uncle Jamesy couldn't have enough of it, laughing their heads off.

But the evening of the third day they stopped laughing pretty abruptly when the horse came stepping down into the quarry and pushed his big ugly head right inside the shaft where they had the still, snuffling with delight at the smell of the poteen. He'd got a taste for the stuff up in the Fairy Fort, and the second he'd got within half a mile of the quarry, down had gone his head and snuff, snuff, snuff, like a blessed dog rather than a horse, hadn't he smelled them out? They got out of jail barely in time for the wedding between me and Philomena.

And I can tell you, there wasn't much poteen drunk to celebrate that event, nor hasn't been since. Because once the sergeant realized that that horse of his could smell out a still, what did he do but turn the creature into a kind of flying column, laying waste the countryside on all sides. There isn't a still left hardly, between Killnoggin and the sea. There's even talk now of him being promoted to inspector, on the Poteen Squad. My own father-in-law, and me the descendant of untold generations of poteen makers! I don't know how I'll ever live down the shame.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

When your knees go bad ...you're in trouble!

Now thanks to Coach "Cotton" Barlow, there's an answer!

Nobody knows more about crippling knee pain, stiffness and strain than "Cotton" Barlow.

The veteran football coach has seen plenty of it in his years on and off the field.

He's also discovered that ordinary knee supports and elastic bandages just can't do the job. So he finally set to work to find a way to add strength and stability directly to the joint where support and protection are needed most.

FOR PEOPLE OF ALL AGES

Today, thanks to his unique invention, thousands of men, women and children of all ages lead active, pain-free lives despite serious knee problems.

Coach Barlow's fantastic invention uses no metal yet it provides maximum lateral and cap support. This incredibly lightweight support absorbs shocks and prevents twisting. And the BARLOW™ knee support provides soothing warmth to injured or arthritic joints.

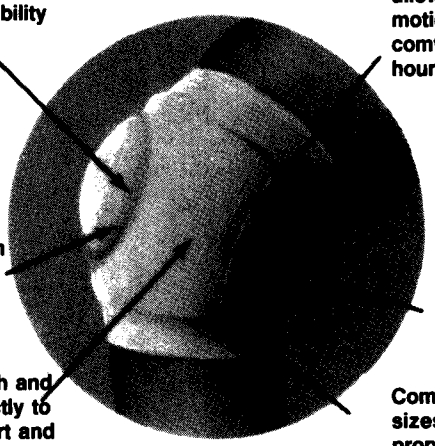
So comfortable you can wear it for hours and non-allergenic too. Choose from five sizes for your perfect fit.

NO RISK OFFER

We urge you to try Coach Barlow's remarkable knee support for 30 days. If it doesn't bring you pain-free relief, we'll refund your purchase price without question.

Don't let the pain and anxiety of "bad" knees get you down. Order today. Specify size in coupon.

© 1985 BARLOW INC.


Custom form fitting pad design prevents slipping and affords maximum mobility and comfort.
Lightweight non-metal construction allows full range of motion and can be comfortably worn for hours.
Improves knee function and relieves discomfort.
Patented material insulates, warms and soothes knee joint.
Adds strength and stability directly to where support and protection is needed.
Comes in 5 different sizes to ensure proper fit for either knee.

WHAT MEN AND WOMEN OF ALL AGES SAY:

"I'm 80 years old and certainly not an athlete . . . but now I can garden again and be active 'cause I wear your brace."
L.W. Oconto Falls, WI

"At first I wasn't sure . . . now I want a brace for the other knee. I've had knee problems for the last 5 years. I only wish I had known of this brace 5 years ago. I'm so grateful. Thank you."
J.N. Hartwell, GA

"This support is a great help to me. I could hardly get around before I got it. Thank you."
A.J. Springfield, OR

BARLOW™ INC., Dept. SEP075
406 So. Ella, Sandpoint, Idaho 83864

Enclosed please find $_____ for _____ BARLOW knee supports.
☐ One BARLOW knee support $19.95 plus $1.50 Shpg & Hdlg.
☐ Two BARLOW knee supports $39.90 plus $2.50 Shpg & Hdlg.
Enclosed is my ☐ Check ☐ Money Order or Charge my ☐ Visa ☐ Mastercard.
Credit Card Customers call NOW! Toll Free 1-800-824-7888 Operator #115

Card No. _____ Exp. Date _____

FOR CORRECT SIZE
Measure around the knee, one inch above the knee cap.
CIRCLE ONE
(**SM** under 15") (**MED** 15" to under 17") (**LG** 17" to under 19") (**XL** 19" to under 21") (**XXL** 21" and over). If in doubt, send exact measurement _____.

(circle one)
Mr./Mrs./Ms. _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

When in Sandpoint, visit Barlow Inc.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FOOD

AVOCADOS: THE TIME IS RIPE

The use of this luscious, golden fruit is spreading—from sandwiches, to salads, to pizzas and even to desserts.

by Ann Cunningham

Avocado aficionados, take heart. More than 500 million pounds of these incomparable fruits are on their way to stores and markets nationwide. Growers in Southern California report record avocado crops this year, which means a bigger selection and possibly lower prices.

Not everyone likes avocados at his first tasting, but generally it's love at least by second bite. Once the human-avocado bond is established, a person is hooked for life.

If you are unfamiliar with this semitropical delicacy, here's what to look for at the store: small, oval fruits, with pebbly purplish-to-black skin. This is the Hass variety, or summer avocado, available from April through November. From November through May, you'll find the Fuertes, the winter avocado, which is smooth and pear-shaped, with green skin.

Never eat an avocado that is firm to the touch. It will taste bitter. Most avocados are still firm at the store and should be left to ripen at room temperature or in a refrigerator until soft and almost squishy. For quicker ripening, put avocados in a paper bag.

How to eat them:

Slice the avocado in half and pry out the huge seed. Then lay the flat side down and gently peel off the skin, or just scoop out the golden fruit with a knife or a spoon.

Purists prefer to take their avocados "straight up" on crackers so they can savor every rich, buttery bite. Others like to experiment. They spread their avocados on everything from sandwiches to salads to pizzas and put them in chilies, in stir-fries and even in soups. The more adventurous have tried avocado cheesecake, avocado ice cream and avocado Margaritas.

Avocados are rich but only moderately high in calories (about 150 to a three-ounce half). Health-care professionals, in fact, recommend them because they have absolutely no cholesterol, little saturated fat and only traces of sodium. What they do have plenty of is potassium (about 540 mg per three-ounce serving). Avocados also supply vitamin B_6, folic acid, vitamin A, vitamin C, copper and magnesium, among other vitamins and minerals—as well as a moderate amount of protein and crude fiber (1.8 grams in a three-ounce serving).

To keep avocados bright yellow after peeling, sprinkle them with lemon or lime. You may want to whip them into a spread to use in place of butter or margarine or to blend them with vinegar or lemon juice for a delicious salad dressing.

The following recipes are dedicated to all who are hooked for life on avocados, as well as to the thousands more who soon will be.

Avocado Pasta Salad

(Serves 4)

1 medium California avocado, halved, seeded and peeled
1 pound linguini, cooked
12 large shrimp, cooked, deveined and butterflied
4 small tomatoes, sliced
4 green onions and tops, sliced
Dressing

Slice avocado halves in half to make 4 wedges. Cut each wedge into a fan of 3 slices and set aside. Arrange equal portions of linguini, shrimp, tomato and green onion on 4 salad plates. Top with avocado fans. Drizzle dressing over salads and serve.

Dressing

Combine 4 tablespoons red-wine vinegar, 8 teaspoons salad oil, 4 teaspoons Dijon mustard and 4 fresh basil leaves, julienned, or a pinch of crushed basil leaves; mix well.

California Curry Salad

(Serves 4)

Spinach or romaine lettuce leaves (about ½ bunch)
2 large California avocados, seeded, peeled and sliced
2 pink grapefruit, pared and sectioned
2 large oranges, pared and sectioned
2 green onions and tops, sliced
2 tablespoons cashew nuts
Curry Dressing
Watercress, if desired

Line 4 individual salad plates with salad greens. Arrange fruit and avocado alternately in circular pattern over greens and top with green onion and cashews. Just before serving, dribble Curry Dressing over each salad and garnish with watercress.

Curry Dressing

Mix ⅓ cup salad oil, 2 tablespoons *each* lemon juice and red-wine vinegar, 1 tablespoon chutney, finely chopped, and ½ teaspoon *each* curry powder, salt and dry mustard in tightly covered container; shake well. Let dressing sit at room temperature at least 30 minutes. Shake well before serving.

Avocado-Mushroom Open-Faced Sandwich

(Makes 4 sandwiches)

4 slices wheat bread
¼ cup mayonnaise
1½ teaspoons capers, if desired
1 teaspoon Dijon mustard
½ teaspoon lemon juice
Salad bowl or Boston lettuce leaves
Fontina or Swiss cheese (3 oz.), thinly sliced
4 slices purple onion
1 large or 2 small California avocados
½ pound fresh mushrooms, sliced

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

2 ounces fresh bean sprouts
Lemon wedges and pimiento, if desired

Toast bread. Combine mayonnaise, capers, mustard and lemon juice until well blended; spread on one side of each slice of toast. Cover each with lettuce leaf, cheese and onion. In the meantime, halve, seed and peel avocado; cut into ¼" slices. Arrange avocado slices vertically atop toast, and alternate with mushrooms and bean sprouts. Garnish each sandwich with lemon and pimiento.

Taco Love Boats

(Serves 6)

1 pound ground beef
1 medium onion, chopped
1 clove garlic, minced
½ cup chili sauce
½ cup water
1 tablespoon chili powder
½ teaspoon salt, if desired
½ teaspoon ground cumin
1 large tomato, chopped
1 can (3½ oz.) large pitted black olives, quartered
3 large California avocados
1 cup (4 oz.) Cheddar cheese, shredded
3 cups iceberg lettuce, shredded
Tortilla or corn chips

Cook and stir ground beef, onion and garlic in large skillet until light brown; drain. Stir in chili sauce, water, chili powder, salt, cumin, tomato and olives. Heat to boiling; reduce heat. Simmer, uncovered, and stir occasionally, 10 minutes or until most of the liquid evaporates and mixture thickens. In the meantime, halve avocados; remove seeds. (Do

Keep your cool on a bright summer's day with a classy Avocado Pasta Salad; it's a meal in itself with shrimp, linguini and a tasty mustard-vinegar dressing.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

not peel.) Scoop out pulp and leave ¼" in shell. Dice pulp; add meat mixture. Fill shell halves with avocado-and-meat combination. Top each with shredded cheese; place under broiler until cheese melts. Perch "love boats" atop shredded lettuce, and serve with tortilla chips.

California Calzone
(Serves 4)

1 loaf (1 pound) frozen bread dough, thawed and cut in quarters*
¾ pound lean ground beef
Vegetable oil
2 small onions, thinly sliced
2 ripe California avocados, seeded, peeled and sliced
2 small tomatoes, thinly sliced
¼ teaspoon salt, if desired
1 tablespoon oregano
1 tablespoon basil
2 cups Monterey jack cheese, grated

Roll or work each piece of dough on a lightly floured board into 8-inch rounds. Brown beef in skillet; remove from pan with slotted spoon, drain well and divide over the dough rounds. Add 1 tablespoon oil to pan and sauté onion slices until tender. Remove from pan with slotted spoon and spread over beef mixture. Top with avocado and tomato slices, salt, herbs and cheese. Moisten edges of dough with water and fold dough over like a turnover; tuck edges under. Brush generously with oil. Bake at 450° F. for 13 to 15 minutes or until golden brown.

*Use honey wheat or cracked wheat for best flavor, if available.

The key to a great-tasting dish is found in California Calzone pockets, stuffed to overflowing with avocados, tomatoes, onions, Monterey jack cheese and lean ground beef.

Peanut Butter-Avocado Sandwich
(Makes 4 sandwiches)

½ cup peanut butter
3-4 tablespoons honey
1 tablespoon dark raisins
2 teaspoons lemon juice
¼ teaspoon cinnamon
1 medium California avocado, seeded, peeled and sliced
8 slices egg-sesame bread

Combine peanut butter, honey, raisins, lemon juice and cinnamon until well blended. Halve, seed and peel avocado; slice lengthwise. Toast bread on one side only. Spread untoasted side with peanut-butter mixture; top with avocado slices. Cover with second slice of bread, toasted side up.

Avocado-Papaya Soup
(Serves 4)

1 can (6 oz.) papaya or peach nectar
1 carton (8 oz.) lemon-flavored yogurt
½ cup cream
1½ teaspoons honey
Dash cinnamon
1 medium-ripe California avocado
Fresh papaya or peach, if desired

Combine nectar, yogurt, cream, honey and cinnamon in large bowl or blender, mix thoroughly and chill. Just before serving, seed, peel and cube avocado. (Or scoop into balls with melon-ball cutter.) Place equal amounts of avocado in each of four soup bowls. Pour chilled soup over and garnish each with a fresh peach slice or papaya balls.

Avocado-Raspberry Mousse
(Serves 4)

3 cups frozen whipped topping
2 medium-ripe California avocados, seeded, peeled and pureed
2 tablespoons brown sugar
4 teaspoons rum
Juice of 1½ lemons
1 package (10 oz.) frozen raspberries, thawed

Combine whipped topping, avocado, brown sugar, rum and lemon juice in large bowl; refrigerate until firm. Meanwhile, purée raspberries: spoon equal amounts of purée on 4 dessert plates. Place scoop of avocado mousse over raspberries. Serve with crisp cookies and fresh raspberries, if desired.

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Her Most Beautiful Love Songs

AMONG MY SOUVENIRS
ANNIVERSARY WALTZ
WHO'S SORRY NOW
MY HEART CRIES FOR YOU
RETURN TO ME
BEAUTIFUL OHIO
KISS ME GOODBYE
I CAN'T STOP LOVING YOU
DON'T BREAK THE HEART THAT LOVES YOU
SOMEBODY ELSE IS TAKING MY PLACE
MY HAPPINESS
STRANGERS IN THE NIGHT

Cherished Favorites Everyone Enjoys!

THE LAST WALTZ
SOMEWHERE MY LOVE
TILL WE MEET AGAIN
FASCINATION
LOVELIEST NIGHT OF THE YEAR
TRUE LOVE
MELODY OF LOVE
THREE O'CLOCK IN THE MORNING
DON'T SAY A WORD
TENNESSEE WALTZ
I WANT TO BE WITH YOU
YOU DON'T HAVE TO SAY YOU LOVE ME

Most Popular Female Recording Star In All Music History!

Connie Francis

She's Sold Over 80 Million Records

There is a special heart-touching quality to Connie Francis' voice that is so beautiful no other singing star has ever been able to duplicate it. Her voice is so appealing that she's sold over 80 million records. That's more than any other female singing star in all music history. *And* she's won 16 Gold Record Awards.

Her Most Beautiful Recordings Can Now Be Yours

We are proud to offer not just one . . . but two separate Connie Francis Treasuries for you to enjoy. Once again you'll be amazed at how truly beautiful her voice really is.

In Treasury No. 1 Connie Francis sings the most beautiful love songs she ever recorded like WHO'S SORRY NOW . . . AMONG MY SOUVENIRS and 10 more of the most famous love songs of all time. Just read the list on the left.

You Get Even More In Treasury No. 2!

In Treasury No. 2 you'll hear Connie sing the sentimental songs everyone loves like SOMEWHERE MY LOVE . . . THE LAST WALTZ and 10 more great hits you never tire of hearing.

In all you get 24 of the most loved songs of your life . . . performed by the most popular female recording star in all the world. As you enjoy each beautiful love song and each cherished favorite you'll agree with her millions of fans who think there is no singer anywhere in the world with a more beautiful voice. And her record sales prove it!

Famous TV Offer! May Not Be Repeated

Millions of TV viewers already know for themselves how beautiful these two Connie Francis Treasuries really are because they've heard them advertised on TV! Now here is your chance. If you don't agree these are the most beautiful Connie Francis recordings ever made, they won't cost you a penny. Mail the no-risk coupon now. We do not plan to repeat this advertisement in this publication.

MAIL TODAY • NOT IN STORES

Suffolk Marketing, Inc., Dept. CO-13
475 Fifth Avenue
New York, N.Y. 10017

Please rush me the beautiful Connie Francis Treasuries on your unconditional money-back guarantee.

☐ I enclose $12.98. Send BOTH Record Albums.
☐ I enclose $12.98. Send BOTH Cassettes.
☐ I enclose $12.98. Send BOTH 8-Track Tapes.

No postage or handling. We pay all charges.

Charge to my ☐ Visa ☐ MasterCard ☐ American Express ☐ Diners Club

Card No. _____ Expires _____

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Choose A Gift For Your Good Health.

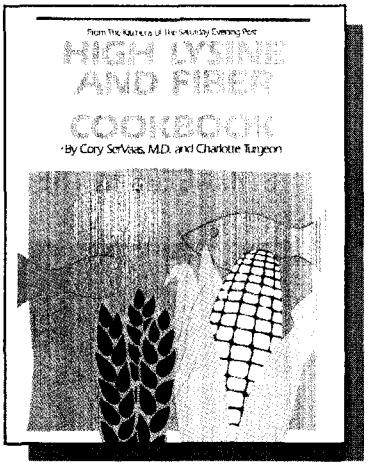
We want to reward you with a gift for your own good health. Choose the one that will benefit you most.

Our Society's current priority is continuing the high-lysine/low-arginine mouse experiments. The results from the first tests were significant, as evidenced by the fact that they have been published in the medical journal *Anti-Cancer Research*. Your contribution will help us buy more mice and mice chow to repeat the experiment. Only with the support of such generous volunteers as you are we able to extend this important cancer-prevention research that is widening our knowledge and will, we hope, lead to that day when cancer becomes an almost completely preventable disease.

Please send your tax-deductible gift for medical research today—and our gift for your good health will be on its way.

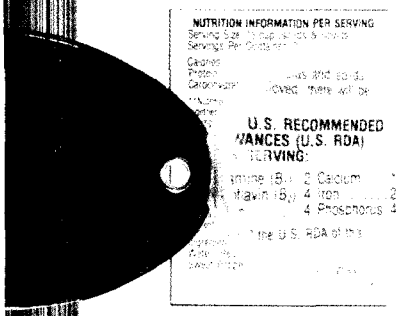
A. Home Testing for Hidden Blood Easier with the New CS-T.

The new ColoScreen Self-Test eliminates unpleasant handling of stool specimens. A chemical detector pad in the toilet bowl is all it takes. We'll mail three tests with directions. You use it three successive days.



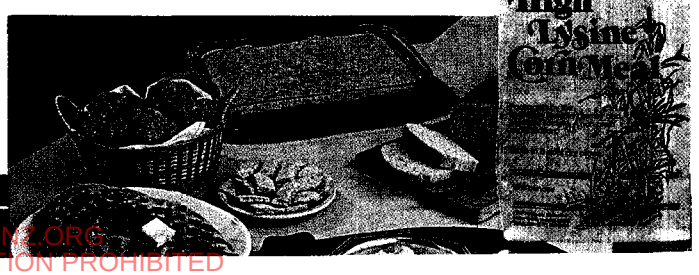
C. A High-Lysine and Fiber Cookbook Offers Ways to Prevent Cancer.

The Post *offers a new cookbook with cancer prevention in mind. The information is based on new material from the National Cancer Institute. High-fiber/low-fat diet is stressed.*



B. Labels Become Big Enough to Read under This Handy Magnifying Glass.

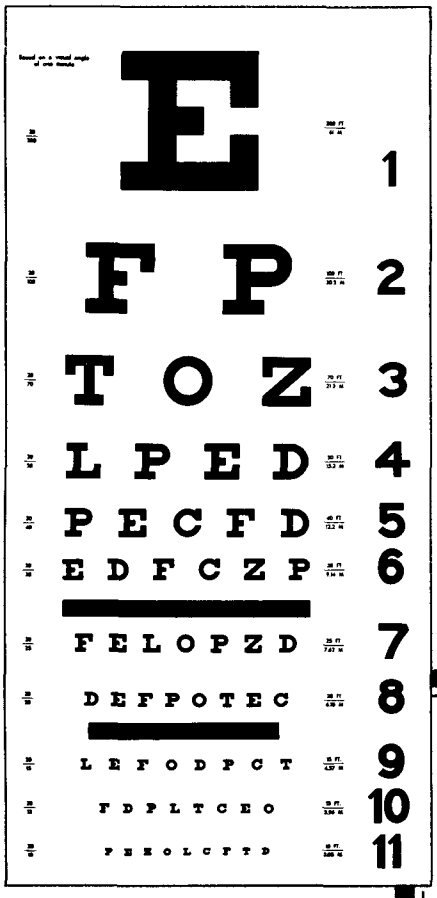
No more squinting and guessing, or giving up altogether. You now can know *what the fine print on the label says by whipping out this magnifying glass and verifying the contents of the container to which you will be entrusting your health.*



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

D. Instead of Reaching for a "Lucky," Be Luckier and Reach for a Pacifier.

Here is the answer for those nervous fingers that have to be holding something to rap against an ashtray every few seconds. Instead of a lung-corroding cigarette, one of these Post Pacifiers will do the trick. Not only can they help you overcome the stealthy addiction attacking your good health—these "phony smokes" will also protect the lungs of those around you.



E. A Simple Chart for Detecting Early Signs of Vision Problems.

A functional examination will tell you how well your eyes are working. To test your vision, you simply stand 20 feet back and read progressively smaller letters on the eye chart. If you aren't able to see within a normal range, at least you can see an ophthamologist. He will take it from there.

G. Slow-Mag Time-Released Magnesium Is Easily Absorbed.

Magnesium, an essential mineral, helps your body cells complete their metabolic functions. Researchers credit it with safely inducing restful sleep and with reducing high blood pressure and irregular heartbeats.

F. Begin Your High-Fiber Diet with High-Lysine Corn Meal.

Among the gifts offered for your good health, the one that combines nutrition and good taste is a bag of high-lysine corn meal. Sixty thousand Society members can't be wrong—it makes the best pancakes, waffles and corn bread your family will ever taste.

The Saturday Evening Post Society

P.O. Box 567 • Indianapolis, IN • 46206

Yes, I have made my good-health selection checked below. ☐ A. colorectal kit, ☐ B. magnifying glass, ☐ C. high-lysine cookbook, ☐ D. Post pacifier, ☐ E. eye chart, ☐ F. high-lysine corn meal, ☐ G. magnesium.

My Donation: $10____ $15____ $20____ Other____

☐ Check or money order is enclosed. Charge to: ☐ VISA ☐ MasterCard

Card No._____ Expir. date_____

Signature_____

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____ Zip_____ DON9

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Some come to Arkansas to "take the waters" at Hot Springs (above)—others let the waters take them (right).

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Razor's Edge

Today's Arkansas travelers will find riches galore in the 25th state, from lovely ante-bellum mansions and soothing hot springs to real diamonds in the rough.

...and Gord Hinkley

A glass-enclosed elevator lifts you up Hot Springs Mountain Tower for a view 1,040 feet above sea level.

At the time Alaska was admitted to the Union as the 49th state, a stand-up comedian made a suggestion for keeping our flag to only 48 stars. His solution: "Get rid of Arkansas."

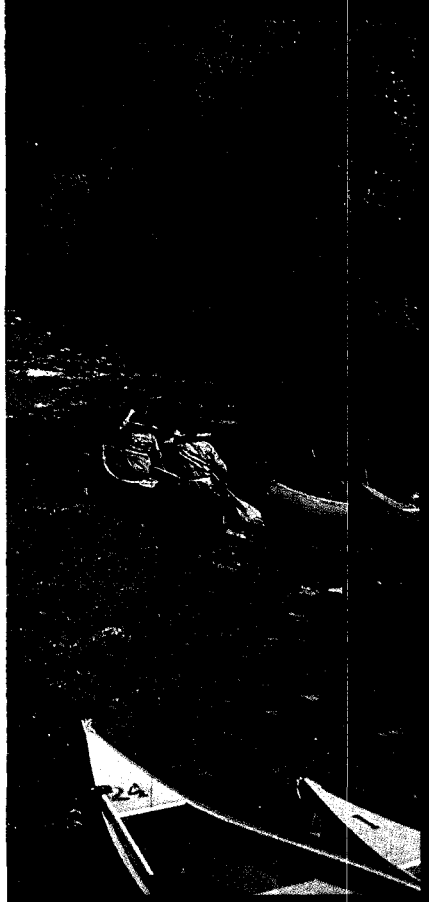
The result was an uprising of Arkansas citizenry unequaled since the Civil War. The people of the "land of opportunity" have a right to their pride. History and geography are on their side.

Arkansas was discovered by Hernando de Soto in 1541. The French took possession in 1682, courtesy of Robert Cavelier, sieur de La Salle. In 1803, the United States purchased Arkansas as part of the Louisiana Territory. Thirty-three years later it became a state.

Even Arkansas' name has a rich heritage. Its dominant Indian tribe was called Quapaw, or Ou-gaq-pa, which means "South Wind." The Algonquins pronounced it Oo-ka-na-sa, Marquette wrote Arkansoa and La Salle, Arkensa. The subsequent explorer De Tonti made it Arkancas, and La Harpe, finally, turned it into Arkansas. The official pronunciation became "Ark-in-saw" by—what else?—legislative committee.

If the State of Arkansas has a fault, it's that there's too much to see. One wants to "ride off in all directions." It's all here: water, mountains, big-city excitement and many of our nation's most refreshing spas. Arkansas even has its own wines.

Let's start with the water. Of Arkansas' 53,187 square miles, 1,109 are covered with water, not including the Mississippi River, which forms the state's eastern boundary. The once-fickle Arkan-



In waters surrounded by scenic beauty, anglers load their stringers with everything from bream and bass to rainbow trout and walleyes.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sas, the state's most important river, flows west to east and, thanks to water planning, now keeps within its banks the year round.

If you like canoeing, you've come to the right state. Choose your water, mild or wild, from 9,700 miles of streams. The challenging Cossatot may be as close as a white-water enthusiast will come to heaven here on earth.

Fishing? Arkansas ranks among the top ten states in licenses issued to visitors. Once you see stringers loaded with large- and smallmouth bass, crappie, bream and catfish, you'll know why. The state has also introduced exotics: rainbow and brown trout, walleye and striped bass.

The Little Red River vies with 40,000-acre Greers Ferry Lake for trophy-size rainbow trout. After you've caught your limit, you may want to climb Sugar Loaf Mountain Trail for a spectacular view of the surrounding Ozarks.

Which brings us to—mountains. Arkansas has them, including the scenic Ouachita Range, part of the Ouachita National Forest that covers 1.5 million acres. Bear, as well as deer and wild turkey, flourish here. But if you crave real wilderness, try backpacking the Caney Creek Back Country. In this secluded area, free of vehicles or permanent structures, nature sets the pace.

If Arkansas has a second fault, it's the highways. They're too scenic. Try driving through the Buffalo National River area and the national forests. You'll spend more time behind the camera than behind the wheel. You'll be stopping off at Dogpatch, USA, of course.

Little Rock's International Fest in late September features cuisine and entertainment from dozens of countries and cultures—for no admission charge.

You'll also want to visit the water-etched caverns and the vineyards planted by Swiss immigrants more than 100 years ago. (The grape harvest is now celebrated in October.) Unless you avoid the Eureka Springs "Little Switzerland" area, there goes the rest of your trip. Tourists from around the world come to this Victorian showplace, where artists, craftsmen and writers congregate, for its Blue Spring; the Great Passion Play (the largest religious outdoor drama in the United States); the Christ of the Ozarks; Miles Musical Museum; Onyx Cave; and country-music shows.

On the other side of the state, follow the Great River Road and you are sure to run into Wilson, one of the largest cotton plantations in the South. Then there's Hampson Museum State Park and its Mound Builder Indian exhibits; and Southland Greyhound Park in West Memphis, where you can pay expenses by betting on the winning dogs. Venture on through miles of the charming Old South and its stately antebellum homes, until you reach Helena, the old river town, of which Mark Twain wrote: "Helena occupies one of the prettiest situations on the river."

Don't stay at Helena forever, for there are yet riches to be discovered in the Crater of Diamonds State Park near Murfreesboro. This unique park has the only diamond-hunting field on the North American continent. For a small "prospector's fee" you are free to search for—and keep—real diamonds. Each year the field yields around 350 sparklers, some of them in the knock-your-eye-out category. Tools are available for rent or purchase, and geologists are on the premises to verify the stones.

Arkansas' biggest jewel for travelers, however, is Little Rock and its sister city, North Little Rock. In this area, you can visit the zoo and the old water-powered gristmill that was filmed for the opening scene of *Gone with the Wind*; walk the shady lawn of MacArthur Park, named for Gen. Douglas MacArthur, born in Little Rock in 1880; or travel back in frontier history through the Arkansas Territorial Restoration.

Little Rock's "fun" season begins in May with Riverfest and its headline performers and impromptu shows, by roving street artists, of juggling, magic and mime. On Labor Day weekend come down for North Little Rock's Summerset. Its highlight is the Great Arkansas River Race for kayakers and canoeists. Then comes the International Fest and its food, folk dances and costumes that provide a "world tour" all in the Metro Mall.

The best I've saved until last. It's Hot Springs National Park—"the vacation capital of Arkansas." If you've waited this long for a bath,

continued on page 112

Recreational Vehicle Buyers Guide

Jayco "J" Series Trailers are economically priced, in 16' to 32' lengths. Ideal for family vacations, with traditional Jayco construction quality and many comfortable, practical features. Free brochure. Jayco, Inc., Box 460, Middlebury, IN 46540.

HONEY RV'S Class A motor-home rivals most motor homes costing thousands more. Value that shows, with more standard features, Super-Framed construction and a base price of $29,785. 1809 W. Hively Ave., Elkhart, IN 46517.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

As Free As A Bird...

A constant reminder of our Heritage is the emblem of America—The Bald Eagle. This beautiful creation, measuring 7"x4½" in hand-painted porcelain bisque, is from the "Angeline Originals" collection presented by Heygill Imports, Inc. A breathtaking example of craftsmanship and quality, The American Bald Eagle will be a treasured piece in your family's heritage.

Armchair Shopper
PO Box 130
Indianapolis, IN 46206

Please send me _____ American Bald Eagle(s) from the "Angeline Originals" collection $35.95 plus $1.50 postage and handling each. Please allow 4-6 weeks for delivery.

☐ Check enclosed
☐ Master Charge ☐ VISA

credit card no._____exp. date _____

signature_____

name _____

address _____

city _____state_____ZIP _____

Indiana residents add 5% sales tax. 5E

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Twain

continued from page 38

A. I don't account for it at all.

Q. But you said at first you were only 19, and now you make yourself out to be 180. It is an awful discrepancy.

A. Why, have you noticed that? (Shaking hands.) Many a time it has seemed to me like a discrepancy, but somehow I couldn't make up my mind. How quick you notice a thing!

Q. Thank you for the compliment, as far as it goes. Had you, or have you, any brothers or sisters?

A. Eh! I—I—I think so—yes—but I don't remember.

Q. Well, that is the most extraordinary statement I ever heard!

A. Why, what makes you think that?

Q. How could I think otherwise? Why, look here! Who is this a picture of on the wall? Isn't that a brother of yours?

A. Oh, yes, yes, yes! Now you remind me of it; that *was* a brother of mine. That's William—*Bill* we called him. Poor old Bill!

Q. Why? Is he dead, then?

A. Ah! Well, I suppose so. We never could tell. There was a great mystery about it.

Q. That is sad, very sad. He disappeared, then?

A. Well, yes, in a sort of general way. We buried him.

Q. *Buried* him! *Buried* him, without knowing whether he was dead or not?

A. Oh, no! Not that. He was dead enough.

Q. Well, I confess that I can't understand this. If you buried him, and you knew he was dead—

A. No! no! We only thought he was.

Q. Oh, I see! He came to life again?

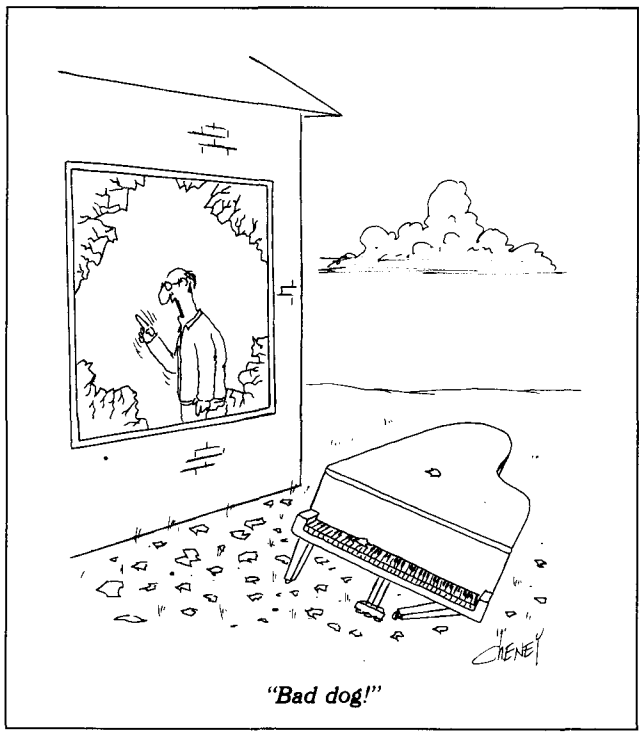
A. I bet he didn't.

Q. Well, I never heard anything like this. *Somebody* was dead. *Somebody* was buried. Now, where was the mystery?

A. Ah! that's just it! That's it exactly. You see, we were twins—defunct and I—and we got mixed in the bathtub when we were only two weeks old, and one of us was drowned. But we didn't know which. Some think it was Bill. Some think it was me.

Q. Well, that *is* remarkable. What do *you* think?

A. Goodness knows! I would give whole worlds to know. This solemn, this awful mystery has cast a gloom over my whole life. But I will tell you a secret now, which I never have revealed to any creature before. One of us had a peculiar mark—a large mole on the back of his left hand; that was *me. That child was the one that was drowned!*



"Bad dog!"

Q. Very well, then, I don't see that there is any mystery about it, after all.

A. You don't? Well, *I* do. Anyway, I don't see how they could ever have been such a blundering lot as to go and bury the wrong child. But, 'sh!—don't mention it where the family can hear of it. Heaven knows they have heartbreaking troubles enough without adding this.

Q. Well, I believe I have got material enough for the present, and I am very much obliged to you for the pains you have taken. But I was a good deal interested in that account of Aaron Burr's funeral. Would you mind telling me what particular circumstance it was that made you think Burr was such a remarkable man?

A. Oh! it was a mere trifle! Not one man in 50 would have noticed it at all. When the sermon was over, and the procession all ready to start for the cemetery, and the body all arranged nice in the hearse, he said he wanted to take a last look at the scenery, and so he *got up and rode with the driver.*

Then the young man reverently withdrew. He was very pleasant company, and I was sorry to see him go.

1875

Baseball

continued from page 53

Samson, a burly, older man who once had been up with the Washington Senators for a year. Randy produced from his glove a ball heavily wrapped with black bicycle tape. He lobbed it easily to Samson, who exclaimed, "What the devil is this?"

"It's a taped ball," Randy said carefully. "Furthermore, I've had it soaking in a bucket of water all week."

"What's the idea?" Samson asked.

Randy answered firmly, "The same principle as a batter walking up to the plate swinging two bats. By the time I get a real baseball in my hand, it will feel like a feather."

"I thought I'd seen everything," Samson shrugged, "but this is the first time I ever saw a pitcher warm up by shot putting."

He threw the ball back to Randy, and it landed with a heavy, wet plunk in his glove. Randy threw it back, and the warm-up went on. It was an unseasonably warm day for Chicago in April, a month that has brought blizzards to the city. The good, warm sweat began to trickle down Randy's back and pitching arm. It felt fine, like a benevolent lubricant.

The bell finally rang, just as in a big-league park. Randy threw one final pitch to Samson, then turned toward the diamond for the first time since he'd started to warm up. Samson joined him, mumbling, "Something's screwy here. I didn't get any batting practice."

As he got out to the mound, the second-string catcher rolled him the ball from behind the plate and filled

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

in while Samson donned his tools of ignorance. It was a brand-new ball, the first such that Randy ever had handled in his life. Jubilantly he weighed it. Beside the black-taped monstrosity he'd been throwing, it felt like a tennis ball, only smoother. Carefully he tried three curves. Then, through sheer joy, he used his last two warm-up pitches throwing hard ones over the heart of the plate. He felt as if he could have thrown the ball clear through the backstop.

As the first batter approached the plate, Randy was looking at him only with the detached interest of a pitcher sizing up a hitter he'd never faced before. It was only a delayed reaction that telegraphed to his mind the letters on the batter's shirt. They read, "Traymont." The second mind telegram told him the batter was Wally Trumbo, a senior who had made the All-City team as a junior.

Startled, Randy looked toward the first-base dugout. There he saw "Traymont" on many shirt fronts —and kneeling in front of the dugout was Coach Corny Huggins. All of them were staring out at him with mixed expressions of astonishment and amusement.

Randy returned his attention to the batter, Trumbo, who had now stepped into the box. Trumbo's expression was one of supercilious merriment. Randy, feeling very calm, peered nearsightedly at his catcher and caught the sign for a curve. Without a windup Randy threw it in there, knee-high and just over the outside corner. The properly blue-clad umpire threw up his right hand—"Strike!"

The next sign was for a fast ball. Randy aimed it for approximately the bill of Trumbo's cap, and Trumbo sat down. "Ball." The next call was for a curve again, and once more Randy broke it low over the outside corner. Trumbo hesitated, then swung wildly, missing by a foot. One and two.

Another fast ball called for, Randy knew he ought to drive Trumbo back again; but, with supreme confidence, he blew the ball over the inside corner, just above the knees. Trumbo took it and was called out.

The next man went down without ever taking the bat off his shoulder. Third man up was the same Mel Baker who had teased him so often as he practiced in the vacant lot. Baker let two curve balls over the outside corner go by for strikes and then went down swinging on a knuckle ball that actually bounced on the plate. Randy walked into the dugout feeling confident and good.

The game was called in the fifth inning, with the Pilots still batting. The score was a horrendous 23-0. Randy's happiness was somewhat marred by the fact that he felt a little sorry for the sheepish, disgusted Traymont team.

As he walked in from second base, where he had been stationed as the result of an unexpected base-clearing double, he passed Lennon, who had stopped to talk to Corny Huggins. He heard Lennon saying to Huggins, "You might be all right with pros, but you ought never to coach boys. You don't even know what a boy wants."

"And what does a boy want?" Huggins snarled.

"A chance," Lennon said quietly. "Just a chance."

Before he could pass into the dugout and through into the clubhouse, Randy was intercepted by Mr. Grimslaw, the principal of Traymont High. "Well, Johnson," Mr. Grimslaw said, "revenge is sweet, isn't it?"

"Yes, sir," Randy answered honestly.

The principal smiled and said, "If you were to come out for the Traymont team again, I believe that Coach Huggins would look on you with new eyes."

"Thank you, sir," Randy said earnestly, "but that won't be possi-

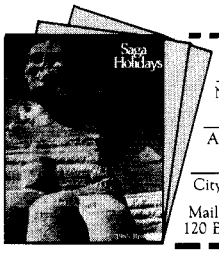
continued on following page

IF YOU'VE REACHED 60, YOU'VE EARNED A SAGA HOLIDAY.

You've worked hard to make the world a better place. Now you deserve to see it. In the company of your peers. Without worries.

Saga Holidays specializes in worldwide travel for people 60 and over. Panoramic coach tours. Relaxing stay holidays. Exotic adventure tours. You'll be amazed at all we include. We even have a Club so you can stay in touch after you travel. And we take care of all the details, every step of the way. Because we think you've earned it.

Take a moment to send for our beautiful 124-page brochure —absolutely free!



Name

Address

City/State Zip

Mail to: Saga Holidays, Dept. 38S
120 Boylston St., Boston, MA 02116

Saga Holidays

Department 38S
120 Boylston Street
Boston, Massachusetts
02116

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ble. You see, sir, the Pilots are a semi-professional team, and I wouldn't be eligible for interscholastic activities now."

"Quite right," Mr. Grimslaw murmured. "I'd forgotten that for the moment. Good luck, Johnson."

Mr. Grimslaw walked away, and Randy ducked through the tunnel door that led into the clubhouse. Randy undressed and took a leisurely shower. Standing there with the hot water sluicing down his body, he thought that he'd never felt better. He'd had a glorious moment such as few boys his age would ever know.

Back in front of his locker he dressed slowly and methodically. When he had finished combing his hair in front of the cracked wall mirror, he took his spikes and his glove from his locker and turned to go. He faced into Lennon. "Thank you very much, Mr. Lennon," he said. "But I still don't see how you set it up."

"That was easy," Lennon said, shrugging. "At the risk of sounding vain, I'll say that Huggins was flattered that I'd look him up. Secondly, he was glad for his boys to play in a real ball park instead of those piles of cinders they usually play on."

"Well," Randy said, "thank you anyway. It made a big minute for me."

He extended his hand, but Lennon refused it. "Where are you taking that glove and those spikes?" Lennon asked.

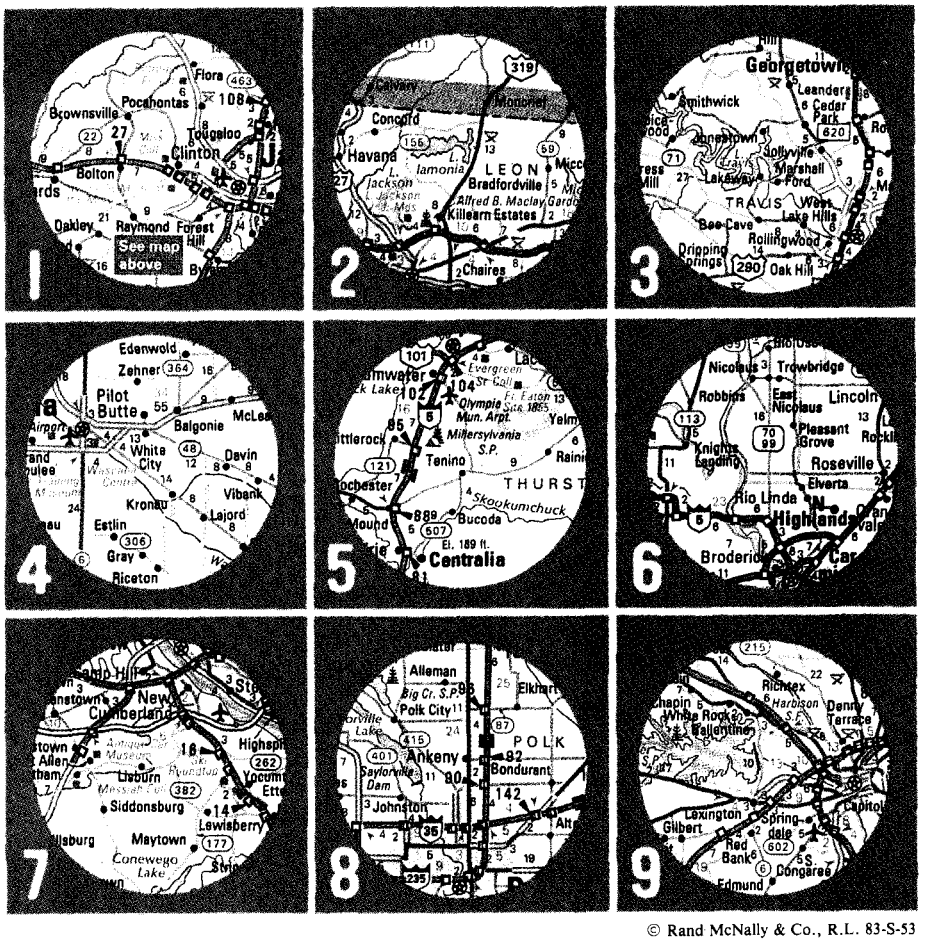
Surprised, Randy answered, "Home."

"What for?" Lennon demanded gruffly. "You'll be needing them here tomorrow."

"Tomorrow?" Randy asked blankly.

"Yes, tomorrow. We start to work on teaching you to field your position so you won't be bunted silly—so that when you should be backing up third base, you won't be standing out there on the mound with your teeth hanging out. Twelve o'clock." He started away, then turned back smiling. "By July, if you keep learning, I may start using you in relief. By September you might even start a game." He put his hand on Randy's shoulder and said softly, "There aren't many pitchers who can throw a ball through a six-inch square of wire."

As Lennon walked off, Randy found himself trying to blink back those awful tears, which so often threatened his dignity. Only this time they were happy tears.



© Rand McNally & Co., R.L. 83-S-53

Where do you think you are?

East or West, North or South, each of the distinctive areas above appears on the map of a single city, state or province. In terms of routes, state parks, mountains and memorials, there is, as the saying goes, "no place like it." Can you identify these locations? If you or a friend find the game too easy (but you won't), add the requirement that you place the area, north, south, east, west or central in the designated locale.

(Answers on page 110)

Here Comes The Bride

continued from page 16

two fathers—a little touch her mother thought up to fill out the wedding party a bit more. Seven little boys (Doc, Sleepy, Dopey, etc.) carry her train, which was designed to outdo Amtrak.

Everyone in the pews oohs and ahs. Several women cry at the sight. One of the escorting fathers (the one who still has the rental tag on the tail of his tuxedo) also cries and operates a tiny calculator with one hand. This is the way those attending can tell which one is the real father and which one is the dummy. (Excuse the expression.)

I don't know whether these people ever get married. Three hours later when the bride reaches the altar, I am asleep.

In addition to these reoccurring weddings, there are several less prevalent ones I will not take the space to describe in detail but shall list:

—The back-to-nature wedding, held outdoors—usually in the rain at some fish-and-gun club. The vows are read from an old book by Marlin Perkins.

—The theme wedding. This wedding is tied to some other special event. It might be a Fourth of July wedding with the attendants dressed as Uncle Sam or a Super Bowl wed-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Post Reader Service Center

BORED. . .HOT. . .TIRED. . . .
If that pretty well says it all, sounds as if you need a change of scenery. Trade your sweatband for a nice breeze by creating the vacation of your choice. We have the details.

Arkansas—free vacation-planning kit from the natural state. Tour maps, lodging information, attractions, free posters and coupons for discounts on lodging and attractions. Call toll free 1-800-643-8383. In Arkansas, call 1-800-482-8999. Can't call? Circle 1

Steamboatin' on the legendary *Delta Queen* or the luxurious *Mississippi Queen* offers a unique cruise vacation featuring delicious food, entertainment and historic landmarks and brings Mark Twain's America back to life. Send for our free brochure. Circle 2

Historic Eureka Springs. Arkansas—looking forward and reaching back. Enjoy this unique, Victorian city. See the Great Passion Play, country-music shows and shop the historic downtown district. Ride the gleaming trolleys and a steam-powered train. Visit unique natural attractions. Circle 3

Hot Springs, Arkansas—World-famous baths are just the beginning of the attractions in this resort city nestled in a National Park. Clean, sparkling lakes; scenic mountain trails; Magic Springs Amusement Park and the unique hands-on Mid-America Museum are just a few of the attractions. Call for a free vacation-planning kit: Toll free 800-643-1570 (outside Arkansas); 800-272-2081 (inside Arkansas). Circle ..4

Bicycle tours to Tahiti or feudal Japan. . . one low price includes accommodations, dinners and more! Island-hop in Tahiti or enjoy the beautiful Japanese castles and scenery. Great value for the vacation-bound bicyclist! Booking now for March '85. For free brochure, circle 5

The Post Reader Service Center
July/August 1985

Please send me information indicated by circled number 1 2 3 4 5

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____
STATE _____ ZIP _____

Fill out and mail coupon to:

The Saturday Evening Post
P.O. Box 2810
Clinton, Iowa 52735

Send 25¢ for p&h. U.S. currency only.
This coupon void after September 11, 1985.

ding with the bride wearing a Dallas Cowboy helmet instead of a veil.

—The nostalgia wedding, a favorite of the children of antique dealers, is held in a barn somewhere. The family spends $9,000 to make it appear that the wedding is taking place in 1895. (They fail.)

—The ethnic wedding, conducted by families who remember the old country—or claim to—or come from New Jersey. The postwedding party at these weddings is not boring—the wedding itself is boring. Throughout the ceremony, people keep nudging the father of the bride and asking: "When does the party start, Giuseppe?"

—The small, family wedding. These are all the second weddings, tenth weddings, quick weddings and embarrassing weddings to which only close family members are invited. These are my favorite weddings.

Whenever one of these weddings comes along, I'll just send a gift and stay home to watch the dog sleep. ✖

Tobacco

continued from page 61

she often must force herself to recall John's wish that she continue the suit. Long before trial, she had to submit to depositions—informal court proceedings that allowed the defendants to hear the plaintiff's point of view before the trial.

Elayne's first deposition lasted 15 hours; the second, about 7. The tobacco-company lawyers had done a great deal of homework. They asked Elayne about every conceivable aspect of John's life that might be construed negatively—regardless of its relevance to his smoking and smoking-related cancer. John had been a gentleman and a devoted family man, but like most of us he had a few rocky places in his life. A business he had been involved with had failed, and he'd been depressed. The tobacco-company lawyers wanted to know all about that angle. He'd been married once before and divorced in 1941. They wanted all the details of that marriage and actually went to another state to interview John's first wife, who had not seen him for more than 40 years before he died. Elayne Galbraith, normally a soft-spoken woman, is angry: "They took a good man's life and tried to tear it to pieces. They will stop at nothing to

New Hope For All Smokers

Quit Smoking With Amazing New EZ-Quit Invention!

Inventor Challenges Heavy Smokers To Kick The Habit 100% Money-Back Guarantee

LOS ANGELES – Over 100,000 smokers around the world have tested EZ-QUIT, said Bill Haber, the inventor, who issues this challenge to all smokers:

"I dare you to try EZ-QUIT for 30 days with an absolute money-back guarantee if not satisfied."

Bill Haber, Inventor

Pleasant, Safe, Harmless

EZ-QUIT is a cigarette substitute. You don't light it. There's no smoke, no ash tray breath, no cigarette cough. It is safe, non-medical, no-drugs and not habit forming. It looks and tastes like a real cigarette. Inhale. It feels as if you are smoking the real thing. You can use the same EZ-QUIT over and over again. Actually, you are "smoking away" your smoking habit. Give it an honest try. Get past your first cigarette crisis and you'll realize it is actually possible for you to quit. The rest can be your personal "I Quit" success story.

University Study Reports Success

A major University smoking study now midway in a year-long program reported that smokers in the EZ-QUIT control group had a 60% to 70% success rate in quitting and staying off cigarettes, the highest of any group. EZ-QUIT has just been granted a U.S. Patent No. 4,429,703 and foreign patents are pending.

100% Money-Back Guarantee

Only $10.00 (Nothing more to buy). If not satisfied, return product with proof of purchase for full refund. Send $10.00 (or $18.00 for 2 persons), cash, check, or M.O. to EZ-QUIT, Dept. SEP-2, P.O. Box 865, 18740 Oxnard St., Suite 309, Tarzana, CA 91356.

©Copyright 1984

PRODUCED BY ARCHIVE.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

protect themselves. They don't care that people are dying. . . ."

The Issues on Trial

When the Marsee case, the Galbraith case and dozens of others around the country go to trial, the issues to be decided will probably be causation, the impact of tobacco marketing and advertising, and addiction.

Although every medical authority in the world believes that smoking is the No. 1 cause of lung cancer, lawyers for the tobacco industry will no doubt argue that no scientific proof of the relationship exists. The issue will have to be decided by a jury of laymen, not medical experts. The cancer-connection issue will be somewhat more difficult to argue in the Marsee case than in the smoking cases, for the evidence of the causal link between snuff and cancer is not so voluminous for smokeless tobacco.

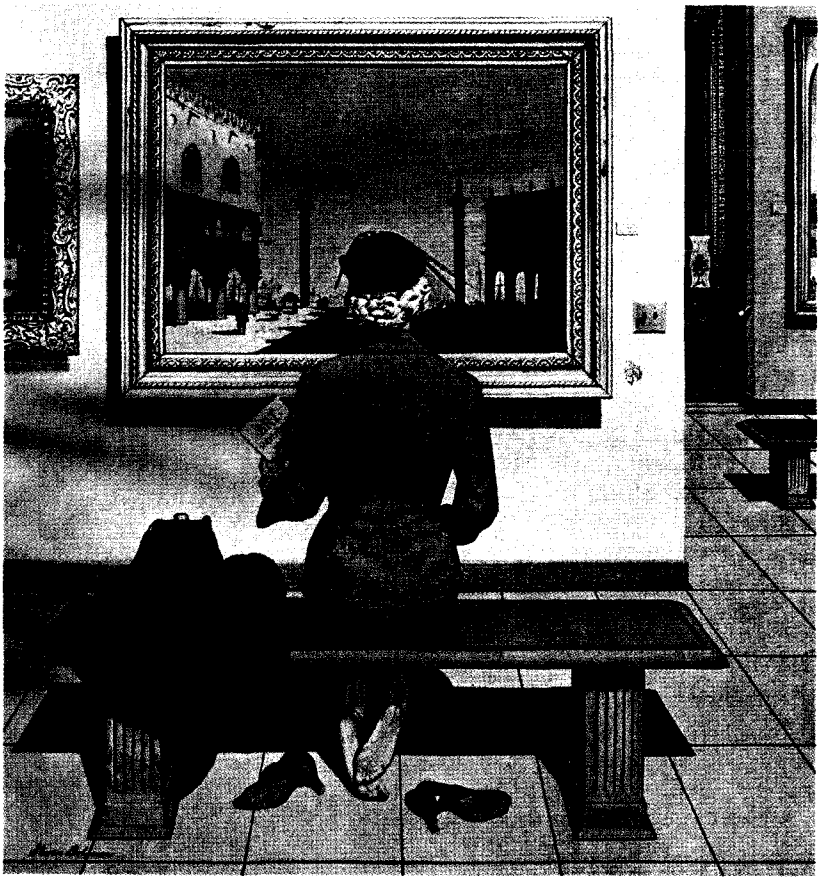
The impact of tobacco advertising and marketing will be brought up in most of the lawsuits. Indeed, a law firm in Charleston, West Virginia, has named several advertising agencies that worked for cigarette companies as defendants in one suit. One of the plaintiffs' attorneys, William Druckman, says, "We feel that they purposefully advertised a product that they knew was defective [harmful] and that they should be responsible along with the cigarette companies." Other attorneys have decided not to sue the media, for tactical reasons. David Novack, a Newark, New Jersey, lawyer who represents several plaintiffs, says, "The law making cigarette manufacturers liable is very clear and favorable to plaintiffs; the law holding the media responsible is much less favorable."

Finally, the importance of addiction cannot be overestimated. The argument that smoking is a matter of free choice can be countered with the evidence that smoking addicts.

Getting Organized

Until recently no organization for attorneys litigating tobacco victims' claims existed. But in January the Boston-based Tobacco Product Liability Project held its first conference. Headed by Richard Daynard, a professor at Northeastern University School of Law, and Michael Charney, a psychiatrist, this group has already developed an information network that will help attorneys trade information about tobacco litigation. The project will also work closely with Action on Smoking and Health, headed by the antismoking activist John F. Banzhaf III, a professor of law at George Washington University.

Tobacco companies may soon begin to pay the bill for the millions of tobacco-related illnesses and deaths in the United States.



Can you name this picture?

. . . ***contest:*** $100 to the author of the winning caption for this picture. Your entry can be a "one-liner" or up to five lines of limerick. Please send entry on a postcard. *No* self-addressed, stamped envelope is needed. We will also award $100 to the photographer whose submitted photo is published in next month's contest. 8 x 10 photos are preferred, along with a stamped, self-addressed envelope for possible photo return. Send all entries to: Photo Contest, *SatEvePost*, 1100 Waterway Blvd., Indianapolis, IN 46202. All eligible caption entries must be received by August 16, 1985.

Our congratulations and a check for $100 go to Janet Gibertini of Sauk Village, Illinois, for the winning entry in our April 1985 caption contest.

The alley was slick
As this classy chick
Got a strike on her very first roll;
And to my surprise, I couldn't believe my eyes
She did it without any sole!

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

My Feet Were Killing Me...Until I Discovered the Miracle in Germany!

It was the European trip we had always dreamed about. We had the time and money to go where we wanted—see what we wanted. But I soon learned that money and time don't mean much when your feet hurt too much to walk. After a few days of sightseeing my feet were killing me.

Oh, my wife tried to keep me going. In Paris I limped through Notre Dame and along the Champs-Elysées. And I went up in the Eiffel Tower although I can't honestly say I remember the view. My feet were so tired and sore my whole body ached. While everybody else was having a great time, I was in my hotel room. I didn't even feel like sitting in a sidewalk cafe.

The whole trip was like that until we got to Hamburg, Germany. There, by accident, I happened to hear about an *exciting break-through for anyone who suffers from sore, aching feet and legs.*

This wonderful invention was a custom formed foot support called Flexible Featherspring.® When I got a pair and slipped them into my shoes *my pain disappeared almost instantly.* The flexible shock absorbing support they gave my feet was like cradling them on a cushion of air. I could walk, stand, even run. The relief was truly a miracle.

And just one pair was all I needed. I learned that my wife also can wear them—even with sandals and open-backed shoes. They're completely invisible.

Imagine how dumbfounded I was to discover these miraculous devices were sold only in Europe. Right then I determined that we would share the miracle we discovered in Germany with our own countrymen.

In the last 12 years over a half million Americans of all ages—many with foot problems far more severe than mine—have experienced this blessed relief for themselves.

MADE FOR YOUR FEET ALONE

Here's why Featherspring work for them and *why they can work for you.* These supports are like nothing you've ever seen before. They are custom formed and made for *your feet alone!* Unlike conventional devices, they actually imitate the youthful elastic support that Nature originally intended your feet to have.

©1985 Featherspring International Corp.
712 N. 34th Street, Seattle, Washington 98103

NO RISK OFFER

Whatever your problem—corns, calluses, pain in the balls of your feet, burning nerve ends, painful ankles, old injuries, backaches or just generally sore, aching feet, Flexible Featherspring will bring you relief with every step you take or your money back.

Don't suffer pain and discomfort needlessly. If your feet hurt, the miracle of Germany can help you. Write for more detailed information. There is no obligation whatsoever. No salesman will call. Just fill out the coupon below and mail it today.

What people say in unsolicited testimonials, about Featherspring:

". . . I have thoroughly enjoyed the comfort Featherspring have provided me. You would not believe the difference they have made my feet feel—before I had such pain when walking because I have severe callus' on both of my feet." M.W.R./Richmond, VA

"I want to thank you for refunding to me the full amount of what I ordered. I admire your company for this with no strings or red tape."
G.K.M./Warwick, Rhode Island

"Received my wife's Featherspring two days ago. They are super—neither of us can believe the results. She has had terrible feet for years; already no pain. Incidentally, her sore knee is much better . . . As a retired physician, this result is amazing."
Dr. C.O.C./Tucson, Arizona

". . . At the present time I still wear the Featherspring and indeed they perform well after seven years of use."
G.M.G., Dallas, Texas

SEND NO MONEY!

FEATHERSPRING INTERNATIONAL CORPORATION
712 N. 34th Street, Dept SEP075
Seattle, Washington 98103

YES! I want to learn more about Flexible Featherspring Foot Supports. Please rush me your free packet. I will watch for a LARGE PINK ENVELOPE. I understand that there is no obligation and that no salesman will call.

Print Name _____

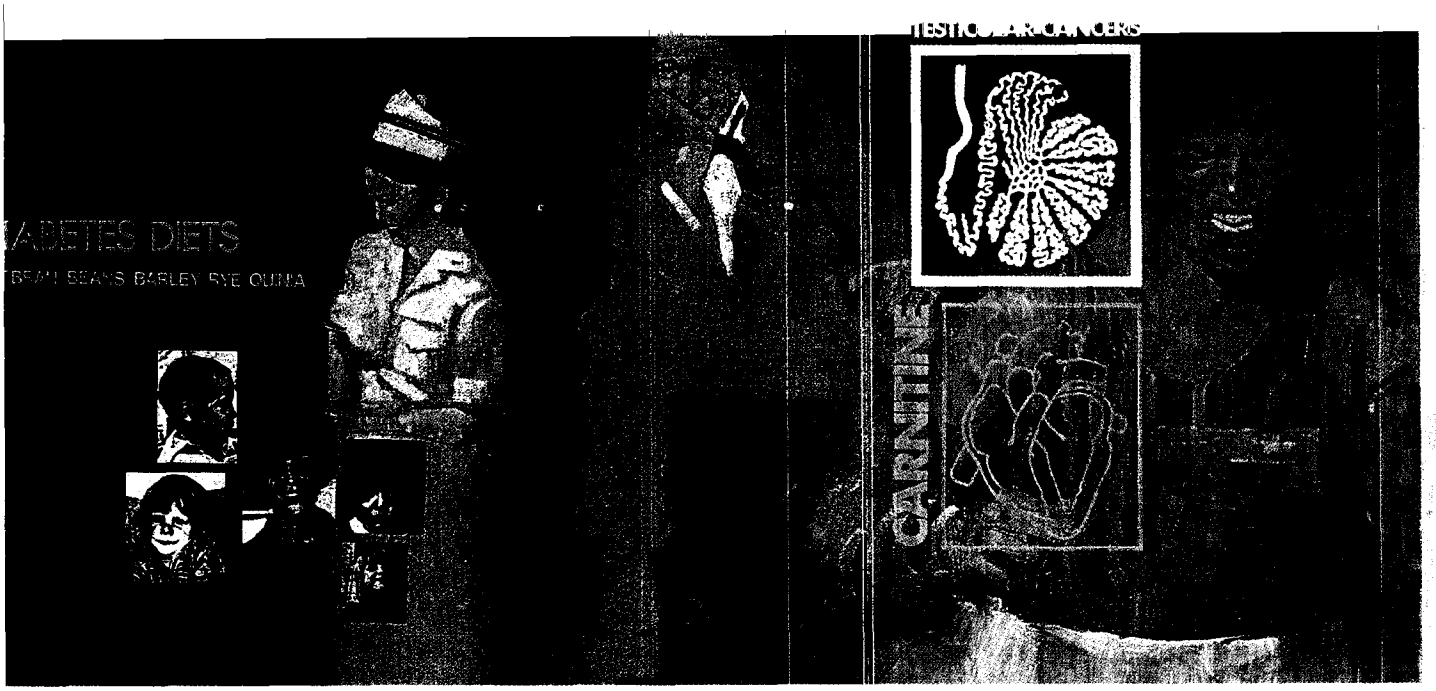
Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

When in Seattle visit the Featherspring building.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



EVERY FRIDAY THE 700 CLUB PRESENTS LIFECARE DIGEST

Each Friday, Lifecare Digest is featured on CBN's The 700 Club with host Pat Robertson. Cory SerVaas, M.D., editor of The Saturday Evening Post, brings you the latest, in-depth health information and the most recent medical breakthroughs to enhance your health and possibly save your life, or that of a loved one. Join us each week and learn to monitor your body's warning signals and better care for your family's health, by preventing problems before they occur.

July 5
The Eyes Have It

Where can a doctor explore your tiny arterial blood vessels without surgery? Your eyes. With an ophthalmoscope doctors can tell what the blood vessels throughout your body are probably like.

July 12
Run Away From Depression

More studies are running in favor of jogging as an effective way of treating depression. The exercise causes an increase in the amount of norepinephrine in the brains of depressed people. Low levels of the substance are associated with depression, while higher levels can return normalcy.

July 19
Chemotherapy Victories

Testicular cancers which were once about 90% fatal today are nearly 100% cur-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

able if caught in time. A substance called Cis-platinum is largely responsible for the change.

July 26
New Diabetes Diets

Oat bran, beans, barley, rye, and a new grain called quinia can all help lower insulin needs. On this segment we'll discuss why it's important to monitor blood glucose levels and why half of America's diabetics go undiagnosed.

August 2
Yeast Infections

Fatigue, headaches, depression, and painful joints are a few of the complaints of those who suffer from yeast infections. It's now thought that antibiotics and birth control pills are contributing factors.

August 9
Carnitine

Carnitine. It's a new food supplement that's causing a stir in the sports medicine world since an Italian soccer team won an upset victory after taking it. It's also proving to be a lifesaver in some often fatal heart conditions. Learn how it works on this segment of Life Care Digest.

August 16
Cholesterol And Children

It's clear that childhood risk factors foreshadow medical events in adulthood. Today, top nutrition authorities are recommending that children two years and older should take in no more than 250 to 300 mg. of cholesterol and total fat intake should not exceed 30% of the diet. Find out why on this segment.

August 23
Reading, Writing And Eating

School nurses understand how children's behavior is affected by their diets. Hyperactivity, irritability and lethargy can be caused by bad diets. The answer lies in purging sugar and replacing it with a high-fiber/low fat diet. A diet that could maximize your child's potential.

August 30
Take Magnesium Tonight And Sleep

Sleeping pills and tranquilizers can be dangerous. Research now shows that the natural mineral magnesium is better. Further, it may also help in treatment of heart arrhythmias and hypertension.

The 700 Club

TV JOURNALISM WITH A DIFFERENT SPIRIT

Check your local listings for time and station

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Alcoholics Anonymous

continued from page 72

laughs them off." A classmate from medical school recalls a day near the end of Bob's life in 1950. "One of the outstanding incidents of my life is the Sunday we spent with him at his home in Akron. It was something like people coming to Lourdes—people he'd never seen or heard of. One was a dean of a large college in Ohio. Two people who stand out in my memory were a lawyer and his wife. They had driven all the way from Detroit to tell him what he'd done for them through AA."

Two years after their first meeting, Bill and Bob could count at least 40 sober alcoholics, some of them "very grim, last-gasp cases that had been sober a couple of years." They realized the chain reaction they had started could spread throughout the world. "What a tremendous realization that was!" Bill wrote. "At last we were sure. There would be no more flying totally blind."

While Bob continued to build the fellowship in Akron, Bill began writing a book (*Alcoholics Anonymous*; AA members call it "The Big Book") about its methods and philosophy. Until then AA's message had been transmitted exclusively face-to-face. For a while, it seemed that the potent magic of that message had been lost in print—the book simply didn't sell. Local newspapers and word-of-mouth continued, however, to spread the news of hope for alcoholics, and before long a steady trickle of orders began coming in.

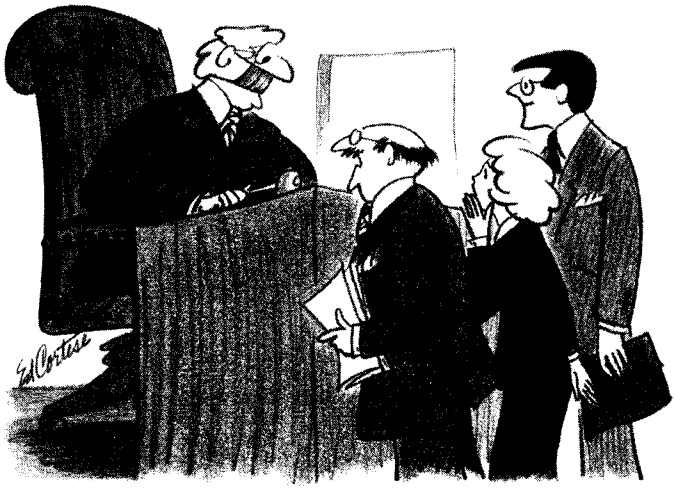
Then Jack Alexander began working on an article about AA for *The Saturday Evening Post*. Initially prepared to debunk the fellowship, Alexander, after an exhaustive investigation, became an enthusiastic believer. No sooner had his article appeared in the March 1, 1941, *Post* than the group's small office in New York was swamped with orders for the book and letters asking for assistance. Somehow, the staff (a young woman, Ruth Hock) and volunteers (everybody else) managed to send a personal reply to each inquiry. Throughout North America (and indeed, the world) the Big Book took the place of the personal "sponsorship" that had brought sobriety to pre-1941 members.

AA almost burst upon the world too soon. At the time of the *Post* explosion, it had just begun to develop its unique "corporate poverty" policy—without which it could not have attained its present power and importance.

Money had been a problem for Bill and Bob from the start. Both had spent their early years of sobriety in straitened circumstances. When AA was three years old, Bill was offered "an office, a decent drawing account and a very healthy slice of the profits" of Towns hospital in exchange for "moving his work" into that institution. Initially he was delighted, but other members of the New York group persuaded him to refuse. (Today, many AA members work as paid alcoholism counselors—but in the fellowship's formative years salaries might have been too heavy a strain on AA's all-important tradition of free and voluntary assistance.) Shortly after deciding to keep his AA work nonprofessional, Bill lost his home. For the next two years he and Lois lived with friends and moved more than 50 times before they could afford their own home.

Renouncing personal gain, Bill, however, clung to the idea that AA itself should be liberally funded. He believed that AA should build a chain of hospitals and mount a public education campaign. With these aims in mind, he and his associates approached John D. Rockefeller, Jr., for financial assistance. Rockefeller dispatched an investigator to Akron. The report he received made him a lifelong supporter of the group—and a firm believer that money would spoil it. In 1940, he gave a dinner for AA and invited the leading members of New York's financial community. At this dinner, he asked his son Nelson to announce that he (John D.) was donating only $1,000 and to explain that AA required little more in the way of financial as-

continued on following page



You be the Judge

by John A. Ritter

Although deaf since birth, Dolores could lip-read; she was a high-school honor graduate. But when she applied for a registered-nurse training program at the state nursing college, she was rejected.

"Sorry," said the admissions director, "but we don't admit deaf students."

Dolores filed a lawsuit against the college. "Judge," she said, "the college is violating the Federal Rehabilitation Act. No school receiving federal aid can discriminate against the handicapped."

If you were the judge, would you order the nursing college to enroll Dolores?

The Supreme Court ruled in favor of the college. "No law requires schools to train deaf nurses," said the Court. "Doctors and nurses wear surgical masks in many situations, making lip-reading impossible."

(Based on a 1979 U.S. Supreme Court case.)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SAMARITAN'S PURSE

FILE REPORT #68

ETHIOPIA

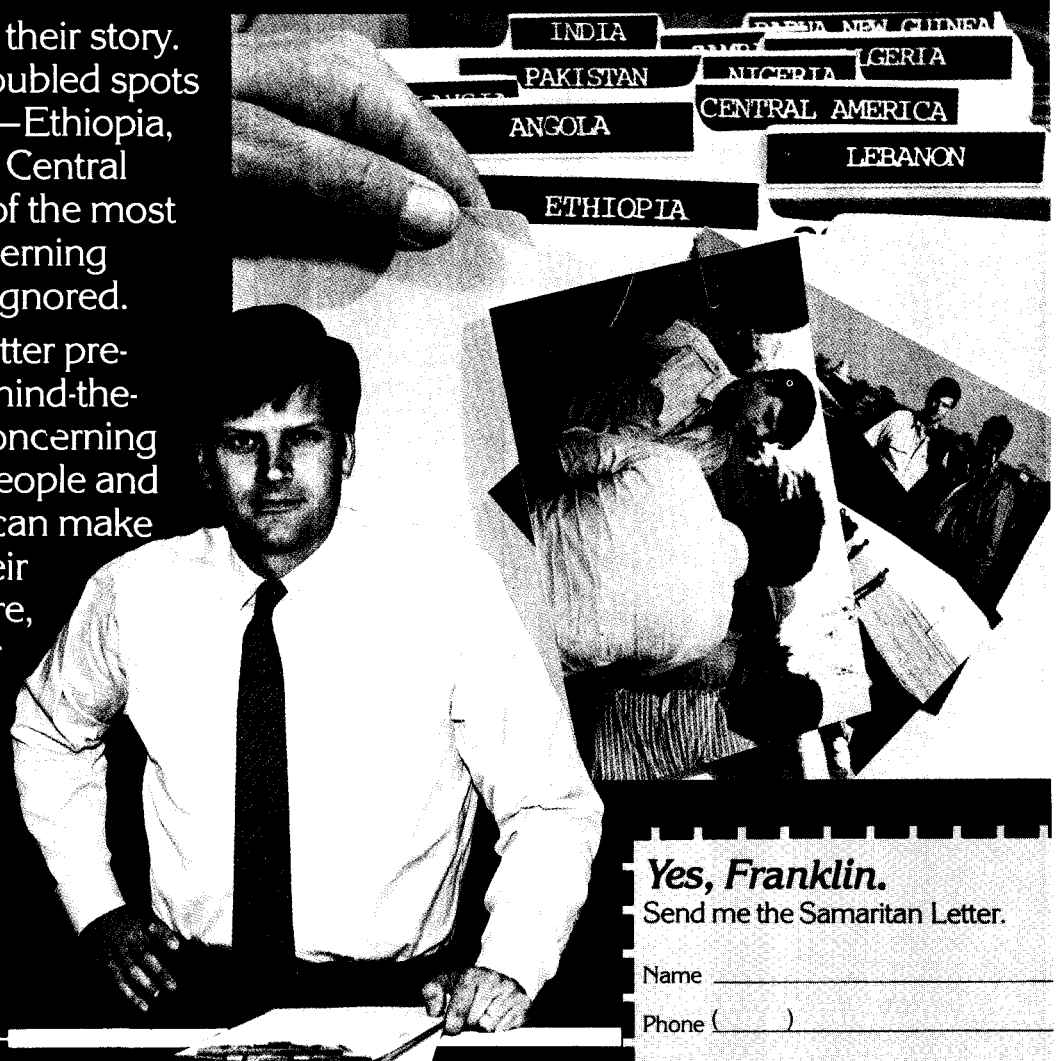
FAMINE IS NOT THE ONLY STORY

Churches closed. Pastors jailed. Families abandoned to die. Their crime? Faith in Jesus Christ.

Few headlines tell their story. In fact, in many troubled spots around the world—Ethiopia, Lebanon, Angola, Central America—some of the most crucial news concerning God's children is ignored.

Our Samaritan Letter presents monthly behind-the-scenes insights concerning God's suffering people and reveals ways you can make a difference in their lives. To learn more, write me today for a free one-year subscription.

FRANKLIN GRAHAM,
President
Samaritan's Purse



Yes, Franklin.
Send me the Samaritan Letter.

Name _____

Phone ( ) _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

Samaritan's Purse

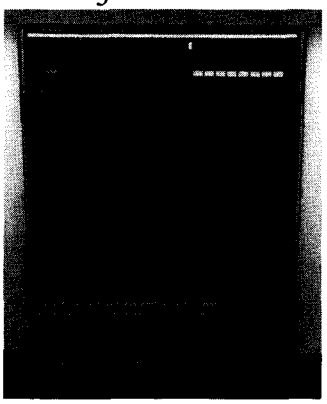
Samaritan's Purse Box 3000, Boone, North Carolina 28607 USA (704) 262-1980

COPYRIGHT GRAHAM ASSOCIATES
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A dishwasher so confident it will risk rejection.

Jenn-Air is so sure of the exceptional quality of our dishwasher that we're making this equally exceptional offer.

Replace your present dishwasher with a Jenn-Air built-in. Try it for 30 days.



See how powerfully it cleans dishes. How quietly it runs. How easily it accommodates large, family-sized loads.

If you're not completely satisfied with your Jenn-Air—in every respect—we'll take it back. No questions asked.

To find out more, see your participating Jenn-Air dealer. He's in the Yellow Pages. Or write Jenn-Air, 3035 Shadeland Ave., Indianapolis, Ind. 46226.

The Jenn-Air® Dishwasher.

With 30-day money-back guarantee. Offer ends December 31, 1985.

© 1985 Jenn-Air Company.

sistance. The other guests followed suit—one banker sent a check for $10!

Likewise, some members of the fellowship now began questioning whether they really wanted a well-funded organization with a powerful executive. AA had, after all, been founded on the power and enthusiasm of the individual. While the group debated this issue, the steady growth of the first years was suddenly overtaken by waves of new members in the wake of the *Post* article. AA began to realize it enjoyed a fabulous amount of good will. It did not need Rockefeller.

The issue of funding came to a head when one well-wisher left AA a legacy of $10,000. After a lively discussion, the group made a unique decision. They would not accept it. ". . .[A]t the slightest intimation to the general public from our Trustees that we needed money, we could become immensely rich. Compared to this prospect the $10,000 was not much, but like the alcoholic's first drink, it would, if taken, inevitably set up a disastrous chain reaction. Where would that land us? Whoever pays the piper calls the tune, and if the AA foundation obtained money from outside sources, its Trustees might be tempted to run things without reference to the wishes of AA as a whole. Every alcoholic feeling relieved of responsibility would shrug and say, 'Oh the foundation is wealthy! Why should I bother?' The pressure of that fat treasury would surely tempt the Board to do good with such funds, and so divert AA from its primary purpose." As the result of this decision, AA neither solicits nor accepts any outside contributions. Only members may contribute, and even they are asked not to donate more than $500 per year.

So Bill had avoided becoming the president of yet another wealthy New York charitable foundation and became, instead, "the greatest social architect of the century," in Aldous Huxley's words. He died in relative obscurity in 1971. In the last part of his life, he avoided fame as assiduously as he had sought it earlier; he refused publicity and awards—a *Time* cover portrait, an honorary doctorate from Yale.

Bill in particular was no stranger to the lure of fame and wealth, but he had come to believe that seeking personal gain—including prestige—from his connection with AA would be short-sighted. This belief lies at the heart of AA's all-important 12th tradition, which reads: "Anonymity is the spiritual foundation of all our Traditions, ever reminding us to place principles before personalities."

Appropriately enough, the Akron meeting of Bill Wilson and Bob Smith had its origins in the consulting rooms of Carl Jung, that great believer in synchronicity—"significant" coincidences. Today, 50 years after that meeting, more than one million people have found sobriety in AA. That any single one of them is staying sober is in itself so unlikely, one must conclude that the lives of each one of those men and women have been the product of synchronicity, or what some might call a miracle.

Baz Edmeades is a Canadian writer with legal training. He became interested in the history and financial structure of Alcoholics Anonymous while researching the law of nonprofit corporations and associations for the province of Alberta, where he lives.

Golf Courses

continued from page 67

Sherlock Holmes. Rathbone couldn't unravel the mystery of this wind-swept course; he wound up sweeping his golf clubs into the ocean and vowing never to play again.

The well-known wind and rains at Pebble Beach have often borne the brunt of Bob Hope's humor. "I always wondered what it would be like to play inside a ball washer. It rains so much there, they're thinking of holding the tournament indoors."

Hope, however, is quite serious when he talks about his game there. "It's a course that is really tough because of the whole combination of hazards and wind. When you start trying to steer the ball in the wind, you've got a problem."

Hope's point is particularly true of the seventh hole at Pebble Beach, a par-three, 120-yard shot that gives the pros trouble. The green overlooks Carmel Bay, like many of the holes there. If you swing too hard off the tee, your ball goes over the cliff.

"It's just a short hole, but it's such a scary hole that if you miss it out anywhere to the right, you can kiss

continued on page 112

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

$5 BABIES

Hard to believe, *but true.*

As part of a nationwide publicity campaign, a leading New York firm will give away one million (1,000,000) Famous Nationally Advertised™ KOMFY KID DOLLS™ for the astonishing publicity price of only $5 to the first one million persons who write to the company address (below) before midnight, Sept. 30, 1985.

This *original* publicity ad must accompany your request. Copies or photostats are *not* acceptable.

These are the same famous KOMFY KID DOLLS nationally advertised in leading media. They have the authentic "huggable-soft" muslin bodies, wipe-clean faces and hands, and fluffy-thick yarn hair. Irresistably lovable and "komfy", each doll comes complete with its own personal Birth Registry Certificate.

These dolls stand over a foot tall. They are big, lovable, "komfy" dolls—actual put-your-arms-around sized "pals" that children can really make friends with. Each one is fully dressed in a colorful play outfit (completely machine washable). The boy wears a handsome pair of overalls and a jolly plaid shirt; the girl wears a cute "flower" pinafore and sun dress. (For extra fun, you can dress them in your little "hand-me-downs", too.)

Every child in America would probably love to own an authentic KOMFY KID DOLL. Don't miss out by responding late. These are the fastest selling and most popular dolls ever sold by this multi-million dollar New York firm.

These Famous Nationally Advertised KOMFY KID DOLLS will not be sold at this price by the company in any store. To obtain one at this special publicity price, mail this *original* publicity ad to the company before midnight, September 30, 1985.

Each doll is covered by the company's full one-year money-back guarantee. There is a limit of two (2) dolls per address at this price, but if your request is made early enough (before Sept. 25) you may request up to five.

To obtain your authentic KOMFY KID DOLL, mail this *original* publicity ad (no copies or photostats) together with your name and address and $5 for each doll. Add $2 shipping and handling per doll. (New York residents add sales tax.) Allow up to 6-8 weeks for shipment. Specify boy **(A28421)** or girl **(A28422)** dolls. Mail to: **A&C, KOMFY KID DOLL, Dept. 150-48, Box 256, Jericho, NY 11753.**

© 1985 PDM, Inc., 1200 Shames Dr., Westbury, N.Y. 11590

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MEDICAL MAILBOX

by Cory SerVaas M.D.

Wherever the art of medicine is loved, there is also the love of humanity.
—Hippocrates

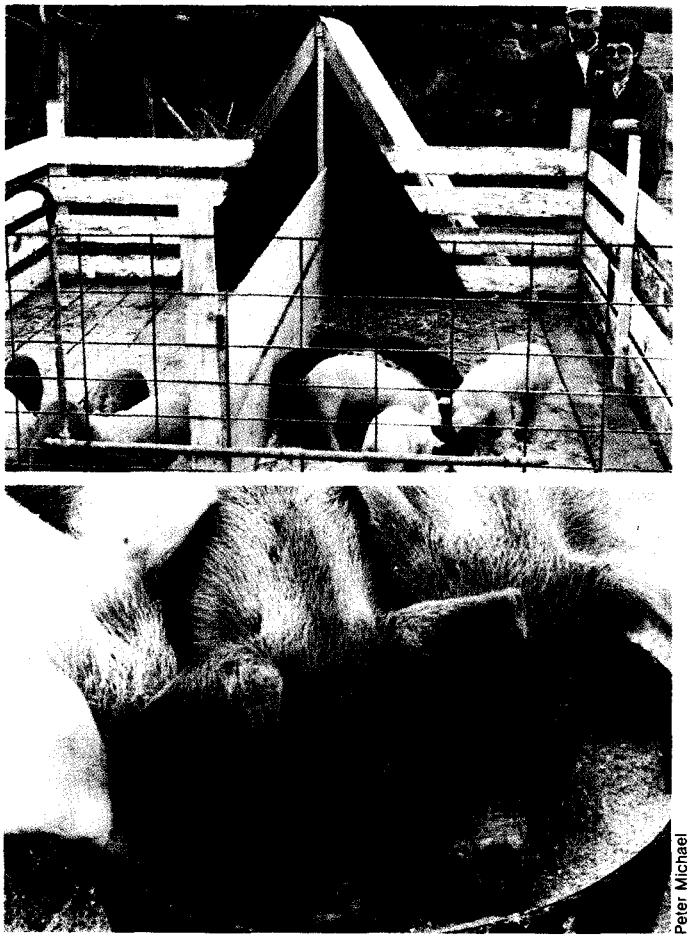
Does Garlic Prevent Platelet Clotting?

Cardiovascular patients and their offspring might be interested in the work being done by Dr. Martyn Bailey on the use of garlic and onions. Dr. Bailey, of George Washington University in Washington, D.C., has shown that adenosine, a chemical in garlic, might prevent heart attacks and strokes by inhibiting potentially dangerous blood clots. Dr. Bailey points out that his work demonstrates that compounds from garlic retard clotting of platelets in test tubes. When I asked him whether the anti-clotting ability of garlic had been tested in people, he reported that it hasn't been done, because there were no funds available for this rather expensive experiment.

Thanks to the generosity of the Fresh Garlic Association of Gilroy, California, and our own Society supporters, an experiment is now under way on the Paul Terlouw farm, R.R. 3, Pella, Iowa. Dorothy and Paul Terlouw are feeding the garlic donated by the Garlic Growers Association to pigs that have been separated from litter mates. Litters of pigs were divided randomly with half the litter mates getting ordinary pig feed; the other half are getting the same food laced with as strong a dose of garlic mixture as they are able to enjoy and tolerate without side effects.

Blood will be drawn at regular intervals to determine whether or not the garlic makes a difference in the clotting of the pigs' platelets as it does in the test tubes.

In Italy there is a lower incidence of heart attacks and strokes even though a high-fat diet is consumed. The garlic may not be the reason so many Italians are protected from coronaries, but it is an interesting possibility to explore.



Peter Michael

We visited Paul Terlouw, who built this divided piglet house and feed pen to allow identical conditions for the separated litter mates. Food is the same except for added garlic for pigs on the right. Do pigs like garlic? Our research adviser, Dr. Martyn Bailey, suggested that we allow them to become somewhat hungry before introducing garlic. After the initial feeding he predicted they would continue to accept the garlic. They did.

The theory that garlic helps prevent blood clotting is not new. Horses in France, suffering from clots in the legs, have long been fed garlic and onions.

Merciful Willow Bark

"Take two willow bark and call me in the morning" may have been the ancient doctor's prescription. It is remarkable that both the ancient Greeks and the American Indians should have found the pain-relieving properties of willow bark and used it in treating a host of ills.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A bitter extract called salicin was made from the bark, which was further separated into glucose and salicylic alcohol (saligenin). In 1838, salicylic acid was produced from saligenin. This material was effective in reducing pain and fever but was terribly irritating to the stomach. In 1899, Dreser introduced acetylsalicylic acid, which bore the German name "Spirsäure." Hence came aspirin.

Aspirin is the least expensive of all the anti-arthritis anti-pain medicines. In terms of safety, it scores higher than most other drugs, and its effectiveness is about the same as that of all the new nonsteroidal (drugs unrelated to cortisone) agents. In fact, the many new drugs used for arthritis and pain are compared to aspirin as the standard of effectiveness. The new drugs prove to be a blessing for those unable to take aspirin, and for some who are not helped by it. In most instances, the newer medicines have about the same potency or effectiveness as aspirin has in relieving pain or arthritis. Most of these show similar side effects to those of aspirin—most notably stomach irritation. To avoid this problem, aspirin manufacturers add antacids to their aspirin, they make slow-release tablets or they coat the tablets with candy to retard their release. Don't regard your doctor as being old-fashioned if he suggests aspirin as the first-line treatment for your arthritis or headache. It is still the gold standard by which other pain medications are measured. Since the discovery of the association between aspirin and Reye Syndrome, children, adolescents and young adults should not receive aspirin for what might be chicken pox or influenza B.

De Lamar Gibbons, M.D.
Indianapolis, Indiana

Magnesium Studied

We all know by now that the average American diet, especially that of women, does not provide enough calcium to prevent osteoporosis; Dr. Mildred Seelig of the American College of Nutrition is now cautioning that our magnesium intake also is inadequate in all age groups. We require 3 mg of magnesium for every pound of body weight. Most of us get less than 2 mg per pound. Magnesium deficiency can result in irritability, anxiety, and in severe cases it can cause arrhythmias and even contribute to heart attacks, she warns.

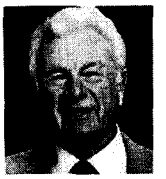
Time-release capsules of magnesium chloride have been used for several years with extensive research on its effects on lowering moderately high blood pressure as well as in inducing sleep.

The Fourth International Symposium on Magnesium will be held in Blacksburg, Virginia, July 23-28, 1985.

Diets That Protected against Cancers in China

We were fortunate to hear the presentation of what is sure to become a landmark study of diet related to cancer mortality. "What we got was a snapshot in time—something we could have gotten nowhere else in the world," said the director of the massive project, Dr. T. Colin Campbell, Cornell University professor of nutritional biochemistry. The results of the study were given as the last event of the three-day 1985 annual meeting of the American Society for Clinical Nutrition in Washington, D.C. The Purdue nutritionist Dr. Ed Mertz had joined me; we both agreed it was the most exciting presentation we had ever witnessed. It was the event we had all been waiting for—the first preliminary results of the massive Chinese diet-cancer study. Dr. Junshui Chen, co-director of the effort, had come from Beijing, China, to speak. His remarks and those of Dr. Campbell were exciting enough to cause any nutrition researcher to

"Which arthritis tablet not only fights the pain of arthritis but the inflammation of arthritis as well?"



Eddie Albert

Tests prove that Ecotrin is safer for your stomach than plain aspirin, buffered aspirin or Ascriptin A/D, because it's safety-coated to protect your sensitive stomach lining.

Yet you can't buy anything stronger than Ecotrin for relief of arthritis pain and stiffness associated with inflammation.

Try Ecotrin. It's strong arthritis medicine that works...safely.

Available in Regular and Maximum Strength tablets and capsules.

©Menley & James 1985

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

want to catch the next flight to China.

Everyone agreed that it will never be possible to do another study like it. It all became possible because more than 800 million Chinese (96.7 percent of the country) had been surveyed between 1973 and 1975. Six-hundred fifty thousand workers went to individual homes in China to find out who had died from cancer.

In 1983, the study designed by Dr. Campbell and Dr. Chen used the cancer information from the earlier survey, and the types of cancer deaths reported earlier were verified in commune and county hospital records. A trained pool of workers was able to test 13,000 subjects in 65 random counties in rural areas of the country. Because the people ate food grown in their immediate area and weren't mobile, scientists could analyze what they ate. The scientists could then compare diet with the cancer mortality.

What the scientists discovered was dramatic, statistically significant data. For example, the commune with the highest serum cholesterol levels had 473 times as many women dying from esophageal cancer as had the communes with the lowest serum cholesterol levels. There were equally wide ranges among males studied.

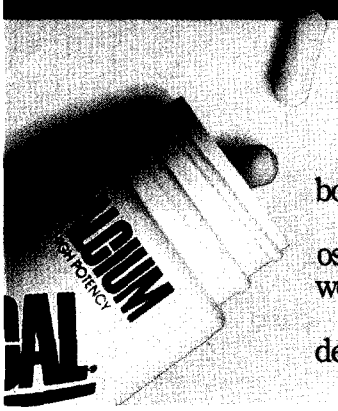
Chinese who consumed more protein had a higher mortality from cancer of the stomach and esophagus. They also had greater incidences of cancer of the lung, the colon and the rectum and more leukemia than those who consumed less protein.

Communes where serum cholesterol was higher had more deaths from stomach, esophagus, lung, colon and rectal cancer as well as leukemia. Communes that had lower serum cholesterol had fewer of these cancer deaths.

Chinese whose selenium intake was higher were less likely to die from esophageal and stomach cancer. Chinese with higher plasma beta carotene levels also had a lower mortality incidence from esophageal and stomach cancer.

Linus Pauling will be happy to note that the Chinese

Menopause. You could feel it



It's a tragedy. The change of life followed by yet another change.

You become bent. Stooped.

Your bones can no longer support your body. And you've lost inches in height.

They used to call it old age. It's the disease osteoporosis. It happens to millions of women and it could happen to you.

Osteoporosis doesn't strike overnight. It develops after years of a calcium deficient diet. Unfortunately, this is the kind of diet consumed by 8 out of 10 adult Americans. And that's why they need Os-Cal® calcium supplement.

Calcium is essential. Your body has to have it. Not only for healthy bones, but for muscles and nerves to function properly. So if you don't get enough in your daily diet, your body steals what it needs from your bones, making them porous and brittle.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

who had higher vitamin C intake were less likely to die from esophageal and stomach cancer. Vitamin A also protected against death from esophogeal and stomach cancer.

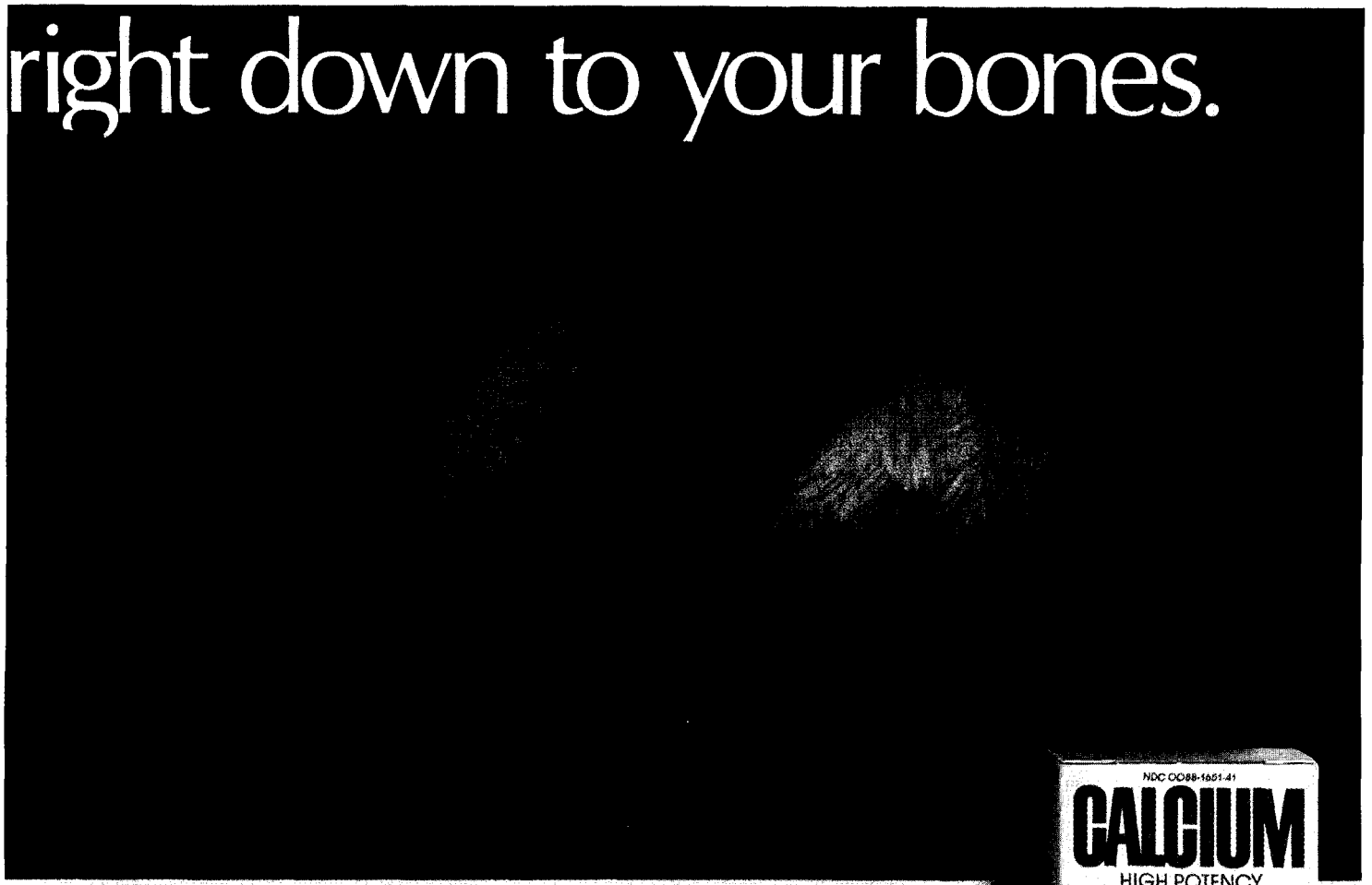
I asked Dr. Campbell, who conceived the idea for the extraordinary study, to explain how it came about. The project was born in his home one evening during a discussion with Dr. Chen, who was studying at Cornell in 1980. The idea originally was to study only the effects of selenium intake on the cancer mortality incidence. Once into the study, however, the researchers quickly noted that a unique opportunity was at hand to expand the study to include many more dietary components.

In the fall of 1983 blood samples, urine samples and dietary analyses were taken all over China. The blood samples were studied in a unique way by pooling samples from 25 persons at each commune site for combined analysis but leaving individual samples for later study too. The combined samples were analyzed in both China and the United States, and the information was fed into a computer at Cornell. The results were then compared to the cancer mortality (1973-75) study.

We asked Dr. Chen if he was surprised to find so much more cancer in communes whose diets had been higher in protein. "No," he replied. "We expected that because it followed animal experiments that have shown similar increases in cancer in animals on higher-protein diets." Dr. Chen impressed us as a dynamic young professional whose work would be painstakingly thorough. Dr. Campbell said, "He's superb. I can think of all kinds of superlatives to describe him."

After the presentation of a study as important as this one, peers are given an opportunity to question the presenters. Dr. Allan L. Forbes, president of the American Society for Clinical Nutrition and director of the Office of Nutrition and Food Sciences of the FDA, asked about the methods of verifying the cancer diagnoses. Everyone

right down to your bones.



And at menopause, when your hormone level drops, your body steals calcium at a much faster rate.

Within a few years, the bones can be so weak, lifting a grandchild can cause a vertebra to crumble. It's osteoporosis.

Don't let it happen to you. Take Os-Cal® Because, chances are, you're not getting enough calcium in your diet. And Os-Cal® is made from a concentrated, natural source of calcium.

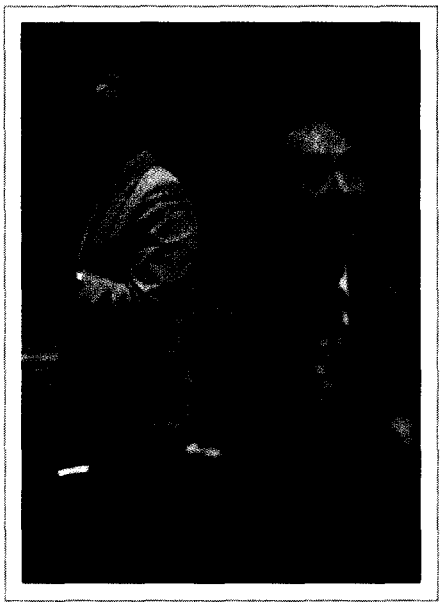
Before menopause, you need 1,000 mg a day. During and after menopause you may need 1,500 mg—the amount provided by three Os-Cal® 500 tablets.

Menopause doesn't have to mean osteoporosis. Few incurable diseases are so easy to prevent.

Os-Cal® Your body needs it.

0646A5

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



East meets West, as Dr. T. Colin Campbell (left), and Dr. Junshui Chen are bombarded with a barrage of questions from an enthusiastic audience. They presented an unprecedented study that could change how Americans and Chinese eat to protect themselves against cancer.

seemed impressed with Dr. Chen's scientifically sound explanation of the methods used.

Dr. Campbell stressed that all findings to this point are only preliminary. The significance of even the preliminary work is astounding. It will take months before all the data are analyzed and the final study is written for publication, however.

Some scientists feel the public shouldn't be informed until 100 percent of the facts are studied. We're glad that Drs. Campbell and Chen were willing to share preliminary data with us. Given the urgency of the cancer problem, we believe that it is already time to eat more of the foods that were being consumed by those Chinese who had a dramatic protection against cancer in the study. At the *Post* we are choosing more foods from the low-cholesterol category. We choose fewer products, such as eggs, cream and animal fats.

Dr. Campbell told us that, as we expected, those Chinese who ate more fiber had a significantly lower incidence of cancer mortality than those who ate less fiber. It was a particularly good opportunity to make this comparison—the amount of fiber varied from 3 grams a day in some communes to 57 grams a day in others.

At the *Post* we get as much of our protein as possible from foods that are mostly complex carbohydrates. Cereal grains, legumes and vegetables are important basics in our menus. High-lysine corn meal contains about twice as much lysine as regular corn meal, but by weight and calories, corn meal is essentially a carbohydrate food. If you can get your essential amino acids (protein) from a variety of cereal grains, legumes and vegetables, you are on the way to a cancer-protection diet, we believe. We hope to learn a lot more about the Chinese study, and we will be reporting the results in future issues of the *Post*.

The following is a list of foods to choose and not choose. We've selected these from the NCI book *Diet, Nutrition and Cancer Prevention: A Guide to Food Choices*. All the institute's suggestions are borne out by the preliminary results of the Chinese study.

CHOOSE MORE OFTEN

Peas and beans:
- Pinto, black, kidney, garbanzo, navy, white and lima beans; lentils; black-eyed and split peas

Low-fat or skim-milk dairy products:
- Low-fat or skim milk and buttermilk
- Low-fat yogurt
- Skimmed evaporated milk, nonfat dry milk
- Low-fat cheese (ricotta, pot, farmer or cottage, mozzarella, or cheeses made from skim milk)
- Sherbet, frozen low-fat yogurt, ice milk

Fats and oils:
- "Diet" and low-fat salad dressings
- Low-fat margarine

Lower-fat poultry, fish and meat:
- Chicken, turkey, Rock Cornish hens (without skins)
- Fresh and frozen water-packed canned fish and shellfish

Snack foods:
- Fruits and vegetables
- Breads and cereals

Cruciferous vegetables:
- Choose several servings each week. Brussels sprouts, cabbage, broccoli, cauliflower, rutabagas, turnips.

Food preparation:
- Baking, oven broiling, boiling, stewing (skimming off fat), poaching, stir-frying, simmering, steaming
- Use nonstick cookware to avoid extra fat
- Season vegetables with herbs, spices or lemon juice

CHOOSE LESS OFTEN

Higher-fat poultry, fish and meat:
- Duck and goose
- Poultry with skin
- Frozen fish sticks, tuna packed in oil
- Regular luncheon meats, sausage
- Beef, veal, lamb and pork cuts with marbling, untrimmed of fat

Nuts and seeds:
- Peanut and other nut butters
- Nuts and seeds
- Trail mix

Full-fat dairy products:
- Whole milk
- Butter
- Yogurt made from whole milk
- Sweet cream, sour cream, Half-and-Half®, whipped cream, other creamy toppings (including imitation)
- Full-fat soft cheese such as cream cheese, cheese spreads, Camembert, Brie
- Hard cheeses such as Cheddar, Swiss, bleu, American, Monterey jack, Parmesan, etc.
- Ice cream
- Coffee creamers (including nondairy)
- Cream sauces, cream soups

Fats and oils:
- Vegetable and salad oils, shortening, lard, meat fats, salt pork, bacon
- Mayonnaise and salad dressings
- Margarine
- Gravies, butter sauces

Snack and bakery foods:
- Donuts, pies, pastries, cakes, cookies, brownies
- Potato chips and snack crackers
- Canned puddings, icings, candies made with butter, cream, chocolate
- Granola
- Croissants

Food preparation to avoid:
- Batter and deep-fat frying, sauteeing
- Use of fatty gravies and sauces
- Adding cream or butter to vegetables

WHERE DO YOU THINK YOU ARE?

(Answers from page 94)

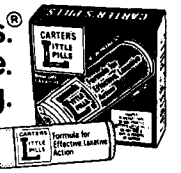
1. Mississippi
2. Florida
3. Texas
4. Manitoba
5. Washington
6. California
7. Pennsylvania
8. Iowa
9. South Carolina

FOR BIG CONSTIPATION RELIEF,

take a tiny laxative. Actual Size

How can such a tiny pill give such effective gentle overnight relief? Because these unique laxative pills contain no bulky fillers and are coated to pass through the stomach for effective lower tract action. And the lower tract is where the problem occurs. For temporary relief from simple constipation, take easy-to-swallow Carter's Little Pills® tonight. Read and follow directions. You'll get rewarding relief tomorrow morning.

Carter's Little Pills.® They look so little. They relieve so big.



© 1984 Carter-Wallace Inc.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

INTRODUCINC

It's Your World of Good Health

Are you all tied up in knots? Overweight? Do you need a better home environment? Do you want t enjoy life? Health can be your greatest asset.

It's Your World of Good Healt

is a set of two books containing 14 study guides that can help you kee your health, or find out how to get it back. The attractively illus trated books are available to you **FREE.**

To get your free study guides call

(800) 253-7077

In Alaska or Hawaii call

(800) 253-3002

In Michigan call collect,

(616) 471-3522

Or send your name and address to:

Adventist Health Network
Berrien Springs, Michigan 49104

If you are interested in other aspe of the vibrant lifestyle of Seventh day Adventists, the **Adventist Health Network** is at your service

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Golf Courses

continued from page 104

the ball good-by," says Kathy Whitworth, a top golfer on the ladies' tour. "Some players have hit a putter off that tee, just to get it going downhill, and hope that it gets to the sand traps, down there in front of the green. At least you know you are going to make a four. If they get the ball in the air and go for the green, there is no telling where the wind might take it."

Besides hacking through rough terrain and being rained on and windblown, golfers face problems not known to other sporting men. Miller Barber was playing in the U.S. Open at Pebble Beach when he heard tittering from the gallery. "I didn't think much of it," he says. "Just kept my attention on the ball and my swing."

As he was about to swing, he felt something bump him from behind. "I was startled, turned around and was face-to-face with a small doe." Barber never missed a stroke, however: "I made par on that hole."

But for professional golfers the physical hazards are as nothing to the mental ones. Superstition and psychology are usually lurking somewhere in the back of their minds as they tee up. As Ben Hogan said, "Once you learn to play golf, it's 70 percent mental."

"Anyone who ever plays this game never finds it easy," says Bill Casper. "It's tough, because you have to initiate the motion. Plus all the elements you're involved with: the wind, how far the hole is, what kind of a stance you take—it all fits into the calculations of your mental image, and that has to be transmitted to your body."

Hope put it more succinctly: "It's a difficult sport because the ball just sits there, not moving, with its tongue stuck out, saying, 'Do it to me—I dare you.' "

Schools

continued from page 69

teaching and in developing a concept of true Christian education. To raise standards and thwart the critics, the ACSI has set up an accreditation program for schools and a certification program for teachers and administrators. In addition, it holds 20 regional teachers' conferences a year and has spent nearly $500,000 to keep the inquisitive nose of the government camel out of the church-school tent. Kienel counsels hard-pressed schools that are tempted to push for government grants and subsidies and tells them that government aid can also lead to government control.

Other differences mark evangelical Christian schools, including, to no one's surprise, the lack of violence and vandalism suffered by public schools. "Public schools may make an effort to raise test scores," says Gerald Carlson, the field director for the American Association of Christian Schools, "but I don't expect to see the same commitment to raising standards of individual behavior." Many parents, not especially religious in outlook or practice, opt for Christian schools because they impose more rigid discipline. As a rule, the schools also demand more involvement on the part of parents. Carlson, whose Illinois-based association serves more than 100,000 students, says he is certain the Christian-school movement will continue as "the most vital and dynamic educational movement of this generation."

Meanwhile, back in Newton, Iowa, Mary Sparks steps out of class for a moment to call the hospital. The children—"her little prayer warriors," she calls them—anxiously wait. When she returns, they know by the look on her face the news is good—their prayers for her grandmother in Des Moines have been answered. Mary feels it is part of her task to teach students to empathize with others. "I've passed on something much more profound than the facts they picked up that day about math or science," she says.

In Charlottesville, Virginia, a towheaded boy with two missing front teeth gathers his lunch pail and coat and inches toward the door. Mrs. Mullins knows he'll take home more than a few new French words and a Bible story. In a very real way, students in any school take home a little bit of the teacher—and that, claim Christian-school educators, is both the heart and the hope of the rebirth of evangelical Christian schools in America.

"Look, if Dear Abby was nice enough to answer my letter in print, you should be nice enough to read what she said about you."

Arkansas

continued from page 92

you might as well make it a world-famous one. Bathing in its 100° F. thermal waters is better than stepping into a hot tub back home. For more than five centuries people have been traveling to this "valley of the vapors" to soothe away aches, pains and tensions—and to enjoy the 1½-hour routine of whirlpools, hot packs, needle showers and professional massages.

Should you visit Hot Springs this October 10 to 13, you can have the time of your life at the Arkansas Oktoberfest. The official cutting of the first sausage opens four days of "oohing and ahing" and "oom-pa-pahing," to say nothing of eating, drinking and entertainment. The "Battle of the Knockwurst Stars" and the "Big Bavarian Sip Off" may be worth the trip.

In case you've forgotten the dates, 1986 will mark the 150th anniversary of the State of Arkansas. And if just any old year offers so much, what this big statewide celebration in '86 will be like—well, as they say, "You gotta be there!"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

for the hard jobs!

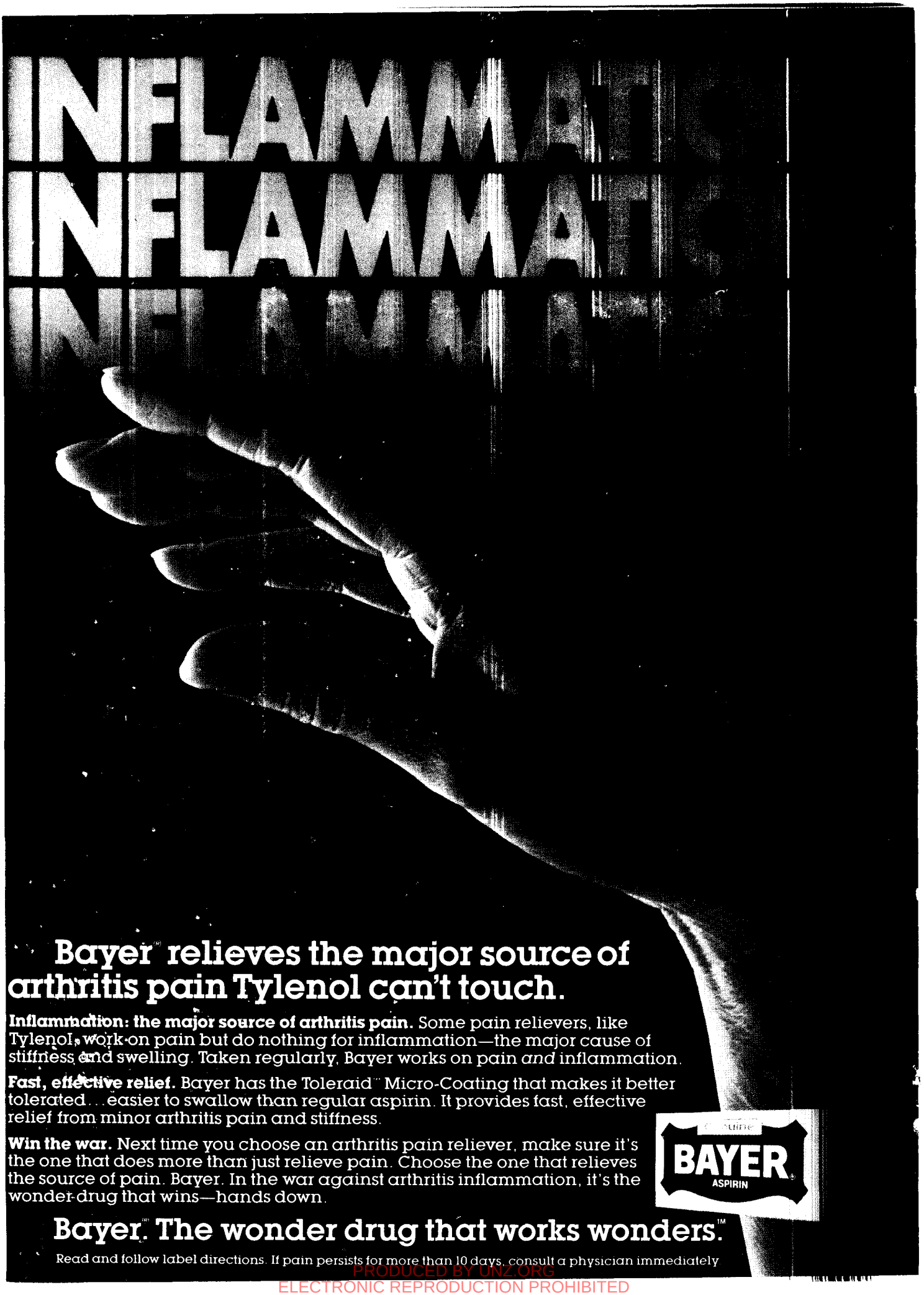
Tough cleaning jobs need a tough cleanser. Today's modern surfaces need a soft touch. That's **Shiny Sinks,**™ the tough household cleanser that won't scratch fine surfaces like harsh powder cleansers.

Shiny Sinks, the soft cleanser that actually **dissolves** lime deposits and tough rust stains. That means less rubbing. Less work.

For those tough cleaning jobs around your house, don' scrub and scratch. Instead, use a soft touch. **Shiny Sinks** The soft cleanser for the hard jobs.

©1983 SerVaas Laboratories, Inc., 1000 Waterway Blvd., Indianapolis, IN 46202

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Bayer® relieves the major source of arthritis pain Tylenol can't touch.

Inflammation: the major source of arthritis pain. Some pain relievers, like Tylenol,® work on pain but do nothing for inflammation—the major cause of stiffness and swelling. Taken regularly, Bayer works on pain *and* inflammation.

Fast, effective relief. Bayer has the Toleraid™ Micro-Coating that makes it better tolerated...easier to swallow than regular aspirin. It provides fast, effective relief from minor arthritis pain and stiffness.

Win the war. Next time you choose an arthritis pain reliever, make sure it's the one that does more than just relieve pain. Choose the one that relieves the source of pain. Bayer. In the war against arthritis inflammation, it's the wonder drug that wins—hands down.

BAYER® ASPIRIN

Bayer®. The wonder drug that works wonders.™

Read and follow label directions. If pain persists for more than 10 days, consult a physician immediately

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED